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NEW LETTERS BY R. L. STEVENSON

EDITED BY SIDNEY COLVIN

NEARLY sixteen years have passed since the volume of Stevenson's *Vailima Letters*, selected and edited by me at his own request, was published, and nearly twelve since the two volumes followed containing the *Letters to his Family and Friends*. The estimate expressed, in the Introduction to the latter collection, of Stevenson's qualities as a writer, and of the place which he seemed likely to maintain in the affections of English readers all the world over, has been amply confirmed by the lapse of time. The sale of his works keeps increasing rather than diminishing; editions keep multiplying; a new generation of readers has found life and letters, nature and human nature, touched and illuminated by him at so many points with such vital charm and freshness that it has become scarcely possible to take up any critical writing of the day and not find some reference to his work and name. Both series of letters—even one so much taken up as the *Vailima Letters* with matters of interest both remote and transitory—have been read in edition after edition: and readers have been and are continually asking for more. Accordingly the time is thought to have come for a new and definitive edition, in which the two series of letters already published shall be combined into one, re-arranged in order of date, and as much new material added as can be found suitable, so that the result shall constitute an epistolary autobiography continuous and nearly complete.

The task of carrying out this scheme has again fallen upon me. The new edition will contain some hundred and fifty letters hitherto unpublished. They date from all periods of Stevenson's life, those written in the brilliant and troubled days of his youth predominating, and giving a picture, perhaps unique in its kind, of a character and talent in the making. Many of the letters now printed were put aside twelve years ago simply for want of space. Lapse of time has enabled some to be given now that could not discreetly have been given then; some are addressed to correspondents who have only lately placed them at my disposal. Much, of course, remains and ought to remain unprinted. Some of the outpourings of the early time are too sacred and intimate for publicity; many of the letters of his maturer years are dry business letters of no general interest; many others are mere scraps tossed in jest to his familiars and full of the catch-words and code-words current in their talk, but of little meaning to outsiders. Above all, many have to be omitted because they deal with the intimate affairs of private persons. Stevenson has been sometimes called an egoist, as though he had been one in the practical sense as well as in the sense of taking a lively interest in his own moods and doings. Nothing can be more untrue. The letters printed and reprinted are indeed for the most part about himself: but it was of himself that his correspondents of all things most cared to hear. If the letters concerned with the privacies of other people could be published, as of course they cannot, the balance would come more than even. We should see him throwing himself with sympathetic ardor and without thought of self

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into the cares and interests of his correspondents, and should learn to recognize him as having been truly the helper in many a relation where he might naturally have been taken for the person helped.

As to the form in which the letters are now to be presented, they will fill four small volumes of a handy and pleasant size and style. As to the text, it will be faithful to the original except in so far as I have used the editorial privilege of omission when I thought it desirable, and as I have not felt myself bound to reproduce slips and oddities, however characteristic, of spelling.

In their new guise, then, even more than in the old, and with their increased number, the Stevenson letters will, I hope, prove to many readers a book humanly attractive and companionable beyond most others. I am asked by the editor and publishers of this magazine to give its readers some specimens by way of foretaste of the new letters which the book will include. The specimens will begin with two characteristic though contrasted letters belonging to Stevenson's youthful days in Edinburgh. The first dates from his twentieth year, some months before it was finally agreed that he should give up the profession of civil engineer. It is interesting both for the sake of its lively personal sketches, especially that of the able painter and singular character, the late Sam Bough, and because it is dated from the Isle of Earraid, where the works of the Dhu Heartach lighthouse were then in progress. Readers will remember that this small islet off the coast of Mull is celebrated alike in *Kidnapped*, in *The Merry Men*, and in the essay *Memoirs of an Islet*.

EARRAID, *Thursday, August 5th*, 1870.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I have so much to say, that needs must I take a large sheet; for the notepaper brings with it a chilling brevity of style. Indeed, I think pleasant writing is proportional to the size of the material you write withal.

From Edinburgh to Greenock, I had the ex-secretary of the E. U. Conservative Club, Murdoch. At Greenock I spent a dismal evening, though I found a pretty walk. Next day on board the *Iona*, I had Maggie Thomson to Tarbet; Craig, a well-read, pleasant medical, to Ardrishaig; and Professor, Mrs., and all the little Fleeming Jenkinseses to Oban.

At Oban, that night, it was delicious. Mr. Stephenson's yacht lay in the bay, and a splendid band on board played delightfully. The waters of the bay were as smooth as a mill-pond; and, in the dusk, the black shadows of the hills stretched across to our very feet and the lights were reflected in long lines. At intervals, blue lights were burned on the water; and rockets were sent up. Sometimes great stars of clear fire fell from them, until the bay received and quenched them. I hired a boat and skulled round the yacht in the dark. When I came in, a very pleasant Englishman on the steps fell into talk with me, till it was time to go to bed.

Next morning I slept on or I should have gone to Glencoe. As it was, it was blazing hot; so I hired a boat, pulled all forenoon along the coast and had a delicious bathe on a beautiful white beach. Coming home I *cotogai'd* my Englishman, lunched alongside of him and his sister, and took a walk with him in the afternoon, during which I find that he was travelling with a servant, kept horses, *et cætera*. At dinner he wished me to sit beside him and his sister; but there was no room. When he came out he told me why he was so *empressé* on this point. He had found out my name, and that I was connected with lighthouses, and his sister wished to know if I were any relative of the Stevenson in Ballantyne's *Lighthouse*. All evening, he, his sister, I, and Mr. Hargrove, of Hargrove and Fowler, sate in front of the hotel. I asked Mr. H. if he knew who my friend was. "Yes," he said; "I never met him before: but my partner knows him. He is a man of old family; and the solicitor of highest standing about Sheffield." At night he said, "Now, if you're down in my neighborhood, you must pay me a visit. I am very fond of young men about me; and I should like a visit from you very much. I can take you through my factory in Sheffield and I'll drive you all about the *Dookeries*." He then wrote me down his address; and we parted huge friends, he still keeping me up to visiting him.

Hitherto, I had enjoyed myself amazingly; but to-day has been the crown. In the morning I met Bough on board, with whom I am both surprised and delighted. He and

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I have read the same books, and discuss Chaucer, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Fletcher, Webster, and all the old authors. He can quote verses by the page, and has really a very pretty literary taste. Altogether, with all his roughness and buffoonery, a more pleasant, clever fellow you may seldom see. I was very much surprised with him; and he with me. "Where the devil did you read all these books?" says he; and in my heart, I echo the question. One amusing thing I must say. We were both talking about travelling; and I said I was so fond of travelling alone, from the people one met and grew friendly with. "Ah," says he, "but you've such a pleasant manner, you know—quite captivated my old woman, you did—she couldn't talk of anything else." Here was a compliment, even in Sam Bough's sneering tones, that rather tickled my vanity; and really, my social successes of the last few days, the best of which is yet to come, are enough to turn anybody's head. To continue, after a little go in with Samuel, he going up on the bridge, I looked about me to see who there was; and mine eye lighted on two girls, one of whom was sweet and pretty, talking to an old gentleman. "*Eh bien*," says I to myself, "that seems the best investment on board." So I sidled up to the old gentleman, got into conversation with him and so with the damsel; and thereupon, having used the patriarch as a ladder, I kicked him down behind me. Who should my damsel prove, but Amy Sinclair, daughter of Sir Tollemache. She certainly was the simplest, most naïve specimen of girlhood I ever saw. By getting brandy and biscuit and generally coaching up her cousin, who was sick, I ingratiated myself; and so kept her the whole way to Iona, taking her into the cave at Staffa and generally making myself as gallant as possible. I was never so much pleased with anything in my life, as her amusing absence of *mauvaise honte*: she was so sorry I wasn't going on to Oban again: didn't know how she could have enjoyed herself if I hadn't been there; and was so sorry we hadn't met on the Crinan. When we came back from Staffa, she and her aunt went down to have lunch; and a minute after up comes Miss Amy to ask me if I wouldn't think better of it, and take some lunch with them. I couldn't resist that, of course; so down I went; and there she displayed the full extent of her innocence. I must be sure to come to Thurso Castle the next time I was in Caithness, and Upper Norwood (whence she would take me all over the Crystal Palace) when I was near London; and (most complete of all) she offered to call on us in Edinburgh! Wasn't it delicious?—she is a girl of sixteen or seventeen, too, and the latter I think. I never yet saw a girl so innocent and fresh, so perfectly modest without the least trace of prudery.

Coming off Staffa, Sam Bough (who had been in huge force the whole time, drawing in Miss Amy's sketchbook, making himself agreeable or otherwise to everybody) pointed me out to a parson and said, "that's him." This was Alexander Ross and his wife.

The last stage of the steamer now approached, Miss Amy and I lamenting pathetically that Iona was so near. "People meet in this way," quoth she, "and then lose sight of one another so soon." We all landed together, Bough and I and the Ross's with our baggage; and went together over the ruins. I was here left with the cousin and the aunt, during which I learned that said cousin sees me *every Sunday* in St. Stephen's. Oho! thought I, at the "every." The aunt was very anxious to know who that strange, wild man was? (didn't I wish Samuel in Tophet!) Of course, in reply, I drew it strong about eccentric genius and my never having known him before, and a good deal that was perhaps "strained to the extremest limit of the fact."

The steamer left, and Miss Amy and her cousin waved their handkerchiefs, until my arm in answering them was nearly broken. I believe women's arms must be better made for this exercise: mine ache still; and I regretted at the time that the handkerchief had seen service. Altogether, however, I was left in a pleasant frame of mind.

Being thus left alone, Bough, I, the Rosses, Professor Blackie, and an Englishman called M——: these people were going to remain the night, except the Professor, who is resident there at present. They were going to dine *en compagnie* and wished us to join the party; but we had already committed ourselves by mistake to the wrong hotel, and besides, we wished to be off as soon as wind and tide were against us to Earraid. We went up; Bough se-

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lected a place for sketching and blocked in the sketch for Mrs. R.; and we all talked together. Bough told us his family history and a lot of strange things about old Cumberland life; among others, how he had known "John Peel" of pleasant memory in song, and of how that worthy hunted. At five, down we go to the Argyll Hotel, and wait dinner. Broth—"nice broth"—fresh herrings, and fowl had been promised. At 5.50, I get the shovel and tongs and drum them at the stair-head till a response comes from below that the nice broth is at hand. I boast of my engineering, and Bough compares me to the Abbott of Arbroath who originated the Inchcape Bell. At last, in comes the tureen and the hand-maid lifts the cover. "Rice soup!" I yell; "O no! none o' that for me!"—"Yes," says Bough savagely; "but Miss Amy didn't take *me* downstairs to eat salmon." Accordingly he is helped. How his face fell. "I imagine myself in the accident ward of the Infirmary," quoth he. It was, purely and simply, rice and water. After this, we have another weary pause, and then herrings in a state of mash and potatoes like iron. "Send the potatoes out to Prussia for grape-shot," was the suggestion. I dined off broken herrings and dry bread. At last "the supreme moment comes," and the fowl in a lordly dish is carried in. On the cover being raised, there is something so forlorn and miserable about the aspect of the animal that we both roar with laughter. Then Bough, taking up knife and fork, turns the "swarry" over and over, shaking doubtfully his head. "There's an aspect of quiet resistance about the beggar," says he, "that looks bad." However, to work he falls until the sweat stands on his brow and a dismembered leg falls, dull and leaden-like, on to my dish. To eat it was simply impossible. I did not know before that flesh could be so tough. "The strongest jaws in England," says Bough piteously, harpooning his dry morsel, "couldn't eat this leg in less than twelve hours." Nothing for it now, but to order boat and bill. "That fowl," says Bough to the landlady, "is of a breed I know. I knew the cut of its jib whenever it was put down. That was the grandmother of the cock that frightened Peter."—"I thought it was a historical animal," say I. "What a shame to kill it. It's as bad as eating Whittington's cat or the Dog of Montargis"—"Na, —na, it's no so old," says the landlady, "but it eats hard."—"Eats!" I cry, "where do you find that? Very little of that verb with us." So with more raillery, we pay six shillings for our festival and run over to Earraid, shaking the dust of the Argyll Hotel from off our feet.

I can write no more just now, and I hope you will be able to decipher so much; for it contains matter. Really, the whole of yesterday's work would do in a novel without one little bit of embellishment; and, indeed, few novels are so amusing. Bough, Miss Amy, Mrs. Ross, Blackie, M—— the parson—all these were such distinct characters, the incidents were so entertaining, and the scenery so fine, that the whole would have made a novelist's fortune.

MY DEAR FATHER: No landing to-day, as the sea runs high on the rock. They are at the second course of the first story on the rock. I have as yet had no time here; so this is α and ω of my business news.—Your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.

The next letter is of two years later date, and written in a very different key to Stevenson's contemporary and intimate companion, Charles Baxter, to whom are addressed so many letters of all periods in the volumes already published. It is a specimen of youthful nonsense, or, as he calls it, "gibber," but through its freakish tenor is to be discerned a vein of more than half-serious thinking very characteristic of R. L. S. alike as boy and man.

[To Charles Baxter.]

17 HERIOT ROW, EDINBURGH, *October*, 1872.

MY DEAR BAXTER: I am gum-boiled and face swollen to an unprecedented degree. It is very depressing to suffer from gibber that cannot be brought to a head. I cannot speak it, because my face is so swollen and stiff that enunciation must be deliberate—a thing your true gibberer cannot hold up his head under; and writ gibber is somehow not gibber at all, it does not come forth, does not *flow*, with that fine irrational freedom that it loves in speech—it does not afford relief to the packed bosom.

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Hence I am suffering from *suppressed gibber*—an uneasy complaint; and like all cases of suppressed humors, this hath a nasty tendency to the brain. Therefore (the more confused I get, the more I lean on Thus's and Hences and Therefores) you must not be down upon me, most noble Festus, altho' this letter should smack of some infirmity of judgment. I speak the words of soberness and truth; and would you were not almost but altogether as I am, except this swelling. Lord, Lord, if we could change personalities how we should hate it. How I should rebel at the office, repugn under the Ulster coat, and repudiate your monkish humors thus unjustly and suddenly thrust upon poor, infidel me! And as for you—why, my dear Charles, "a mouse that hath its lodging in a cat's ear" would not be so uneasy as you in your new conditions. I do not see how your temperament would come thro' the feverish longings to do things that cannot then (or perhaps ever) be accomplished, the feverish unrests and damnable indecisions, that it takes all my easy-going spirits to come through. A vane can live out anything in the shape of a wind; and that is how I can be, and am, a more serious person than you. Just as the light French seemed very serious to Sterne, light L. Stevenson can afford to bob about over the top of any deep sea of prospect or retrospect, where ironclad C. Baxter would incontinently go down with all hands. A fool is generally the wisest person out. The wise man must shut his eyes to all the perils and horrors that lie round him; but the cap and bells can go bobbing along the most slippery ledges and the bauble will not stir up sleeping lions. Hurray! for motley, for a good sound *insouciance*, for a healthy philosophic carelessness!

My dear Baxter, a word in your ear—"DON'T YOU WISH YOU WERE A FOOL?" How easy the world would go on with you—literally on castors. The only reason a wise man can assign for getting drunk is that he wishes to enjoy for a while the blessed immunities and sunshiny weather of the land of fooldom. But a fool, who dwells ever there, has no excuse at all. *That* is a happy land, if you like—and not so far away either. Take a fool's advice and let us strive without ceasing to get into it. Hark in your ear again: "THEY ALLOW PEOPLE TO REASON IN THAT LAND." I wish I could take you by the hand and lead you away into its pleasant boundaries. There is no custom-house on the frontier, and you may take in what books you will. There are no manners and customs; but men and women grow up, like trees in a still, well-walled garden, "at their own sweet will." There is no prescribed or customary folly—no motley, cap, or bauble: out of the well of each one's own innate absurdity he is allowed and encouraged freely to draw and to communicate; and it is a strange thing how this natural fooling comes so high to one's better thoughts of wisdom; and stranger still, that all this discord of people speaking in their own natural moods and keys, masses itself into a far more perfect harmony than all the dismal, official unison in which they sing in other countries. Part-singing seems best all the world over.

I who live in England must wear the hackneyed symbols of the profession, to show that I have (at least) consular immunities, coming as I do out of another land, where they are not so wise as they are here, but fancy that God likes what he makes and is not best pleased with us when we deface and dissemble all that he has given us and put about us to one common standard of——Highty-Tighty!—when was a jester obliged to finish his sentence? I cut so strong a pirouette that all my bells jingle, and come down in an attitude, with one hand upon my hip. The evening's entertainment is over,—"and if our kyind friends——"

Hurrah! I feel relieved. I have put out my gibber, and if you have read thus far, you will have taken it in. I wonder if you will ever come this length. I shall try a trap for you, and insult you here, on this last page. "O Baxter what a damned humbug you are!" There—shall this insult bloom and die unseen, or will you come toward me, when next we meet, with a face deformed with anger and demand speedy and bloody satisfaction? *Nous verrons*, which is French. R. L. STEVENSON.

Passing over an interval of a year, and a very critical year in Stevenson's life, we come to the period of that break-down in health which caused him to be despatched peremptorily for a winter's rest on the French Riviera, and gave occasion to the

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essay *Ordered South*, the only one of his writings in which he allows himself to take, even for a moment, the point of view of an invalid. Here are portions of the journal-letter in which he described to Mrs. Sitwell, who had by this time become his closest friend and confidante, the later stages and impressions of his journey from London to Mentone.

[To Mrs. Sitwell.]

AVIGNON, [*November*, 1873].

I have just read your letter upon the top of the hill beside the Church and Castle. The whole air was filled with sunset and the sound of bells; and I wish I could give you the least notion of the *southernness* and *Provençality* of all that I saw.

I cannot write while I am travelling; *c'est un défaut;* but so it is. I must have a certain feeling of being at home, and my head must have time to settle. The new images oppress me, and I have a fever of restlessness on me. You must not be disappointed at such shabby letters; and besides, remember my poor head and the fanciful crawling in the spine.

I am back again in the stage of thinking there is nothing the matter with me, which is a good sign; but I am wretchedly nervous. Anything like rudeness I am simply babyishly afraid of; and noises, and especially the sounds of certain voices, are the devil to me. A blind poet whom I found selling his immortal works in the streets of Sens, captivated me with the remarkable equable strength and sweetness of his voice; and I listened a long while and bought some of the poems; and now this voice, after I had thus got it thoroughly into my head, proved false metal and a really bad and horrible voice at bottom. It haunted me some time, but I think I am done with it now.

I hope you don't dislike reading bad style like this as much as I do writing it; it hurts me when neither words nor clauses fall into their places, much as it would hurt you to sing when you had a bad cold and your voice deceived you and missed every other note. I do feel so inclined to break the pen and write no more; and here *à propos* begins my back.

After dinner.—It blows to-night from the north down the valley of the Rhone, and everything is so cold that I have been obliged to indulge in a fire. There is a fine crackle and roar of burning wood in the chimney which is very homely and companionable, though it does seem to postulate a town all white with snow outside.

I have bought Sainte-Beuve's Chateaubriand and am immensely delighted with the critic. Chateaubriand is more antipathetic to me than any one else in the world.

I begin to wish myself arrived to-night. Travelling, when one is not quite well, has a good deal of unpleasantness. One is easily upset by cross incidents, and wants that *belle humeur* and spirit of adventure that makes a pleasure out of what is unpleasant.

Tuesday, November 11th.—T h e r e ! There's a date for you. I shall be in Mentone for my birthday, with plenty of nice letters to read. I went away across the Rhone and up the hill on the other side that I might see the town from a distance. Avignon followed me with its bells and drums and bugles; for the old city has no equal for multitude of such noises. Crossing the bridge and seeing the brown turbid water foam and eddy about the piers, one could scarce believe one's eyes when one looked down upon the stream and saw the smooth blue mirroring tree and hill. Over on the other side, the sun beat down so furiously on the white road that I was glad to keep in the shadow and, when the occasion offered, to turn aside among the olive-yards. It was nine years and six months since I had been in an olive-yard. I found myself much changed, not so gay, but wiser and more happy. I read your letter a fourth time, and sat awhile looking down over the tawny plain and at the fantastic outline of the city. The hills seemed just fainting into the sky; even the great peak above Carpentras (Lord knows how many metres above the sea) seemed unsubstantial and thin in the breadth and potency of the sunshine.

I should like to stay longer here but I can't. I am driven forward by restlessness and leave this afternoon about two. I am just going out now to visit again the church, castle, and hill, for the sake of the magnificent panorama, and besides, because it is the friendliest spot in all Avignon to me.

[*Later.*] You cannot picture to yourself anything more steeped in hard bright sun-

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shine than the view from the hill. The immovable inky shadow of the old bridge on the fleeting surface of the yellow river seemed more solid than the bridge itself. Just in the place where I sat yesterday evening a shaven man in a velvet cap was studying music—evidently one of the singers for *La Muette de Portici* at the theatre to-night. I turned back as I went away: the white Christ stood out in strong relief on his brown cross against the blue sky, and the four kneeling angels and lanterns grouped themselves about the foot with a symmetry that was almost laughable; the musician read on at his music, and counted time with his hand on the stone step.

MENTONE, *November 12th.*—My first enthusiasm was on rising at Orange and throwing open the shutters. Such a great living flood of sunshine poured in upon me, that I confess to having danced and expressed my satisfaction aloud; in the middle of which the boots came to the door with hot water, to my great confusion.

To-day has been one long delight, coming to a magnificent climax on my arrival here. I gave up my baggage to an hotel porter and set off to walk at once. I was somewhat confused as yet as to my directions, for the station of course was new to me, and the hills had not sufficiently opened out to let me recognize the peaks. Suddenly, as I was going forward slowly in this confusion of mind, I was met by a great volley of odors out of the lemon and orange gardens, and the past linked on to the present, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole scene fell before me into order, and I was at home. I nearly danced again.

I suppose I must send off this to-night to notify my arrival in safety and good-humour and, I think, in good health, before relapsing into the old weekly vein. I hope this time to send you a weekly dose of sunshine from the south, instead of the jet of *snell* Edinburgh east wind that used to was.—Ever your faithful friend,

R. L. S.

In the course of the winter following the arrival above described, I paid two visits to my sick friend, spending part of December with him between Monaco, Monte Carlo, and Mentone, and the whole of February at Mentone. In the interval I was doing some work in Paris, and received from him among others the following two letters, each very characteristic in its kind, and each after its manner much concerned with the technical difficulties of the writer's art. It had been a very cold Christmas at Monaco and Monte Carlo, and Stevenson had no adequate overcoat, so it was agreed that when I went to Paris I should try and find him a warm cloak. I amused myself looking out for one suited to his taste for the picturesque and piratical in apparel, and found one in the style of 1830, dark blue and flowing, and fastening with a swan-neck clasp.

[MENTONE, *January*, 1874.]

MY DEAR COLVIN: Thank you very much for your note. This morning I am stupid again; can do nothing at all; am no good "comme plumitif." I think it must be the cold outside. At least that would explain my addled head and intense laziness.

O why did you tell me about that cloak. Why didn't you buy it? Isn't it in "Julius Cæsar" that Pompey blames—no not Pompey but a friend of Pompey's—well, Pompey's friend, I mean the friend of Pompey—blames somebody else who was his friend—that is who was the friend of Pompey's friend—because he (the friend of Pompey's friend) had not done something right off, but had come and asked him (Pompey's friend) whether he (the friend of Pompey's friend) ought to do it or no? There I fold my hands with some complacency: that's a piece of very good narration. I am getting into good form. These classical instances are always distracting. I was talking of the cloak. It's awfully dear. Are there no cheap and nasty imitations? Think of that—if, however, it were the opinion (ahem) of competent persons that the great cost of the mantle in question was no more than proportionate to its durability; if it were to be a joy forever; if it would cover my declining years and survive me in anything like integrity for the comfort of my executors; if—I have the word—if the price indicates (as it seems) the quality of *per-durability* in the fabric; if, in fact, it would not be extravagant, but only the leariest economy to lay out £5 15 in a single mantle without seam and without price, and if—and if—it really fastens with an agrafe—I

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would BUY it. But not unless. If not a cheap imitation would be the move.—Ever yours, R. L. S.

In the following, "Bob" is his elder cousin Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson, a spirit as radiantly gifted as R. L. S. himself, though with less in him of the practical strain of character which helped the younger man to turn his gifts to working account. It was not till years afterward that R. A. M. Stevenson became known as a brilliant painter-critic. Some of the most penetrating and original statements of critical theory that have ever been put in words are contained in his book on Velasquez and in his contributions to the columns of the *Saturday Review* and *The Pall Mall Gazette*. Between the elder and the younger cousin there had been from boyhood the strongest mutual attachment. "Madame Zassetsky" is one of the two Russian sisters who, with their children, contributed so much to brighten for Stevenson these days of weakness, as has already been made apparent in his published letters. "*The Bottle*" means *The Curate of Anstruther's Bottle*, one of the scores of tales which in his prentice days he attempted and gave up.

[MENTONE, *January*, 1874].

MY DEAR S. C.: I suppose this will be my last note then. I think you will find everything very jolly here, I am very jolly myself. I worked six hours to-day. I am occupied in transcribing *The Bottle*, which is pleasant work to me; I find much in it that I still think excellent and much that I am doubtful about; my convention is so terribly difficult that I have to put out much that pleases me, and much that I still preserve I only preserve with misgiving. I wonder if my convention is not a little too hard and too much in the style of those decadent curiosities, poems without the letter E, poems going with the alphabet and the like. And yet the idea, if rightly understood and treated as a convention always and not as an abstract principle, should not so much hamper one as it seems to do. The idea is not, of course to put in nothing but what would naturally have been noted and remembered and handed down, but not to put in anything that would make a person stop and say—how could this be known? Without doubt it has the advantage of making one rely on the essential interest of a situation and not cocker up and validify feeble intrigue with incidental fine writing and scenery, and pyrotechnic exhibitions of inappropriate cleverness and sensibility. I remember Bob once saying to me that the quadrangle of Edinburgh University was a good thing and our having a talk as to how it could be employed in different arts. I then stated that the different doors and staircases ought to be brought before a reader of a story not by mere recapitulation but by the use of them, by the descent of different people one after another by each of them. And that the grand feature of shadow and the light of the one lamp in the corner should also be introduced only as they enabled people in the story to see one another or prevented them. And finally that whatever could not thus be worked into the evolution of the action had no right to be commemorated at all. After all, it is a story you are telling; not a place you are to describe, and everything that does not attach itself to the story is out of place.

This is a lecture not a letter, and it seems rather like sending coals to Newcastle to write a lecture to a subsidized professor. I hope you have seen Bob by this time. I know he is anxious to meet you and I am in great anxiety to know what you think of his prospects—frankly, of course: as for his person, I don't care a damn what you think of it: I am case-hardened in that matter.

I wrote a French note to Madame Zassetsky the other day, and there were no errors in it. The complete Gaul, as you may see.—Ever yours,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The next letter I shall quote is one written six weeks after his return from Mentone to Edinburgh in the spring of 1874, and telling of the thoughts and feelings that filled his mind during the strain of a great anxiety on account of this same cousin's dangerous illness.

[To Mrs. Sitwell.]

[SWANSTON, *June*, 1874], *Wednesday*.

News reaches me that Bob is laid down with diphtheria; and you know what that means.

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Night.—I am glad to say that I have on the whole a good account of Bob and I do hope he may pull through in spite of all. I went down and saw the doctor; but it is not thought right that I should go in to see him in case of contagion: you know it is a very contagious malady.

Thursday.—It is curious how calm I am in such a case. I wait with perfect composure for farther news; I can do nothing; why should I disturb myself? And yet if things go wrong I shall be in a fine way I can tell you.

How curiously we are built up into our false positions. The other day, having toothache and the black dog on my back generally, I was rude to one of the servants at the dinner-table. And nothing of course can be more disgusting than for a man to speak harshly to a young woman who will lose her place if she speaks back to him; and of course I determined to apologize. Well, do you know, it was perhaps four days before I found courage enough, and I felt as red and ashamed as could be. Why? because I had been rude? not a bit of it; because I was doing a thing that would be called ridiculous in thus apologizing. I did not know I had so much respect of middle class notion before; this is my right hand which I must cut off. Hold the arm please: once—twice—thrice: the offensive member is amputated: let us hope I shall never be such a cad any more as to be ashamed of being a gentleman.

Night.—I suppose I must have been more affected than I thought: at least I found I could not work this morning and had to go out. The whole garden was filled with a high westerly wind, coming straight out of the hills and richly scented with furze—or whins, as we would say. The trees were all in a tempest and roared like a heavy surf; the paths all strewn with fallen apple-blossom and leaves. I got a quiet seat behind a yew and went away into a meditation. I was very happy after my own fashion, and whenever there came a blink of sunshine or a bird whistled higher than usual, or a little powder of white apple-blossom came over the hedge and settled about me in the grass, I had the gladdest little flutter at my heart and stretched myself for very voluptuousness. I wasn't altogether taken up with my private pleasures, however, and had many a look down ugly vistas in the future, for Bob and others. But we must all be content and brave, and look eagerly for these little passages of happiness by the wayside, and go on afterward, savoring them under the tongue.

Friday.—Our garden has grown beautiful at last, beautiful with fresh foliage and daisied grass. The sky is still cloudy and the day perhaps even a little gloomy; but under this gray roof, in this shaded temperate light how delightful the new summer is.

When I shall come to London must always be problematical like all my movements, and of course this sickness of Bob's makes it still more uncertain. If all goes well I may have to go to the country and take care of him in his convalescence. But I shall come shortly. Do not hurry to write to me; I had rather *you* had ten minutes more of good friendly sleep, than I a longer letter; and you know I am rather partial to your letters. Yesterday, by the by, I received the proof of *Victor Hugo*; it is not nicely written, but the stuff is capital, I think. Modesty is my most remarkable quality, I may remark in passing.

1.30.—I was out, behind the yew hedge, reading the *Comtesse de Rudolstadt* when I find my eyes grow weary and looked up from the book. O the rest of the quiet greens and whites, of the daisied surface! I was very peaceful, but it began to sprinkle rain and so I fain to come in for a moment and chat with you. By the way, I must send you *Consuelo*; you said you had quite forgotten it if I remember aright; and surely a book that could divert me when I thought myself on the very edge of the grave, from the work that I so much desired and was yet unable to do, and from many painful thoughts, should somewhat support and amuse you under all the hard things that may be coming upon you. If you should wonder why I am writing to you so voluminously, know that it is because I am not suffering myself to work, and in idleness, as in death, etc.——

Saturday.—I have had a very cruel day. I heard this morning that yesterday Bob had been very much worse and I went down to Portobello with all sorts of horrible presentiments. I was glad when I turned the corner and saw the blinds still up. He was definitely better, if the word definitely can be used about such a detestably insidious

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complaint. I have ordered Consuelo for you, and you should have it soon this week; I mean next week of course; I am thinking when you will receive this letter, not of now when I am writing it.

I am so tired; but I am very hopeful. All will be well sometime, if it be only when we are dead. One thing I see so clearly. Death is the end neither of joy nor sorrow. Let us pass into the clods and come up again as grass and flowers; we shall still be this wonderful, shrinking, sentient matter—we shall still thrill to the sun and grow relaxed and quiet after rain, and have all manner of pains and pleasures that we know not of now. Consciousness, and ganglia, and suchlike, are after all but theories. And who knows? This God may not be cruel when all is done; he may relent and be good to us *à la fin des fins*. Think of how he tempers our afflictions to us, of how tenderly he mixes in bright joys with the gray web of trouble and care that we call our life. Think of how he gives, who takes away. Out of the bottom of the miry clay I write this; and I look forward confidently; I have faith after all; I believe, I hope, I *will* not have it reft from me; there *is* something good behind it all, bitter and terrible as it seems, dear friend. The infinite majesty (as it will be always in regard to us the bubbles of an hour) the infinite majesty must have moments, if it were no more, of greatness; must sometimes be touched with a feeling for our infirmities, must sometimes relent and be clement to those frail playthings that he has made, and made so bitterly alive. Must it not be so, my dear friend, out of the depths I cry? I feel it, now when I am most painfully conscious of his cruelty. He must relent. He must reward. He must give some indemnity, if it were but in the quiet of a daisy, tasting of the sun and the soft rain and the sweet shadow of trees, for all the dire fever that he makes us bear in this poor existence. We make too much of this human life of ours. It may be that two clods together, two flowers together, two grown trees together touching each other deliciously with their spread leaves, it may be that these dumb things have their own priceless sympathies, surer and more untroubled than ours.

I don't know quite whether I have wandered. Forgive me, I feel as if I had relieved myself; so perhaps it may not be unpleasant for you either.—Believe me, ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From this date to that of the extracts which shall now follow there is an interval of five years; the interval which brought Stevenson's prentice days as a writer to an end, and established him in the eyes of a judicious few, on the strength of his early travel-books, essays, and short stories, as a brilliant young master from whom the highest things might confidently be expected. Among the letters hitherto unprinted which he wrote home from California during the trying winter and spring of 1879–1880, I here give two. The first is addressed to myself. It mentions the writer's project, afterward abandoned, of a tale called *A Vendetta of the West;* his other project for a romance to be called the *Prince of Grünewald*, carried out and rechristened later as *Prince Otto;* as well as a project of my own for a volume to be made up of his short stories to be illustrated by the late Randolph Caldecott. Moreover, it introduces for the first time a mention of his now famous *Requiem*. The way in which its touches of levity and profound seriousness come together almost in the same breath will be nothing new to those familiar with his mind. Levity was to him often not merely a relief from, but a mask for, a seriousness too deep for words.

[608 BUSH STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, *February*, 1880.]

MY DEAR COLVIN: I received a very nice letter from you with two enclosures. I am still unable to finish the *Emigrant*, although there are only some fifteen pages to do. The *Vendetta* is, I am afraid, scarce Fortnightly form, though after the Pavillion being taken by Stephen, I am truly at sea about all such matters. I dare say my *Prince of Grünewald*—the name still uncertain—would be good enough for anything if I could but get it done: I believe that to be a really good story. The *Vendetta* is somewhat cheap in motive; very rum and unlike the present kind of novels both for good and evil in writing; and on the whole, only remarkable for the heroine's character, and that I believe to be in it. . . .

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I am not well at all. But hope to be better. You know I have been hawked to death these last months. And then I lived too low, I fear; and anyway I have got pretty low and out at elbows in health. I wish I could say better,—but I cannot. With a constitution like mine, you never know—to-morrow I may be carrying top-gallant sails again; but just at present I am scraping along with a jurymast and a kind of amateur rudder. Truly I have some misery, as things go; but these things are mere detail. However I do not want to *crever*, *claquer*, and cave in just when I have a chance of some happiness; nor do I mean to. All the same, I am more and more in a difficulty how to move every day. What a day or an hour might bring forth, God forbid that I should prophesy. Certainly, do what you like about the stories; *Will o' the Mill*, or not. It will be Caldecott's book or nobody's. I am glad you liked the *Guitar*: I always did: and I think C. could make lovely pikters to it: it almost seems as if I must have written it for him express.

I have already been a visitor at the Club for a fortnight; but that's over, and I don't much care to renew the period. I want to be married, not to belong to all the damned Clubs in Christendie. . . . I half think of writing up the Sand Lot agitation for Morley; it is a curious business; were I stronger, I should try to sugar in with some of the leaders: a chield amang 'em takin' notes; one, who kept a brothel, I reckon, before she started socialist particularly interests me. If I am right as to her early industry, you know she would be sure to adore me. I have been all my days a dead hand at a harridan, I never saw the one yet that could resist me. When I die of consumption, you can put that upon my tomb.

Sketch of my tomb follows:

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

BORN 1850, OF A FAMILY OF ENGINEERS, DIED . . .

"Nitor aquis."

Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

You, who pass this grave, put aside hatred; love kindness; be all services remembered in your heart and all offences pardoned; and as you go down again among the living, let this be your question: can I make some one happier this day before I lie down to sleep? Thus the dead man speaks to you from the dust: you will hear no more from him.

Who knows, Colvin, but I may thus be of more use when I am buried than ever when I was alive? The more I think of it, the more earnestly do I desire this. I may perhaps try to write it better some day; but that is what I want in sense. The verses are from a beayootiful poem by me.

R. L. S.

The following is the only letter that has been preserved to his friend James Walter Ferrier, whose death furnished three and a half years later the occasion of the essay *Old Mortality*. "Forester" is an autobiographical paper by J. W. F. on his own boyhood.

P.O. SAN FRANCISCO, *April 8th*, 1880.

MY DEAR FERRIER: Many thanks for your letter, and the instalment of Forester which accompanied it, and which I read with amusement and pleasure. I fear Somerset's letter must wait; for my dear boy, I have been very nearly on a longer voyage than usual; I am fresh from giving Charon a quid instead of an obolus: but he, having accepted the payment, scorned me, and I had to make the best of my way backward through the mallow-wood, with nothing to show for this displacement but the fatigue of the journey. As soon as I feel fit, you shall have the letter, trust me. But just now even a note such as I am now writing takes it out of me. I have, truly, been very sick; I fear I am a vain man, for I thought it a pity I should die. I could not help thinking that a good many would be disappointed; but for myself, although I still think life a business full of agreeable features I was not entirely unwilling to give it up. It is so difficult to behave well; and in that matter, I get more dissatisfied with myself, because more exigent, every day. I shall be pleased to hear again from you soon. I shall be married early in May and then go to the mountains, a very withered bridegroom. I think your MS. Bible, if that were a specimen, would be a credit to humanity. Betweenwhiles, collect such

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thoughts both from yourself and others: I somehow believe every man should leave a Bible behind him,—if he is unable to leave a jest book. I feel fit to leave nothing but my benediction. It is a strange thing how, do what you will, nothing seems accomplished. I feel as far from having paid humanity my board and lodging as I did six years ago when I was sick at Mentone. But I dare say the devil would keep telling me so, if I had moved mountains, and at least I have been very happy on many different occasions, and that is always something. I can read nothing, write nothing; but a little while ago and I could eat nothing either; but now that is changed. This is a long letter for me; rub your hands, boy, for 'tis an honor.—Yours, from Charon's strand, R. L. S.

Again making a leap of nearly six years, over the periods of Stevenson's Alpine winters and Highland summers and the earlier years of his residence at Bournemouth, let us turn to his correspondence, hitherto unpublished, with a friend of Bournemouth days whom he regarded with peculiar reverence and affection. This was Lady Taylor, a daughter of the first Lord Monteagle; the wife, and by the time this letter was written the widow, of that fine old veteran poet and public servant Sir Henry Taylor, the author of *Philip van Artevelde*. Stevenson had just dedicated to her his collection of stories, *The Merry Men*, and sent her with the advance sheets the following comments on his work. It should be added that Professor Dowden's *Life of Shelley* had lately come out, and had naturally been read with eager interest in a circle where the poet's son and daughter-in-law, Sir Percy and Lady Shelley, were near neighbors and intimate friends.

Skerryvore, Bournemouth [*January*, 1887].

My Dear Lady Taylor: This is to wish you all the salutations of the year, with some regret that I cannot offer them in person; yet less than I had supposed. For hitherto your flight to London seems to have worked well; and time flies and will soon bring you back again. Though time is ironical, too; and it would be like his irony if the same tide that brought you back carried me away. That would not be, at least, without some meeting.

I feel very sorry to think the book to which I have put your name will be no better, and I can make it no better. The tales are of all dates and places; they are like the fox, the goose and the cottage of the ferryman; and must go floating down time together as best they can. But I am after all a (superior) penny-a-liner; I must do, in the Scotch phrase, as it will do with me; and I cannot always choose what my books are to be, only seize the chance they offer to link my name to a friend's. I hope the lot of them (the tales) will look fairly disciplined when they are clapped in binding; but I fear they will be but an awkward squad. I have a mild wish that you at least will read them no further than the dedication.

I suppose we have all been reading Dowden. It seems to me a really first-rate book, full of justice, and humor without which there can be no justice; and of fine intelligence besides. Here and there, perhaps a trifle precious, but this is to spy flaws in a fine work. I was uneasy at my resemblance to Shelley; I seem but a Shelley with less oil, and no genius; though I have had the fortune to live longer and (partly) to grow up. He was growing up. There is a manlier note in the last days; in spite of such really sickening aberrations as the Emilia Viviani business. I try to take a humorously genial view of life; but Emilia Viviani, if I have her detested name aright, is too much for my philosophy. I cannot smile when I see all these grown folk waltzing and piping the eye about an insubordinate and perfectly abominable school-girl, as silly and patently as false as Blanche Amory. I really think it is one of those episodes that make the angels weep.

With all kind regards and affectionate good wishes to and for you and yours,

Believe me, your affectionate friend,

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Perhaps it will be best, as giving more coherence and continuity to the concluding pages of these desultory extracts, if I follow up the above letter with two more to the same correspondent. One dates from after Stevenson's winter in the Adirondacks (1887–1888) and expresses the glee he felt at the prospect of the voyage which he and his family had just determined to undertake in the South Seas. I am sure the phrase

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"my miserable Scribner articles" will not be misunderstood by his kind friends the editor and publisher under whose auspices those articles saw, and the extracts will, I hope, see, the light. The words merely express the sense of the effort it would cost him to finish his promised work before the time fixed for his departure toward unknown seas.

[Manasquan, *May*, 1888].

My Dear Lady Taylor: I have to announce our great news. On June 15th we sail from San Francisco in the schooner yacht *Casco*, for a seven-months' cruise in the South Seas. You can conceive what a state of excitement we are in; Lloyd perhaps first; but this is an old dream of mine which actually seems to be coming true, and I am sunstruck. It seems indeed too good to be true; and that we have not deserved so much good fortune. From Skerryvore to the Galapagos is a far cry! And from poking in a sick-room all winter to the deck of one's own ship, is indeed a heavenly change.

All these seven months I doubt if we can expect more than three mails at the best of it: and I do hope we may hear something of your news by each. I have no very clear views as to where the three addresses ought to be, but if you hear no later news, Charles Scribner's Sons will always have the run of our intended movements. And an early letter there would probably catch us at the Sandwich Islands. Tahiti will probably be the second point: and (as I roughly guess) Quito the third. But the whole future is invested with heavenly clouds.

I trust you are all well and content, and have good news of the Shelleys, to whom I wish you would pass on ours. They should be able to sympathize with our delight.

Now I have all my miserable Scribner articles to rake together in the inside of a fortnight: so you must not expect me to be more copious. I have you all in the kindest memory, and am

Your affectionate friend,

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Remember me to Aubrey de Vere.

After eighteen months of voyaging and sojourning, to his vast delight and the vast improvement of his health, among the various island-groups of the Pacific, he writes to the same friend of his own purchase of an estate on one of the Samoan islands; of his intention to make his future home there; of his hope (which was not fulfilled) to make one last visit to friends and home before settling in his place of voluntary exile; and lastly, of the death of their friend Sir Percy Shelley, the news of which had reached him in the course of his wanderings.

Apia, Samoa, *January 20th*, 1890.

My Dear Lady Taylor: I shall hope to see you in some months from now, when I come home—to break up my establishment—I know no diminutive of the word. Your daughters cast a spell upon me; they were always declaring I was a winged creature and would vanish into the uttermost isle; and they were right, and I have made my preparations. I am now the owner of an estate upon Upolu, some two or three miles behind and above Apia; three streams, two waterfalls, a great cliff, an ancient native fort, a view of the sea and lowlands or (to be more precise) several views of them in various directions, are now mine. It would be affectation to omit a good many head of cattle; above all as it required much diplomacy to have them thrown in, for the gentleman who sold to me was staunch. Besides all this, there is a great deal more forest than I have any need for; or to be plain, the whole estate is one impassable jungle, which must be cut down and through at considerable expense. Then the house has to be built; and then (as a climax) we may have to stand a siege in it in the next native war.

I do feel as if I was a coward and a traitor to desert my friends; only, my dear lady, you know what a miserable corrhyzal (is that how it is spelt?) creature I was at home; and here I have some real health, I can walk, I can ride, I can stand some exposure, I am up with the sun, I have a real enjoyment of the world and of myself; it would be hard to go back again to England and to bed; and I think it would be very silly. I am sure it would; and yet I feel shame, and I know I am not writing like myself. I wish you knew how much I admired you, and when I think of those I must leave, how early a place your name occupies. I have not had the pleasure to know you very long; and yet I feel as if my leaving England were a special treachery to you, and

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my leaving you a treachery to myself. I will only ask you to try to forgive me: for I am sure I will never quite forgive myself. Somebody might write to me in the care of R. Towns & Co., Sydney, New South Wales, to tell me if you can forgive. But you will do quite right if you cannot. Only let me come and see you when you do return, or it will be a lame home-coming.

My wife suffered a good deal in our last, somewhat arduous voyage; all our party indeed suffered except myself. Fanny is now better but she is still no very famous success in the way of health.

All the while I have been writing, I have had another matter in my eye; of which I scarce like to speak: You know of course that I am thinking of Sir Percy and his widow. The news reached me in the shape of a newspaper cutting, I have no particulars. He had a sweet, original nature; I think I liked him better than ever I should have liked his father; I am sorry he was always a little afraid of me; if I had had more chance, he would have liked me too, we had so much in common, and I valued so much his fine soul, as honest as a dog's, and the romance of him, which was like a dog's too, and like a poet's at the same time. If he had not been Shelley's son, people would have thought more of him; and yet he was the better of the two, bar verses.

Please tell my dear Ida and Una that we think much of them, as well as of your dear self, and believe me, in words which you once allowed me to use (and I was very much affected when you did so),

Your affectionate friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

IF LOVE BE LOVE

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

I HEARD true lovers calling
  When Spring came down last night,
And the little grass beneath the snow
  Stirred in the warm moonlight;
And the hearts of the buds in the maple-tree
  Beat red with the tree's delight.

I heard true lovers calling
  Across the melting snow,
And some of them loved in Babylon
  Ever so long ago,
And some were alive but yesterday:
  Their voice went to and fro—

Come back, my love, if love be love,
  Across a thousand years:
If love be love time fails and dies
And dreams are true and death is lies,
  There is no room for tears.
Come back, my love, if love be love,
  Across a thousand years.

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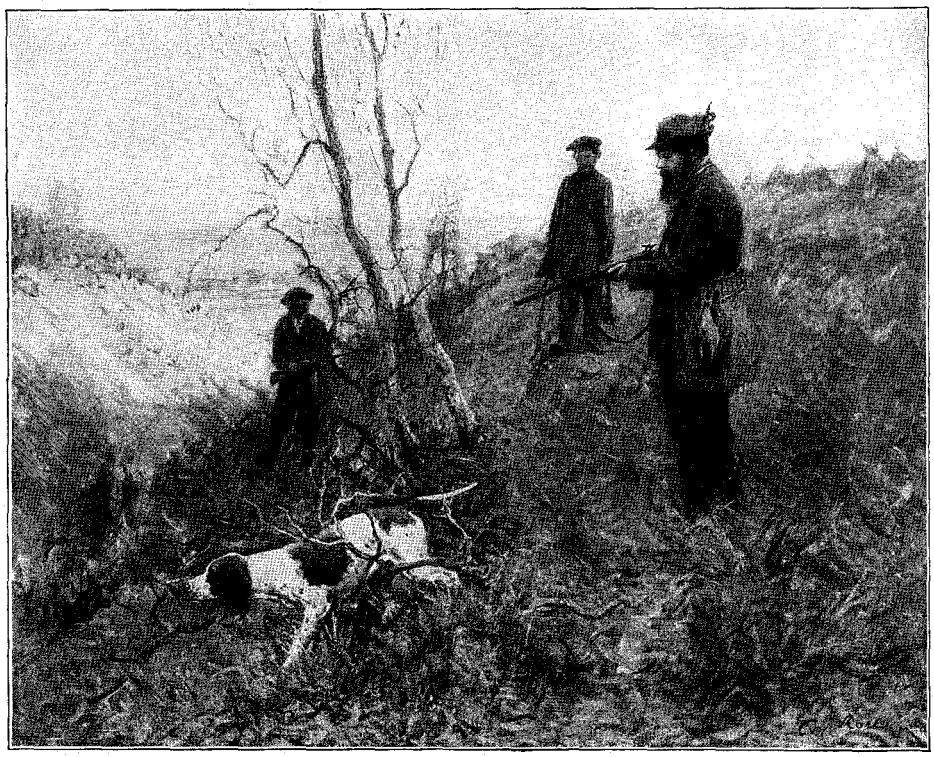

Scattered covey.

SHOOTING IN FRANCE

(NORMANDY)

By Ethel Rose

Illustrations by A. B. Frost and Guy Rose

AMERICANS know well so many of the sports of France. They come with tennis racquets and golf clubs to compete in the international tournaments; on bicycles and automobiles they spin along the white French roads through towns where antiquity shops are stocked and priced for them, and hotels with all the "confort moderne" are built for them; they shoot pigeons, real and clay, at the traps of the society resorts; and they are invited to the *chasses à courre* at the big châteaux. They fence, they skate, they even bring their aeroplanes to the aviation meetings. But how few, how very few, know that if they took their guns or trout rods; yes, trout rods; and went wandering off into the real country of this beautiful land, stopping at wayside inns, roaming the hills and valleys in autumn, or following the peaceful, almost domestic, course of some little river in spring or summer, they would have a revelation of what the real France and its people are, as well as delightful and novel experiences in the pursuit of game or fish?

As for the trout—and the salmon—they are here, but they do not belong in a shooting article.

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It may be a surprise to many to learn that the shooting population of France includes a large majority of the men over sixteen years of age, no permits being issued to any one younger, and no one being allowed to carry a gun without a permit. There are also more women who shoot than one would imagine and they are by no means confined to the fashionable contingent; while some of the most indefatigable have to contend against age or avoirdupois that would keep an American confined to a piazza chair. As for the Frenchwomen who fish! They are legion; from actresses at the height of their popularity down to stolid creatures of the peasant class. "Trout!" my cook in Paris once said in reply to a question, "Ah, madame, is it trout? Many is the time I have sat up half the night to catch them." Thus giving herself quite away as a poacher while revelling in memories of "her country."

In the opinion of all this multitude of sportsmen the year is divided into two very unequal parts of which the shorter, and by far the more important to them, is the *saison de chasse*, during which they spend every available moment from sunrise to sunset in the pursuit of all birds and animals which, by the widest stretch of the imagination may come under the head of "game"; the other, far longer period, being when the law is on and the guns are put away, while their owners talk over past luck, recount for the hundredth time their hits and misses, and make plans and prophecies for the season to come.

The opening day must invariably be Sunday for the benefit of the working man, in whose favor most of the French laws seem to be made; but the date, in this region usually near the first of September, and the length of the open season vary in different parts of France as well as change a little locally from year to year according to the condition of the game and the progress of the harvesting, which should be practically finished before men and dogs are turned loose over the fields. Here and there, however, there are always belated patches of buckwheat or corn jealously guarded by signs of "No Trespassing," which afford a cover for hard-pressed birds, not always safe from the eager dogs even there.

Any owner of property may, of course, preserve his land as he pleases but the small proprietors whose holdings are widely scattered leave them all free to form, with the village property, a large part of each commune where any of its residents may shoot with no charge except the obligatory "permis de chasse," costing five dollars and a half, and good anywhere in France for one year. There seems to be no village ne'er do weel too forlorn to possess a gun of sorts or too poor to acquire a permit, the price of which is, moreover, easily made good by a fair shot, as there is always a ready market for game in even the smaller towns.

In some communes non-residents must pay a small sum for the privilege of shooting, but this is discretional; and a commune may also decide to restrict certain parts, or even all, of its shooting quite independently of the date fixed for its *département* by the minister of agriculture. Last summer being very wet and the crops late in consequence, the commune above ours on the river decided to have its opening day two weeks later than that for the surrounding country, its residents enjoying, when it did come, such luck as had not been known for years, quantities of birds having taken refuge there during the preceding fortnight from all the region roundabout.

By far the greater part of the forests and woods which abound throughout France are preserved either by the state or by private individuals, especially those in this populous region which is so accessible to Americans lying as it does principally between the ports of the Atlantic liners and Paris; and it is to this fact no doubt that much of the abundance of game is due in a country that has been thickly settled and shot over for hundreds of years. It would seem that with its accessibility and the poaching characteristics of so many of the inhabitants the game would certainly be exterminated in a short time; the real marvel being that there has been any at all since the downfall of the feudal system. But in spite of the railways and the automobiles the seasons generally seem to average about the same as they did a quarter of a century ago, except where the country has been built up; something that happens near milling or manufacturing centres only, as there are no mushroom cities in France.

So, in spite of obstacles, there seems to be game of some sort nearly everywhere, due

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Drawn by Guy Rose.

Duck shooting—frosty morning.

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A shot at a hare.

not only to the preserves, but partly also to another custom handed down from old times—that of the people living almost exclusively in huddled, sometimes walled, towns and villages with seldom an outlying house or farm building between. Fields, woods, and meadows stretch unobstructed, sometimes for miles and miles, often without boundaries of any kind except the deeply sunken stones that mark the corners of property limits, making one wonder how any proprietor knows his own special portion of this patchwork of multi-colored vegetation. In the cattle districts, however, the insidious barbed wire has become only too popular, while out by the Normandy coast and farther on toward Cherbourg there are innumerable and impenetrable hedges, as well as the wide and high earth embankments with close ranks of large trees growing on them.

It is surprising what good shooting, both wood and open, may be rented for a reasonable sum; and it is a common practice for friends to join in taking a preserve, or for a club to be formed where shares for one or several seasons may be bought by outsiders. Among the advertisements in a sporting journal this month I find that of a communal forest of eighteen hundred acres, to be let for nine years for not less than eighty dollars a year. This is to be bid upon, and the game includes boar and deer. Another, more typical, offers a share in a fine guarded preserve of nine hundred acres, wood and plain, all kinds of game, for seventy-five dollars. Some shares run as low as four dollars for the season.

As an example of the type of man that can enjoy such privileges as these, take a club existing in our neighboring market town. It consists of ten or twelve men in most modest circumstances, shopkeepers, professional men, and the like, who have a long lease of a five-hundred acre wood about four miles from the town. On this proper-

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The peasant sportsman.

ty is an attractive furnished chalet which is used as a club-house, and the keeper who guards and looks after it lives on the place all the year round. Sunday mornings during the season the members pile into an omnibus with guns and dogs and are driven to the rendezvous. The keeper's wife cooks and serves their luncheon in the chalet, and at sundown the omnibus comes to take them all home. For one of the laws is that there must be no shooting before the sun has risen nor after it has set, and, in this locality at least, except for waterfowl, not while there is snow on the ground; not much of a hardship last winter when we had but one snowy day.

Not every week is honored by one of these party shoots, and of course the members may go at any time in between; but the peasants seem to know by instinct when one is to take place, and it is amusing to see them in the free lands surrounding the wood, hidden with their guns behind apple trees and beet piles, waiting for a shot at the chance bird or hare that may be driven from the preserves.

The keepers do all they possibly can to prevent the game from straying, even patrolling, outlying fields and rounding up everything they can find; for once outside the boundary line it may be shot by any one who is fortunate enough to come upon it, three deer in one season falling in this way to the gun of one of our villagers last year, while another found and captured a litter of wild boar.

If game wounded on open land falls or runs on to preserved ground the hunter may go after it provided he leaves his gun outside.

Another bit of law, and one that seems most odd, is that not only the actual slayer of a deer, but any one else who can put a bullet into it before it dies is entitled to a piece of the flesh, and any one whose dog chases it also has a share.

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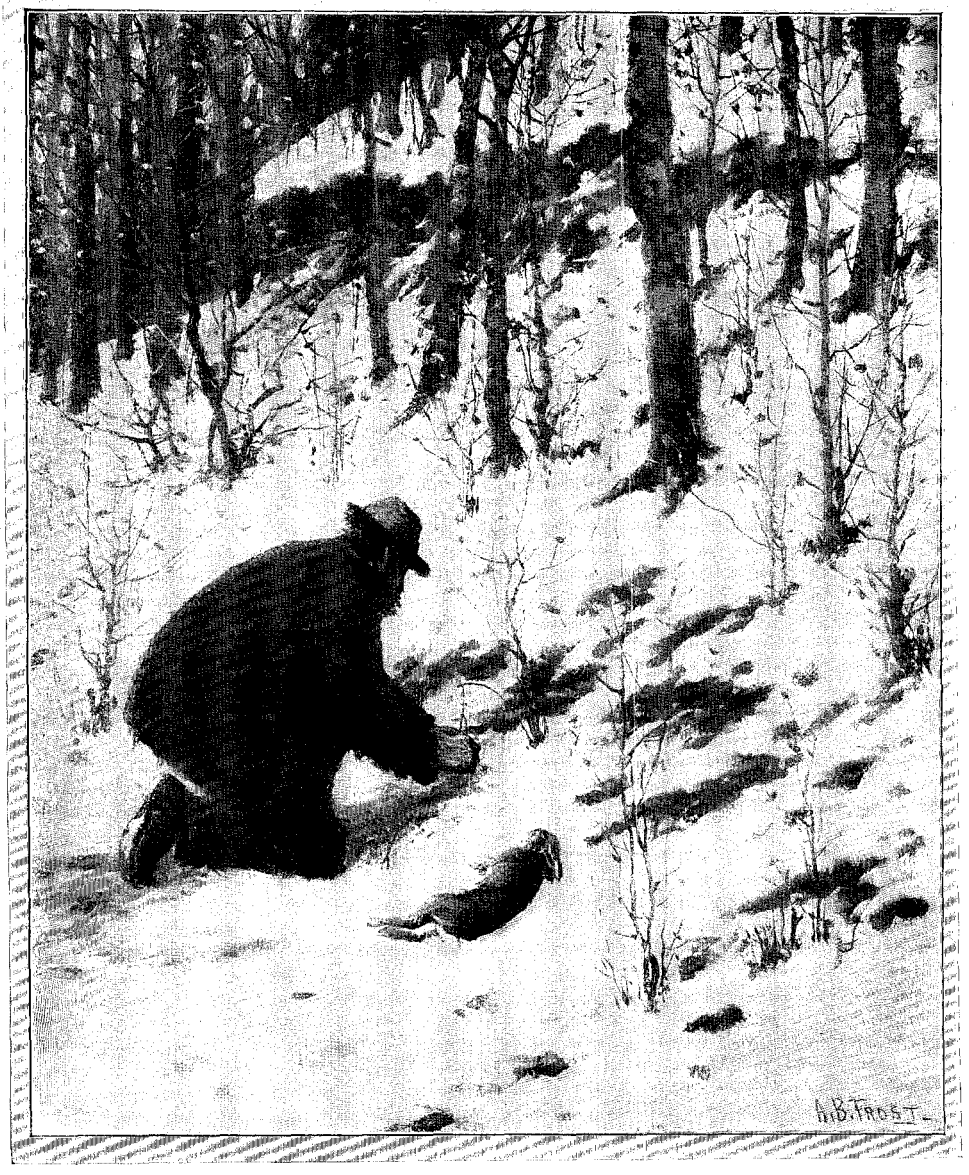

The poacher.

Many Frenchmen are excellent shots but the great majority are certainly not and do scarcely more than wander about with a gun, of which they are only too often exceedingly ignorant and reckless. A comparative few are really clever at it, but even of these there are almost none possessing that trait of the born hunter which makes him almost unconsciously study the habits of the game, learn its haunts and customs, and enables him to tell what its probable next move will be. Most of them walk ahead in a straight line, taking what comes in their way, and seldom following a hare from cover to cover, or a flock of partridges from flight to flight; while that instinct possessed by some of our own sportsmen which takes them unerringly to game that has flown over a wood or disappeared beyond the brow of a hill seems to be quite lacking.

The birds soon get accustomed to the strenuous life, and after the first few days

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A chance shot at a pheasant.

accept it as a matter of course and adapt their habits accordingly, while the large proportion of old ones shows how many must escape season after season, thus becoming trained strategists who know well the coverts, hidden hollows, and safe woods for miles around. They often prove this by disappearing, almost with a wink, into some bit of preserve or across an unbridged stream just when you think you surely have them after a long chase; perhaps up a valley where they have ranged from swampy river bottoms to slippery hillsides and the plain beyond, at their own sweet will. A bird or two bagged in a two or three mile chase like this will keep up your interest and give you, indeed, a chance to show how much of the real hunter you have in you.

After the first ten days or so it is extraordinary from what a distance both birds and animals can perceive your most cau-

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tious approach, departing at once long before you could have discovered them. No lying low here, in the hope that they will be overlooked, or waiting until you are upon them; discretion before valor every time for them. Through generation after generation their tricks are bred into them and the sly things seem to know, even better than the guard, where boundaries of the free lands are changed from year to year.

The shepherd, guarding his flock with his gun in his hand, often gets a stray bird or two, and if you are on good terms with him will tell you where he saw the last ones disappear. The farmers, gathering their winter store of apples and beets, and the women, knitting as they tend their cows, will also point a friendly finger in the direction of some hidden bird; for every one is full of interest and eager to know what luck you are having and whether the last shot that they heard meant success or not.

For the rich, in France, as elsewhere, abundant game is merely a question of money, as are good guns and dogs; one has only to pay. But he who loves the sport and has small means to gratify his taste can, I am sure, find in France an opportunity to test his skill, to enjoy his hobby under new conditions, and to experience a combination of pleasant sensations, old and new, such as he could not find anywhere at home. He will not have to take extra time for a long journey, nor will he be obliged to go to much expense for railway fares, hotel bills, or guides. True, he will seldom or never make a very large bag, but he will have a chance to prove his ability in more ways than one, and there will be difficult shots which, if successful, will give the genuine enthusiast more satisfaction than a hundred easily bagged birds. There will be wonderful autumn days of golden haze and drifting, pale gold leaves, when faint smoke smells are in the air; and later frosty mornings in what seems a silver world, all of it among such picturesque surroundings as will make the season one to hark back to often in memory on future winter evenings "back home."

The landlord of one's inn is always ready with information and advice, and can often help one to shooting not otherwise obtainable, as he is acquainted with members of clubs in the vicinity; sometimes, himself, owns guarded property where his clients may shoot, and will introduce one to the local "garde chasse," an important member of every community, whose duty is to constantly patrol his district to see that things are as they should be—no traps or snares set—no one shooting without a permit or on forbidden ground, etc., and to give information about boundaries, game, and laws to whoever may inquire. It is quite worth while to go over the ground with the guard in the first place and find out just where and where not one may shoot, the few francs given him for his time and trouble possibly saving the four or five dollars one would promptly be fined if caught trespassing; for ignorance is no excuse and the first one knows of one's misdeeds is the "procès" served on him, requiring his presence at the *mairie* on a certain day and hour. There the fine must be paid, and should one transgress a second time he would not get off so lightly.

In his own opinion the guard is a person of great consequence and he is far from bashful about exacting his small toll from the passing stranger in addition to making a house-to-house canvass through the village in his own behalf on New Year's day and again just before the season opens. A dollar, or even less, fully satisfies him and one does get one's money's worth, though as an actual guard the man is apt to be ineffectual where desperate poachers are concerned, especially as, under the law, he has no right to open the gamebag of anyone whatsoever to see what is inside. He is usually a worthy person whose small pay is the chief support of his family, and he is more apt than not to be lame, or old and slow, and not much of an adversary in spite of the large brass badge worn conspicuously on his chest, whereon glitters an imposing inscription beginning with the words *LA LOI* in capitals. The private and state guards are of an entirely different type, big strong men, fully capable of doing their duty.

Good guns are rare among the common people, many of them being of antiquated pattern and handed down from father to son. Poachers and market hunters have the best ones, and these men are usually the best shots and hunters. Nowhere, however, are more accurate or more beautifully finished firearms of both French and English make to be had by him who knows how to choose.

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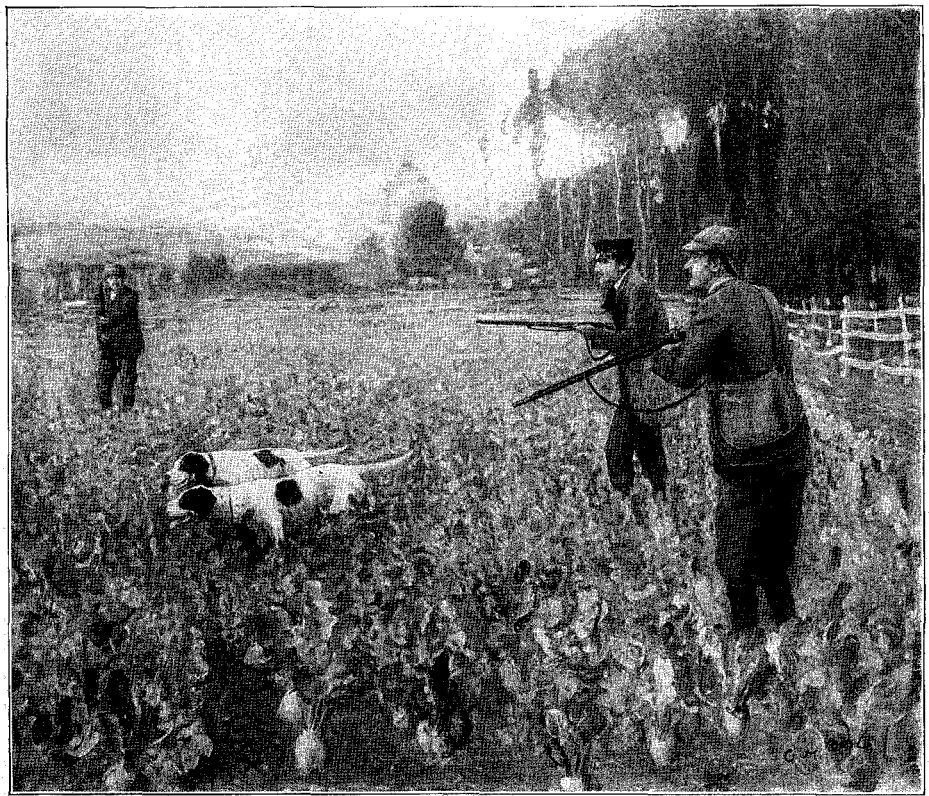

Partridge shooting among the beets.

Nearly every one uses some kind of dog, though experience has proved that they are not an absolute necessity on open ground. Without one, however, there will be many a lost bird in woods, underbrush, or swamp; and two beautiful mallards, killed by a right and left and fallen in the middle of the stream on a bitter January day, would have been among the number had it not been for the simultaneous plunges of two little cockers, each of which gallantly brought in his bird. Besides the setters, retrievers, pointers, and others known and used at home there are many side races of these dogs as well as the truly national "griffons" of various sorts, rough-coated intelligent beasts of many types and sizes, adapted to and trained for different purposes.

That feeling of fairness toward the game as well as toward one's fellows, which we express by the word "sportsmanlike," seems to be an almost unknown thing except, perhaps, among that small contingent which shoots with Englishmen. Laws exist to be broken or evaded if possible even by the better classes, and if you know your dealer you can buy game of him long after the season has closed, as is habitually done by people who have such hair-splitting consciences that they would not, themselves, do the shooting.

Of recent years, however, a different feeling seems to be spreading, especially among the younger men; and more property, both land and water, is being preserved and guarded by local clubs to which even an outsider or foreigner may belong for a small annual fee, all the proceeds being used to pay for guards and to acquire more property.

Considering this part of the country exclusively, partridges are by far the most numerous and evenly distributed of all the birds, and are found practically everywhere. There are fewer pheasants, though, owing

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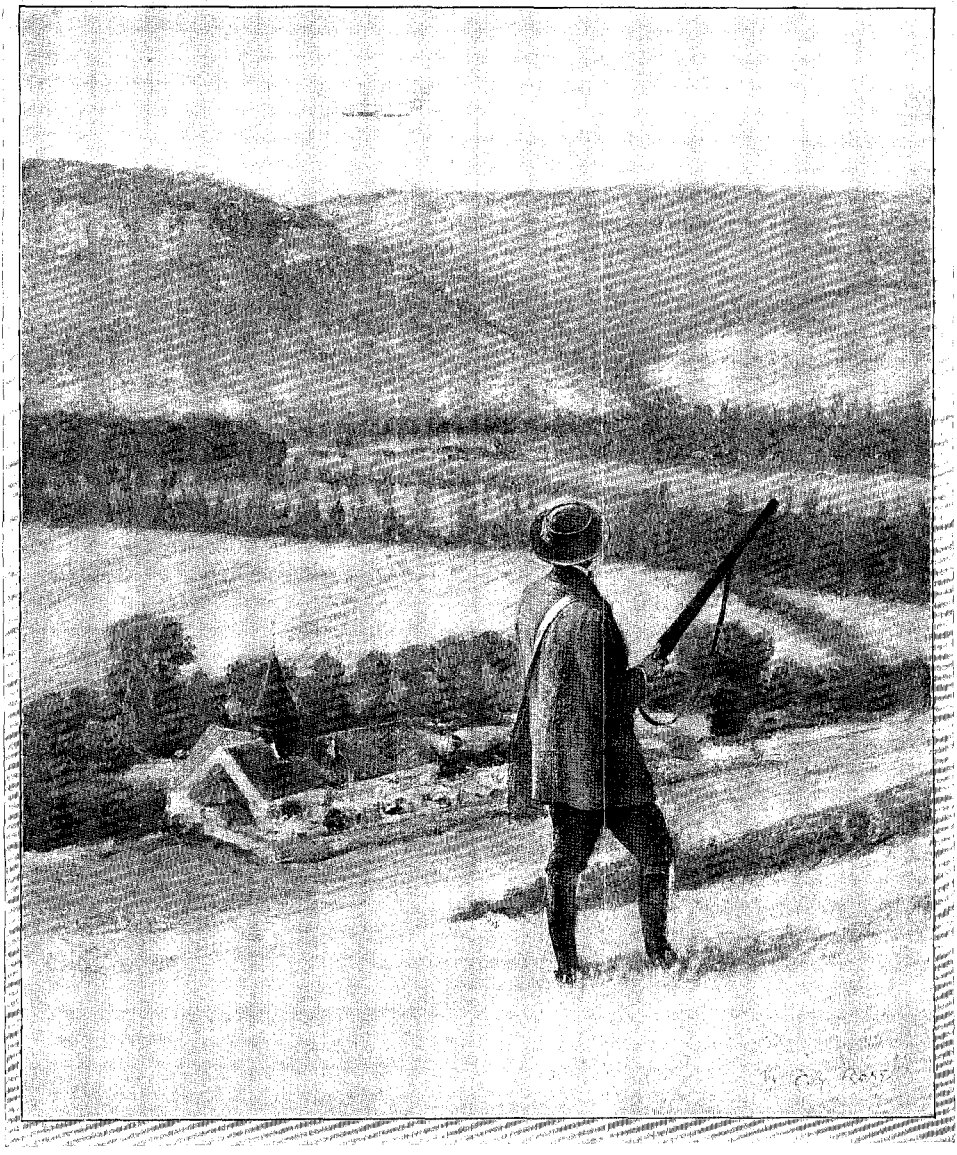

An interesting incident.

to the frequent woods they are widely scattered, and no fewer than eight of these fine birds alone fell to the gun of one of our village Americans on the opening day last year. Other birds are much more rare, but include rail, snipe, quail, woodcock, etc., while most Frenchmen will pot even blackbirds and larks. Indeed one picturesque and enthusiastic Gaul declared that a man who would not shoot everything that came in his way was not a "vraichasseur," this being his retort when told that a certain friend rather scorned rabbits. In winter there are various kinds of waterfowl, from mud-hens to mallards, while the wary little diver, not to be utterly despised as a dish, demands all of, and often more than, one's utmost skill of sight and quickness. Rabbits are usually plentiful, but hares vary greatly according to locality. There are several ways of cooking the latter peculiar to certain parts of the country, which make

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him a dish for gourmets, notably "civet de lievre" and a certain roast with chestnut stuffing.

In the preserves are deer and sometimes boar which occasionally wander onto unguarded land. Boar, indeed, come under the head of "destructive pests" rather than game and, as is the case with rabbits, one may shoot them on one's own land at any time of the year. Both of these animals injure crops, and the owners or lessees of preserves from which they have wandered may be sued for damages. With these exceptions the open season for other game than waterfowl closes in this region on the first of January. Other climates and other varieties of game make different conditions in the south and in the mountains.

Out of season the game, where it is properly protected, becomes very tame, especially on the big private estates; and in passing an orchard belonging to one of the neighboring châteaux we recently saw eight pheasants, cocks and hens, feeding close to the road and more indifferent even to the motor car than barnyard fowl, for not one bothered to raise its head.

The partridges, during the winter, frequently seek their food in the village gardens, and in their flights from hill to valley pass beside our very windows.

I have mentioned that the opening day is always a Sunday, and for long beforehand among high and low the chief topics of conversation are the probable state of the weather, the conditions and the quantity of the birds, the dogs, the guns, and conjectures as to whether Monsieur Chose will forget his permit as usual until the last minute.

At length the day arrives! The countrymen and those who left town the day before are up by four o'clock; while every train leaving Paris after two is crowded with hunters in such a variety of costume as only France can produce, with guns and fringed gamebags and well-filled cartridge belts and jumping, barking dogs and, sometimes, families with luncheon baskets and baby carriages.

As soon as the sun has really risen the entire country resounds to the fusillade, which is continued without interruption for hours. If all, or even the greater part, of those shots told, then, indeed, would the extermination of the game in France be accomplished in one gory day; but they shoot, and they shoot; and in how many cases do the valiant sportsmen return with nothing at all!

Each year a blond youth from Paris arrives at our inn, clad in the very latest appropriate costume that can be found on the boulevards. Complete, from the feather in his hat, which is an exact copy of the German emperor's, to his puttee-wound legs and his English boots. His gun is the most recent model, his gamebag the largest size, and his dog the latest fad.

He is wakened at four; and half an hour later goes forth in his glory, a small admiring villager trudging behind with the bag that is to return so heavy. He comes back at noon, weary, dishevelled, red; all his cartridges gone and the gamebag empty—though once it did contain a lark. The dog is cowering from its undeserved beatings and kicks and the small boy is disillusioned. Our Parisian retires for a bath and a nap; to reappear for dinner, primed with excuses and cursing the dog which he promptly sells for a song or gives away to some chance lucky one.

By noon even the most ardent sportsmen are tired and ready for the good luncheon which is no unimportant part of the day's programme, having been planned and ordered well in advance, and usually occupying from two to three hours, during which every one talks at once with much noise and gesticulation. Finally the healths are drunk and then they all go out once more to shoot until sundown.

With variations and more or less ceremony and elegance this is the order of the day from the parties at the great châteaux, where the breakfast is often served in some hunting pavilion on the estate, by footmen wearing historic old family liveries down in varied fashions and degrees to the crowd of peasants in blouses and sabots, their queer guns stacked in the corner and mongrel dogs lying round, sitting about the long table under the arbor of some wayside cabaret.

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Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"You'll take it, won't you—just once?"—Page 418

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KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY A. I. KELLER

XV

THERE was no one at home when Harry returned except Todd, who having kept his position outside the dining-room door during the heated encounter, had missed nothing of the interview. What had puzzled the darky—astounded him really—was that no pistol shot had followed his master's denouncement and defiance of the Lord of Moorlands. What had puzzled him still more was hearing these same antagonists ten minutes later passing the time o' day, St. George bowing low and the colonel touching his hat as he passed out and down to where Matthew and his horses were waiting.

It was not surprising, therefore, that Todd's recital to Harry came in a more or less disjointed and disconnected form.

"You say, Todd," he exclaimed in astonishment, "that my father was here!" Our young hero was convinced that the visit did not concern himself, as he was no longer an object of interest to any one at home except his mother and Alec.

"Dat he was, sah, an' bilin' mad. Dey bofe was, on'y Marse George lay low an' de colonel purty nigh rid ober de top of de fence. Fust Marse George sass him and den de colonel sass him back. Purty soon Marse George say he gwineter speak his min'—and he call de colonel a brute and den de colonel riz up and say Marse George was a beggar and a puttin' on airs when he didn't hab 'nough money to buy hisse'f a 'tater; and den Marse George r'ared and pitched—Oh! I tell ye he ken be mighty sof' and persimmony when he's tame—and he's mos' allers dat way—but when his dander's up, and it suttinly riz today, he kin make de fur fly. Dat's de time you wanter git outer de way or you'll git hurted."

"Who did you say was the beggar?" It was all Greek to Harry.

"Why Marse George was—he was de one what was gwine hongry. De colonel 'lowed dat de bank was busted and——"

"What bank?"

"Why de 'Tapsco—whar Marse George keep his money. Ain't you see me comin' from dar mos' ebery day?"

"But it hasn't failed, has it?" He was still wondering what the quarrel was about.

"Wall, I dunno, but I reckon sumpin's de matter, for no sooner did de colonel git on his horse and ride away dan Marse George go git his hat and coat hisse'f and make tracks th'ou de park by de short cut—and you know he neber do dat 'cept when he's in a hurry, and den in 'bout a ha'f hour he come back agin lookin' like he'd seed de yahoo, only he was mad plump th'ou; den he hollered for me quick like, and sont me down underneaf yere to Mr. Pawson to know was he in, and he was, and I done tol' him, and he's dar now. He ain't neber done sont me down dar 'cept once sence I been yere, and dat was de day dat Gadgem man come snufflin' 'roun'. Trouble comin'."

Harry had now begun to take in the situation. It was evidently a matter of some moment, or Pawson would not have been consulted.

"I'll go down myself, Todd," he said with sudden resolve.

"Better let me tell him yo're yere, Marse Harry."

"No, I'll go now," and he turned on his heel and descended the front steps.

On the street side of the house, level with the bricks, was a door opening into a low-ceiled, shabbily furnished room, where in the old days General Dorsey Temple as has been said shared his toddies with his cronies. There he found St. George seated at a long table piled high with law books and papers—the top covered with a green baize cloth embroidered with mice holes and decorated with ink stains. Beside him was a thin, light-haired, young man, with a long flexible neck and abnormally high

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forehead, over-doming a shrewd but not unkindly face. The two were poring over a collection of papers.

The young lawyer rose to his feet—a sickly, deferential smile playing along his straight lips. Young aristocrats of Harry's blood and breeding did not often darken Pawson's door, and he was extremely anxious that his guest should in some way be made aware of that fact. St. George did not move, nor did he take any other notice of the boy's appearance than to fasten his eyes upon him for a moment in recognition of his presence.

But Harry could not wait.

"Todd has just told me, Uncle George, that"—then he caught the grave expression on Temple's face— "Why!—Uncle George—there isn't anything the matter, is there? It isn't true that the——"

St. George raised his head: "What isn't true, Harry?"

"That the Patapsco Bank is in trouble?"

"No, I don't think so. The bank, so far as I know, is all right; it's the depositors who are in trouble," and one of his quaint smiles lighted up his face.

"Broken!—failed!" cried Harry, still in doubt as to the extent of the catastrophe, but wishing to be sympathetic and proportionably astounded as any well bred young man should be when his best friend was unhappy.

"I'm afraid it is, Harry—in fact I know it is—bankrupt in character as well as in balances—a bad-smelling, nasty mess, to tell you the truth. That's not only my own opinion, but the opinion of every man whom I have seen, and there were quite an angry mob when I reached the teller's window, this morning. That is your own opinion also, is it not, Mr. Pawson?—your legal summing up, I mean."

The young attorney stretched out his hands; opened wide his long, white, double-jointed fingers; pressed their ten little cushions together, and see-sawing the bunch in front of his concave waistcoat, answered in his best professional voice:

"As to being bankrupt of funds I should say there was no doubt of that being their condition; as to any criminal intent, or practices—that, of course, gentlemen"—and he shrugged his shoulders in a non-committal, non-actionable way—"is not for me to decide."

"But you think it will be months, and perhaps years, before the depositors get a penny of their money—do you not?" persisted St. George.

Again Pawson performed the sleight-of-hand trick, and again he was non-committal—a second shrug alone expressing his views, the performance ending by his pushing a wooden chair in the direction of Harry, who was still on his feet.

Harry settled himself on its edge, and fixed his eyes on his uncle. St. George again became absorbed in the several papers; Pawson once more assisting him, the visitor having now been duly provided for.

This raking of ashes, in the hope of finding something of value unscorched if the truth be told, was not a pleasant task for the young lawyer. He had, years before, conceived the greatest admiration for his landlord and was never tired of telling his associates of how kind and considerate he had always been, and of his patience in the earlier days of his lease, Mr. Temple often refusing the rent until he was quite ready to pay it. He took a certain pride too, in living under the same roof, so to speak, with one universally known as a gentleman of the old school, whose birth, education, and habits made him the standard among his fellows—a man without pretence or sham, living a simple and wholesome life; with dogs, guns, priceless Madeira and Port, as well as unlimited clothes of various patterns adapted to every conceivable service and function—to say nothing of his being part of the best society that Kennedy Square could afford.

Even to bow to his distinguished landlord as he was descending his front steps was in itself one of his greatest pleasures. That he might not miss it, he would peer from behind his office shutters until the shapely legs of his patron could be seen between the twisted iron railing. Then he would appear suddenly and with assumed surprise, lift his hat with so great a flourish that his long, thin arms and body were jerked into semaphore angles, his face, meanwhile, beaming with ill-concealed delight.

Should any one of St. George's personal friends accompany him—men like Kennedy, or General Hardisty, or some well-known man from the Eastern Shore—one of the Dennises, or Robbins, or Irvings—the pleasure was intensified, the incident

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being of great professional advantage. "I just met old General Hardisty," he would say—"he was at our house," the knowing ones passing a wink around, and the uninitiated having all the greater respect and, therefore, all the greater confidence in that rising young firm of "Pawson & Pawson, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law—Wills drawn and Estates looked after."

That this rarest of gentlemen, of all men in the world, should be made the victim of a group of schemers who had really tricked him of almost all that was left of his patrimony, and he a member of his own profession, was to Pawson one of the great sorrows of his life. That he himself had unwittingly helped in its culmination made it all the keener. Only a few weeks had passed since that eventful day when St. George had sent Todd down to arrange for an interview, an event which was followed almost immediately by that gentleman in person. He remembered his delight at the honor conferred upon him; he recalled how he had spent the whole of that and the next day in the attempt to negotiate the mortgage on the old home at a reasonable rate of interest; he recalled, too, how he could have lowered the rate had St. George allowed him more time. "No, pay it and get rid of them!" St. George had said, the "them" being part of the very accounts over which the two were poring. And his patron had showed the same impatience when it came to placing the money in the bank. Although his own lips were sealed professionally by reason of the interests of another client, he had begged St. George, almost to the verge of interference, not to give it to the Patapsco, until he had been silenced with: "Have them put it to my credit, sir; I have known every member of that bank for years."

All these things were, of course, unknown to Harry, the ultimate beneficiary. Who had filled the bucket, and how and why, were unimportant facts to him. That it was full, and ready for his use, brought with it the same sense of pleasure he would have felt on a hot day at Moorlands when he had gone to the old well, drawn up the ice cold water, and plunging in the sweet-smelling gourd had drank to his heart's content.

This was what wells were made for; and so were fathers, and big, generous men like his Uncle George, who had dozens of friends ready to cram money into his pocket for him to hand over to whoever wanted it and without a moment's hesitation—just as Slater had handed him the money when Gilbert wanted it in a hurry.

Nor could it be expected that Harry even with the examination of St. George's accounts with the Patapsco and other institutions going on under his very eyes, understood fully just what a bank failure really meant. Half a dozen banks, he remembered, had gone to smash some few years before, sending his father to town one morning at daylight, where he stayed for a week, but no change, so far as he could recall, had happened because of it at Moorlands. Indeed, his father had bought a new coach for his mother the very next week, out of what he had "saved from the wreck," so he had told her.

It was not until the hurried overhauling of a mass of papers beneath his uncle's hand, and the subsequent finding of a certain stray sheet by Pawson, that the boy was aroused to a sense of the gravity of the situation. And even then his interest did not become acute until the missing document identified, St. George had turned to Pawson and, pointing to an item half-way down the column, had said in a lowered tone, as if fearing to be overheard:

"You have the receipts, have you not, for everything on this list?—Slater's account too, and Hampson's?"

"They are in the file beside you, sir."

"Well, that's a comfort, anyhow."

"And the balance"— here he examined a small book which lay open beside him —"amounting to"—he paused—"is of course locked up in their vaults?"

Harry had craned his head in instant attention. His quickened ears had caught two familiar names. It was Slater who had loaned him the five hundred dollars which he gave to Gilbert, which his father had commended him for borrowing; and it was Hampson who had sold him the wretched horse that had stumbled and broken his leg and had afterwards to be shot.

"Slater, did you say, Uncle George—and Hampson? Aren't they my old accounts?"

"Quite right, Mr. Rutter—quite right, sir." St. George tried to stop him with a frown, but Pawson's face was turned towards Harry and he failed to get the signal. "Quite right, and quite lucky; they were

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both important items in Mr. Gadgem's list, and both checks passed through the bank and were paid before the smash came."

The tones of Pawson's voice, the twisting together of his bony hands in a sort of satisfied contentment, and the weary look on his uncle's face, were the opening of so many windows in the boy's brain. At the same instant one of those creepy chills common to a man when some hitherto undiscovered vista of impending disaster widens out before him, started in the base of Harry's spine, crept up his shoulder-blades, shivered along his arms, and lost itself in his benumbed fingers. This was followed by a lump in his throat that nearly strangled him. He rose from his chair and touched Pawson on the shoulder.

"Does this mean, Mr. Pawson—this money being locked up in the bank vaults and not coming out for months—and maybe never—does it mean that Mr. Temple—well, that Uncle George—won't have enough money to live on?" There was an anxious, vibrant tone in Harry's voice that aroused St. George to a sense of the boy's share in the calamity and the privations he must suffer because of it. Pawson hesitated and was about to belittle the gravity of the situation when St. George stopped him.

"Yes—tell him—tell him everything, I have no secrets from Mr. Rutter. Stop!—I'll tell him. It means, Harry"—and a brave smile played about his lips—"that we will have to live on hog and hominy, maybe, or pretty nigh it—certainly for a while—not bad, old fellow, when you get accustomed to it. Aunt Jemima makes very good hominy and——"

He stopped, the brave smile had faded from his face.

"By Jove!—that's something I didn't think of!—What will I do with the dear old woman— It would break her heart—and Todd?"

Here was something he had not counted on. For him to forego the luxuries that enriched his daily life was easy—he had often in his hunting trips lived for weeks on sweet potato and a handful of cornmeal, and slept on the bare ground with only a blanket over him, but that his servants should be reduced to similar privations was an eventuality which he could not grapple. For the first time since the cruel announcement fell from Rutter's lips the real situation with all that it meant to his own future and those dependent upon him, stared him in the face.

He looked up and caught Harry's anxious eyes scanning his own. Then his old-time, unruffled spirit took possession of him.

"No, son!" he cried in his cheeriest voice—"no, we won't worry. It will all come out right—we'll buckle down to it together, you and I. Don't take it too much to heart—we'll get on somehow."

But the boy was not reassured; in fact, he had become more anxious than ever. Not only did the chill continue, but the lump in his throat grew larger every minute.

"But, Uncle George—you told me you borrowed the money to pay those bills my father sent me. And will you now have to pay that back as well?" He did not ask of whom he had borrowed it—nor on what security, nor would either Pawson or his uncle have told him; that being a confidential matter.

"Well, that depends, Harry; but we won't have to pay it back right away, which is one comfort. And then again, I can go back to the law. I have yet to make my maiden speech before a jury, but I can do it. Think of it!—everybody in tears, the judge mopping his eyes—court-room breathless. Oh, you just wait until your old uncle gets on his feet before a bench and jury. Come along, old fellow—let us go up into the house." Then in a serious tone—"Pawson, please bring the full accounts with you in the morning, and now let me thank you for your courtesy. You have been extremely civil, sir, and I appreciate it most highly."

They had reached the front walk and were climbing the immaculate steps:

"Todd told you, of course, Harry, about your father paying me a visit this morning, did he not?" He was still anxious to divert the boy's thoughts from his own financial straits.

"Oh, yes!—a most extraordinary account. You must have enjoyed it," replied Harry trying to fall into his uncle's mood. "What did he want?"

One of St. George's quick heat lightning smiles played over his face: "He wanted two things. He first wanted you, and then he wanted a receipt for a month's board—*your* board, remember! He went away without either."

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Another perspective now suddenly opened up in Harry's mind: this one had a gleam of sunshine athwart it—the first he had seen for days.

"But, Uncle George!" he burst out—"don't forget that my father owes you all the money you paid for me! That, of course, will eventually come back to you." This came in a tone of great relief, as if the money was already in his hand.

St. George's face hardened: "None of it will come back to me," he rejoined in a positive tone. "He doesn't owe me one single penny and he never will. That money he owes to you. Whatever you may happen to owe me can wait until you are able to pay it. And now while I am talking about it, there is another thing your father owes you, and that is an humble apology, and that he will pay one of these days in tears and agony. You are neither a beggar nor a cringing dog, and you never will be so long as I can help it!" He stopped, rested his hand on the boy's shoulder, and with a quiver in his voice added:— "Your hand, my son. Short commons after this, maybe, but we will make the fight together."

When the two stepped into the dining-room it was filled with gentlemen—friends who had heard of the crash and who had come either to extend their sympathy or offer their bank accounts. They had heard of the catastrophe at the club and had instantly left their seats and walked across the park in a body.

To one and all St. George gave a warm pressure of the hand and a bright smile. Had he been the master of ceremonies at a state reception he could not have been more self-possessed or more gallant; his troubles were for himself, never for his guests.

"All in a lifetime—but I am not worrying. The Patapsco pulled out once before and it may again. My only regret is that I cannot, at least for a time, have as many of you as I would wish under my Mahogany. But don't let us borrow any trouble; certainly not to-day. Todd, get some glasses and bring me that bottle of Madeira—the one there on the sideboard!" Here he took the precious fluid from Todd's hand and holding high the crusted bottle said with a dry smile—one his friends knew when his irony was aroused: "That wine, gentlemen, saw the light at a time when a man locked his money in an iron box to keep outside thieves from stealing it; to-day he locks his money in a bank's vault and the thieves are locked in with it. Extraordinary, is it not, how we gentlemen trust each other?" and with a light laugh breaking from his lips:—"Here, Todd, draw the cork! . . . Slowly now. . . . Now hand me the bottle—yes—Clayton, that's the same wine that you and Kennedy liked so much the night we had Mr. Poe with us. It is really about all that is left of my father's Black Warrior of 1810. I thought it was all gone, but Todd found two more the other day, one of which I sent to Kennedy. This is the other. Kennedy writes me he is keeping his until we can drink it together. Is everybody's glass full? Then 'here's to love and laughter, and every true friend of my true friend my own!'"

Before the groups had dispersed Harry had the facts in his possession—principally from Judge Pancoast, who gave him a full account of the bank's collapse, some papers having been handed up to him on the bench that morning. Summed up, his uncle was practically ruined—and he, Harry, was the cause of it—the innocent cause, perhaps—but the cause all the same: but for his father's cruelty and his debts St. George would never have mortgaged his home. That an additional sum—his uncle's entire deposit—had been swallowed up in the crash, was but part of the same misfortune. Poe's lines were true then—never so true as now:

> "Some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
> Followed fast and followed faster . . ."

This then was ever after to be his place in life—to bring misery wherever he went.

He caught up his hat and walked through the park with the judge hoping for some further details of his uncle's present plight and future condition, but the only thing his Honor added to what he already knew was his wonderment over the fact that St. George having no immediate use for the money except to pay his bills, should have raised so large a sum on a mortgage instead of borrowing it from his friends. It was here that Harry's heart gave a bound:—no one, then, but his uncle, Pawson, and himself, knew that he alone

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was responsible for the catastrophe. That his father should have learned of his share in it did not enter his head.

Todd answered his knock on his return, and in reply to his inquiry informed him that he must not sit up as "Marse George" had left word that he would be detained until late at a meeting of the creditors of the bank.

And so the unhappy boy, his supper over, sought his bed and, as had occurred more than once before, spent the earlier hours of the night gazing at the ceiling and wondering what would become of him.

XVI

WITH the breaking of the dawn Harry's mind was made up and before the sun was an hour high he had dressed hurriedly, stolen downstairs so as to wake no one, and closing the front door softly behind him had taken the long path through the park in the direction of the wharves. Once there, he made the rounds of the shipping offices from Light Street wharf to the Falls—and by the time St. George had finished dressing—certainly before he was through his coffee—had entered the name of Henry Rutter on two sets of books—one for a position as supercargo and the other, should nothing better be open—as common seaman. All he insisted upon was that the ship should sail at once. As to the destination, that was of no consequence, nor did the length of the voyage make any difference. He remembered that his intimate friend, Gilbert, had some months before gone as supercargo to China, his father wanting him to see something of the world; and if a similar position were open he could, of course, give references as to his character—a question the agent asked him—but then, Gilbert had a father to help him. Should no such position be available, he would ship before the mast, or serve as cook or cabin-boy, or even scullion—but he would not live another day or hour dependent on his dear Uncle George, who had impoverished himself in his behalf.

He selected the sea instead of going into the army as a common soldier because the sea had always appealed to him. He loved its freedom and its dangers. Then again, he was young and strong—could climb like a cat—sail a boat—swim— Yes!—the sea was the place! He could get far enough away behind its horizons to hide the struggle he must make to accomplish the one purpose of his life—the earning of his debt.

Filled with this idea he began to perfect his plans, determining to take no one into his confidence until the day before the ship was ready to sail. He would then send for his mother and Alec—bring them all down to St. George's house and announce his intention. That was the best and wisest way. As for Kate—who had now been at home some weeks—he would pour out his heart to her in a letter. This was better than an interview, which she would doubtless refuse:—a letter she would be obliged to read and, perhaps, answer. As for his dear Uncle George—it would be like tearing his heart out to leave him, but this wrench had to be met and it was best to do it quickly and have done with it.

When this last thought took possession of him a sudden faintness crept over him. Leaving his uncle would be hardest of all. What St. George was to him no one but himself knew;—father, friend, comrade, adviser—standard of men and morals—all and more was his beloved uncle. No thought of his heart but he had given him and never once had he been misunderstood. He could put his arm about his uncle's neck as he would about his mother's and not be thought effeminate or childish. And the courtesy and dignity and fairness with which he had been treated; and the respect St. George showed him—and he only a boy: compelling his older men friends to do the same. Never letting him feel that any foolish act of his young life had been criticised, or that any one had ever thought the less of him because of them.

Breakfast over, during which no allusion was made either to what St. George had accomplished at the conference of creditors the night before, or to Harry's early rising—the boy made his way into the park and took the path he loved. It was autumn, and the mild morning air bespoke an Indian summer day. Passing beneath the lusty magnolias, which flaunted here and there their glossy leaves, he paused under one of the big oaks, whose branches stripped of most of their foliage still sheltered a small, vine-covered arbor where he and Kate had often sat—indeed, it was within its cool shade that he had first told her he loved her. Here he settled himself on a

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small wooden bench outside the retreat and gave his thoughts full rein—not to repine, nor to revive his troubles, which he meant to put behind him—but to plan out the letter he was to write Kate. This must be clear and convincing and tell the whole story of his heart. That he might empty it the better he had chosen this place made sacred by her presence. Then again, the park was generally deserted at this hour—the hour between the passing of the men of business and the coming of the children and nurses—and he would not be interrupted—certainly not before this arbor—one by itself and away from passers-by.

He seated himself on the bench, his eyes overlooking the park. All the hours he had passed with Kate beneath the wide-spreading trees rose in his mind; the day they had read aloud to each other, her pretty feet tucked under her so that the dreadful ants couldn't touch her dainty stockings; the morning when she was late and he had waited and fumed stretching minutes into hours in his impatience; that summer night when the two had hidden behind the big oak so that he could kiss her good-night and none of the others see.

With these memories stirring, his letter was forgotten, and his head dropped upon his breast, as if the weight of all he had lost was greater than he could bear. Grasping his walking stick the tighter he began tracing figures in the gravel, his thoughts following each line. Suddenly his ears caught the sound of a quick step—one he thought strangely familiar.

He raised his eyes.

Kate had passed him and had given no sign of her presence!

He sprang from his seat:

"Kate!—Kate!— Are you going to treat me as my father treated me! Don't, please!— You'll never see me again—but don't cut me like that: I have never done anything but love you!"

The girl came to a halt, but she did not turn her head, nor did she answer.

"Please, Kate—won't you speak to me? It may be the last time I shall ever see you. I am going away from Kennedy Square. I was going to write you a letter; I came out here to think of what I ought to say——"

She raised her head and half turned her trembling body so that she could see his face, her eyes reading his.

"I didn't think you wanted me to speak to you, or you would have looked up."

"I didn't see you until you had passed. Can't we sit down here?—no one will see us."

She suffered him to take her hand and lead her to the bench. There she sat, her eyes still searching his face—a wondering, eager look, discovering every moment some old remembered spot—an eyebrow, or the line at the corner of the mouth, or the round of the cheek—each and every one bringing back to her the days that were past and gone never to return.

"You are going away?" she said at last—"why? Aren't you happy with Uncle George? He would miss you, I am sure." She had let the scarf fall from her shoulders as she spoke, bringing into view the full round of her exquisite throat. He had caught its flash, but he could not trust himself to look the closer.

"Not any more than I shall miss him," he rejoined sadly, "but he has lost almost everything he had in the bank failure and I cannot have him support me any longer—so I am going to sea."

Kate started forward and laid her hand on his wrist: "To sea!—in a ship! Where?" The inquiry came with such suddenness and with so keen a note of pain in her voice that Harry's heart gave a bound. It was not St. George's losses then she was thinking of—she was thinking of him! He raised his eyes quickly and studied her face the closer; then his heart sank again. No!—he was wrong—there was only wonder in her gaze; only her usual curiosity to know every detail of what was going on around her.

With a sigh he resumed his bent position, talking to the end of his walking stick tracing figures in the gravel: "I shall go to Rio, probably," he continued in the same despondent tone—"or China. That's why I called after you. I sail day after to-morrow—Saturday, at the latest, and it may be a good many years before I get back again, and so I didn't want to go, Kate, without telling you that—that—I forgive you for everything you have done to me—and whether you forgive me or not, I have kept my promises to you, and I will always keep them as long as I live."

"What does dear Uncle George think of it?" She too was addressing the end of

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the stick; gaining time to make up her mind what to do and say. The old wound, of course, could not be opened, but she might save him and herself from fresh ones.

"He doesn't know I am going; nobody knows but you. I have been a curse to every one who has been kind to me, and I am going now where there will be nobody but strangers about me. To leave Uncle George breaks my heart, but so does it break my heart to leave my precious mother and dear old Alec, who cries all the time and has now taken to his bed, I hear."

She waited, but her name was not added to the list, nor did he raise his head.

"I deserve it all, I suspect," he went on, "or it wouldn't be sent to me, but it's over now. If I ever come back it will be when I am satisfied with myself; if I never come back, why then my former hard luck has followed me—that's all. And now may I talk to you, Kate, as I used to do sometimes?" He straightened up, threw down his cane, and turned his shoulders so he could look her squarely in the eyes. "If I say anything that offends you you can get up and walk away and I won't follow you, nor will I add another word. You may never see me again, and if it is not what I ought to say, you can forget it all when I am gone. Kate!"—he stopped, and for a moment it was all he could do to control himself. "What I want to tell you first is this—that I haven't had a happy day or hour since that night on the stairs in my father's house. Whether I was right or wrong I don't know; what followed is what I couldn't help, but that part I don't regret, and if any one should behave to you as Willits did I would do it over again. What I do regret is the pain it has caused you. And now here comes this awful sorrow to Uncle George, and I am the cause of that too."

She turned her face quickly, the color leaving her cheeks as if alarmed. Had he been behaving badly again? But he swept it away with his next sentence.

"You see my father refused to pay any of the bills I owed and Uncle George paid them for me—and I can't have that go on a day longer—certainly not now."

Kate's shoulders relaxed. A sigh of relief spent itself, Harry was still an honest gentleman, whatever else he might have done!

"And now comes the worst of it, Kate." His voice sank almost to a whisper, as if even the birds should not hear this part of his confession: "Yes—the worst of it—that I have had all this to suffer—all this misery to endure—all these insults of my father to bear without you! Always before, we have talked things out together; then you were shut away and I could only look up at your windows and rack my brain wondering where you were and what you were doing. It's all over now—you love somebody else—but I shall never love anybody else: I can't! I don't want to! You are the last thing I kiss before I close my eyes; I shut them and kiss only the air—but it is your lips I feel; and you are the first thing I open them upon when I wake. It will always be so, Kate—you are my body, my soul, and my life. I shall never have you again, I know, but I shall have your memory and that is sweeter and more precious to me than all else in the world!"

"Harry!" There was a strange tremor in her voice—not of self-defence—not of recrimination—only of overwhelming pity: "Don't you think that I too have had my troubles? Do you think it was nothing to me to love you as I did and have—" She stopped, drew in her breath as if to bolster up some inward resolution, and then with a brave lift of the head added: "No, I won't go into that—not to-day."

"Yes—tell me all of it—you can't hurt me more than you have done. But you may be right—no, we won't talk of that part of it. And now, Kate, I won't ask you to stay any longer; I am glad I saw you—it was better than writing." He leaned forward: "Let me look into your face once more, won't you, so I can remember the better. Yes—the same dear eyes—and the hair growing low on the temples, and the beautiful mouth and—No—I shan't forget—I never have." He rose from his seat and held out his hand: "You'll take it, won't you—just once—Good-by!"

She had not moved, nor had she grasped his hand, her face was still towards him, her whole frame tense, the tears crowding to the lids.

"Sit down, Harry. I can't let you go like this. Tell me something more of where you are going—why must you go to sea? Can't you support yourself here?—

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Isn't there something you can get to do? I will see my father and find out if——"

"No you won't." There was a note almost of defiance in his voice—one she had never heard before. "I am through with accepting favors from any living man. Hereafter I stand in my own shoes, independent of everybody. My father is the only person who has a right to give me help and as he refuses absolutely to do anything more than pay my board, I must fall back on myself. I didn't see these things in this same way when Uncle George paid my debts, or even when he took me into his home as his guest—but I do now."

Something gave a little bound in Kate's heart. This manly independence was one of the things she had in the old days hoped was in him. What had come over her former lover, she wondered.

"And another thing, Kate." She was listening eagerly—she could not believe it was Harry who was speaking—"If you were to tell me this moment that you loved me again and would marry me, and I still be as I am to-day—outlawed by my father and dependent on charity—I would not do it. I can't live on your money, and I have none of my own. Furthermore, I owe dear Uncle George his money in such a way that I can never pay it back except I earn it, and that I can't do here. To borrow it of somebody else to pay him, would be more disgraceful still."

Again her heart gave a bound. Her father had followed the opposite course, and she knew for a certainty just what some men thought of him, and she could as easily recall half a dozen younger men who had that very summer been willing to play the same game with herself. Something warm and sympathetic struggled up through her reserve.

"Would you stay, Harry, if I asked you to?" she said in almost a whisper. She had not meant to put the question quite in that way, but somehow it had asked itself.

He looked at her with his soft brown eyes, the long lashes shading their tender brilliancy. He had guessed nothing of the newly awakened throb in her heart; only his situation stared him in the face and in this she had no controlling interest; nor could she now that she loved somebody else.

"No, Kate, it wouldn't alter anything. It would be putting off the day when it would all have to be done over again; and then it would be still worse because of the hopes it had raised."

"Do you really mean, Harry, that you would not stay if I asked you?" It was not her heart which was speaking, but the pride of the woman who had always had her own way.

"I certainly do," he answered emphatically, his voice rising in intensity. "Every day I lose is just so much taken from a decent, independent life."

A sudden revulsion of feeling swept through her. This was the last thing she had expected from Harry. What had come over him that he should deny her anything?—he who had always obeyed her slightest wish. Then a new thought entered her head—why should she humble herself to ask any more questions? With a quick movement she gained her feet and stood toying with her dress, arranging the lace scarf about her throat, tightening the wide strings that held her tea-cup of a bonnet close to her face. She raised her eyes and stole a glance at him. The lips were still firmly set with the resolve that had tightened them, but his eyes were brimming tears.

As suddenly as her pride had risen did it die out. All the tenderness of her nature welled up. She made one step in his direction. She was about to speak, but he had not moved, nor did his face relax. She saw that nothing could shake his resolve; they were as far apart as if the seas already rolled between them. She held out her hand, and with that same note of infinite pathos which he knew so well when she spoke straight from her heart, said as she laid her fingers in his.

"Good-by, and God bless you, Harry."

"Good-by, Kate," he murmured in barely audible tones. "May I—may I—kiss you on the forehead, as I always used to do when I left you——"

She bent her head—he leaned over and touched the spot with his lips as reverently as a sinner kisses the garment of a saint, then, choking down her tears, all her body unstrung, her mind in a whirl, she turned and passed out of the park.

That same afternoon Kate called her father into her little sitting-room at the top of the stairs and shut the door.

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"Harry Rutter is going to sea as a common sailor on one of the ships leaving here in a couple of days. Can you find out which one?—it may be one of your own." He was still perfunctory agent of the line.

"Young Rutter going to sea!"—the nomenclature of "my dear Harry," had ended since the colonel had disinherited him. "Well—that *is* news! I suspect that will be the best place for him; then if he plays any of his pranks there will be somebody around with a cat-o'-nine-tails to take it out of him. Going to sea, is he?"

Kate looked at him with lowered lids, her lips curling slightly, but she did not defend the culprit. It was only one of what Prim called his "jokes" and he was the last man in the world to wish any such punishment. Moreover, she knew her father much better than the Honorable Prim knew his daughter, and whenever she had a favor to ask was invariably careful not to let his little tea-kettle boil over.

"Only a short time ago, father, you got a berth as supercargo on one of my grandfather's ships for Mark Gilbert—can't you do it for Harry?"

"But Kate—that was quite a different thing. Mark's father came to me and asked it as a special favor." His assumed authority at the shipping office rarely extended to the appointing of officers—not when the younger partners objected.

"Well, Harry's father won't come to you, nor will Harry; and it isn't a different thing. It's exactly the same thing so far as you are concerned, and there is a greater reason for Harry, for he is alone in the world and he is not used to hard work of any kind, and it is cruel to make a common sailor of him."

"Why I thought Temple was fathering him."

"So Uncle George has, and would always look after him, but Harry is too brave and manly to live upon him any longer, now that Uncle George has lost most of his money. Will you see Mr. Pendergast, or shall I go down to the office?"

Prim mused for a moment: "There may not be a vacancy," he ventured, "but I will inquire. The *Ranger* sails on Friday for the River Platte and I will have Mr. Pendergast come and see me. Supercargoes are of very little use, my dear, unless they have had some business training and this young man, of course, has had none at all."

"This young man, indeed," thought Kate with a sigh, stifling her indignation. "Poor Harry!—no one need treat him any longer with even common courtesy, now that St. George, his last hold, had been swept away.

"I think on the whole I had better go myself," she added with some impatience. "I don't want anything to go wrong about it."

"No, I'll see him, Kate, just leave it all to me."

He had already decided what to do—or what he would try to do—when he first heard the boy wanted to leave the country. What troubled him was what the managing partner of the Line might think of the proposition. As long as Harry remained at home and within reach any number of things might happen—even a return of the old love. With the scapegrace half-way around the world some other man might have a chance—Willits, especially, who had proved himself in every way worthy of his daughter, and who would soon be one of the leading lawyers of the State if he kept on.

With the closing of the door upon her father, Kate threw herself upon her lounge. One by one the salient features of her interview with Harry passed in review; his pleading for some word of comfort—some note of forgiveness with which to cheer the hours of his exile. "You are the last thing I kiss before I close my eyes." Then his open defiance of her expressed wishes when they conflicted with his own set purpose of going away and staying away until he made up his mind to return. While the first brought with it a certain contented satisfaction—something she had expected and was glad of—the last aroused only indignation and revolt. Her brow tightened, and something of the determination of the old seadog, her grandfather Barkeley, played over her countenance. She no longer then filled Harry's life, controlling all his actions; she no longer inspired his hopes. Rather than marry her he would work as a common sailor. Yes—he had said so, and with his head up and his voice ringing brave and clear. She was proud of him for it—she had never been so proud of him—but why no trace of herself in his resolve?—except in his allusion to the duel, when he said he

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would do it over again should any one again insult her. It was courteous, of course, for him to feel that way, however much she abhorred the system of settling such disputes. But then he would do that for any other woman—would, no doubt, for some woman he had not yet seen. In this he was the son of his father and the same Harry—but in everything else he was a changed man—and never more changed than in his attitude toward her.

With these thoughts racking her brain she rose from the lounge and began pacing the floor, peering out between the curtain of the room, her eyes wandering over the park as if she could still see him between the branches. Then her mind cleared and the true situation developed itself:—for months she had hugged to herself the comforting thought that she had only to stretch out her hand and bring him to her feet. He had now looked her full in the face and proclaimed his freedom. It was as if she had caged a bird and found the door open and the prisoner singing in a tree overhead.

That same night she sat by her wood fire in her chamber, her old black mammy—Mammy Henny—bending close, combing out her marvellous hair. She had been studying the coals, watching the little castles pile and fall; the quick smothering of hurrying sparks under a blanket of gray ashes, and the wavering, flickering light that died on the curling smoke. She had not spoken for a long time when the old woman roused her.

"Whar was you dis mawnin" honey chile? Mister Willits done wait mo'n ha'f a hour, den he say he come back an' fetch his sorrel horse wid him dis arternoon, an' take ye ridin'. But he ain't come—dat is, Ben done tol' me so."

"No, mammy," she answered wearily—"I sent him word not to—I didn't feel like riding to-day."

XVII

Over two years have passed away since that mournful night when Harry with his hand in St. George's, his voice choking, had declared his determination to leave him the next day and seek his fortunes across the seas.

It was a cruel blow to Temple, coming as it did on the heels of his own disaster, but when the first shock had passed he could but admire the lad for his pluck and love him the better for his independence.

"All right, my son," he had said, concealing as best he could, his intense suffering over the loss of his companion. "I'll try and get along. But remember I am here—and the door is always open. I don't blame you—I would do the same thing were I in your place. And now about Kate—what shall I say to her?"

"Nothing. I said it all this morning. She doesn't love me any more—she would have passed me by without speaking had I not called to her. She'll be married to Willits before I come back—if I ever do come back. But leaving Kate is easier than leaving you. You have stuck to me all the way through and Kate—well—perhaps she hasn't understood—perhaps her father has been talking to her—I don't know. Anyhow, it's all over. If I had had any doubts about it before, this morning's talk settled it. The sea is the best place for me. I can support myself anyway, for a while until I can help you."

And the boy was right, St. George had said to himself. Kate's reason had triumphed at last and her heart had grown cold. She, perhaps, was not to blame. Her experiences had been trying and she was still confronted by influences bitterly opposed to Harry, and largely in favor of Willits, for weak specimen as Prim was, he was still her father and in so important a step as her marriage, must naturally exercise authority. As for his own influence, that, he realized, had come to an end at their last interview: the whole thing, he must admit, was disappointing—cruelly so—the keenest disappointment of his life.

Many a night since then had he sat alone by that same fire, his dogs his only companions, the boy's words ringing in his ears: "Leaving Kate is easier than leaving you!" Had it been the other way, he often thought it would have been nearer the truth, for nothing in his whole life had left so great a void in his heart as the loss of the boy he loved. Not that he was ever completely disheartened; there was always daylight ahead—the day when Harry would come back and their old life begin again. With this in store for him he had led his life as best he could, visiting his friends in the country, entertaining in a simple inexpen-

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sive way, hunting at Wesley, where he and Peggy Coston would exchange confidences and funny stories; dining out; fishing in the early spring; getting poorer and poorer in pocket, and yet never complaining, his philosophy being that it would be brighter in the morning, and it always was—to him.

And yet if the truth be told his own situation had not improved—in fact, it had grown steadily worse. Only one payment of interest had been made on the mortgage and the owner was already threatening foreclosure proceedings. Pawson's intervention alone had staved off the fatal climax by promising the holder to keep the loan alive by the collection of some old debts—borrowed money and the like—due St. George for years and which his good nature had allowed to run on indefinitely until some of them were practically outlawed. Indeed it was only through resources like this, in all of which Pawson helped, and with the collecting of some small ground rents, that kept Todd and Jemima in their places and the larder comfortably filled. As to the bank—there was still hope that some small percentage would be paid the depositors, it being the general opinion that the directors were personally liable because of the irregularities which the smash had uncovered—but this would take months, if not years, to work out.

His greatest comfort was in the wanderer's letters. These he would watch for with the eagerness of a girl hungry for news of her distant lover. For the first few months these came by every possible mail, most of them directed to himself; others to his mother, Mrs. Rutter driving in from Moorlands to compare notes with St. George. Then, as the boy made his way further into the interior the intervals were greater—sometimes a month passed without news of him.

"We are short-handed," he wrote St. George, "owing to fever on the voyage out on the *Ranger*, and though I am supercargo and sit at the captain's table, I have to turn to and work like any of the others—fine exercise, but my hands are cracked and blistered and full of tar. I'll have to wear gloves the next time I dine with you."

Not a word of this to his mother—no such hardships for her tender ears:

"Tell me about Kate, mother"—this from Rio—"how she looks; what she says; does she ever mention my name? My love to Alec. Is Matthew still caring for Spitfire, or has my father sold her?" Then followed the line: "Give my father my respectful regards; I would send my love, but he no longer cares for it."

The dear lady did not deliver the message. Indeed Harry's departure had so widened the breach between the colonel and herself that they practically occupied different parts of the house as far removed from each other as possible. She had denounced him first to his face for the boy's self-imposed exile, and again behind his back to her intimates. Nor did her resolve waver even when the colonel was thrown from his horse and so badly hurt that his eyesight was greatly impaired. "It is a judgment on you," she had said, drawing her frail body up to its full height. "You will now learn what other people suffer," and would have kept on upstairs to her own room had not her heart softened at his helplessness—a new rôle for the colonel.

He had made no answer at the time: he never answered her back. She was too frail to be angry with, and then she was right about his being the cause of her suffering—the first cause of it, at least. He had not yet arrived at the point where he censured himself for all that had happened. In fact since Harry's sudden exit, made without a word to anybody at Moorlands except his mother and Alec, who went to town on a hurry message, he had steadily laid the blame on everybody else connected with the affair—sometimes on St. George for his interference in his peace-making programme at the club and his refusal, when ruined financially, to send the boy back to him in an humble and contrite spirit. Moreover, he had not recovered from the wrath he had felt when, having sent John Gorsuch to ascertain from St. George the amount of money he had paid out for his son, Temple had politely sent Gorsuch, in charge of Todd, downstairs to Pawson who in turn, after listening to Todd's whispered message, had, with equal politeness, shown Gorsuch the door, the colonel's signed check—the amount unfilled—still in his pocket.

It was only when the Lord of Moorlands went into town to spend an hour or so with Kate—and he was a frequent visitor prior to his accident—that his old manner returned. He loved the girl dearly and was

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never tired of talking to her. She was the only woman who would listen when he poured out his heart.

What drew the colonel to Kate was his personal force. She liked strong, decided men even if they sometimes erred in their conclusions. Her grandfather, old Captain Barkeley, had had the same masterfulness. He had been in absolute command in his earlier years, and he had kept in command all his life. His word was law, and he was generally right. She was twelve years old when he died, and had, therefore, ample opportunity to know. It was her grandfather's strong personality, in fact, which had given her so clear an idea of her father's many weaknesses. Rutter, she felt, was a combination of both Barkeley and Prim—forceful and yet warped by prejudices; dominating yet intolerant; able to do big things and contented with little ones. His forcefulness, however, despite his many shortcomings, appealed to her. Moreover, she saw much of Harry in him. It was that which made her so willing to listen—she continually comparing one to the other. These comparisons were invariably made in a circle, beginning at Rutter's brown eyes, taking in his features and peculiarities—many of them reproduced in his son's—such as the firm set of the lips and the square line of the chin—and ending quite naturally, with the brown orbs again. While these matched the color and shape, and often the fierce glare of the father's, they could also, she said to herself, shine with the soft light of the mother's. It was from the mother's side, then, that there came the willingness to yield to whatever tempted him—it may be to drink—to a false sense of honor, to herself—Harry being her slave instead of her master. And the other men around her—so far as yielding was concerned (here her brow would tighten and her lips straighten)—were no better. Even Uncle George must take her own "No" for an answer and believe it when she meant quite a different thing. And again would her soul break out in revolt over the web in which she had become entangled, and once more would she cry herself to sleep.

Nobody but her old black mammy knew how tragic had been her sufferings, how many bitter hours she had passed nor how many bitter tears she had shed. Yet even old Henny could not comfort her, nor was there any one else to whom the girl could pour out her heart. She had, it is true, kept up her intimacy with her Uncle George—hardly a week passed that she was not a visitor at his house or he at hers—but they had long since refrained from discussing Harry. Not because he did not want to talk about him, but because she would not let him— Of course not!

To Richard Horn, however, strange to say, she often turned—not so much for confidences as for a broader understanding of life. The thoughtful inventor was not so hedged about by social restrictions, and would break out in spontaneous admiration of Harry, saying with a decisive nod of his head, "A fine, splendid young fellow, my dear Kate; I recognized it first at St. George's dinner to Mr. Poe, and if I may say so, a much abused young man whose only sin is that he, like many another about us, has been born under a waning star in a sky full of obsolete clouds; one that the fresh breeze of a new civilization will some day clear away."—a deduction which Kate could not quite grasp, but which comforted her greatly.

It delighted her, too, to talk to him of the notable occurrences taking place about them. "You are wonderfully intelligent, my dear," he had said to her on one occasion, "and should miss nothing of the developments that are going on about us;" and in proof of it had the very next day taken her to an exhibition of Mr. Morse's new telegraph, given at the Institute, at which two operators, each with an instrument, the men in sight of each other, but too far apart to be in collusion, were sending and answering the messages through wires stretched around the hall. She, at Richard's suggestion, had written a message herself, which she handed to the nearest operator who had ticked it to his fellow, and who at once read it to the audience. Even then many doubting Thomases had cried out "collusion," until Richard, rising in his seat, had not only endorsed the truth of the reading, but explained the invention, his statement silencing all opposition because of his well-known standing and knowledge of kindred sciences.

Richard's readings also, from which Kate was never absent, and which had now been resumed at his own house, greatly in-

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terested her. These of late had been devoted to many of Poe's earlier poems and later tales, for despite the scene at St. George's the inventor had never ceased to believe in the poet.

And so with these occupations, studies, investigations, and social pleasures—she never missing a ball or party (Willits always managing to be with her)—and the spending of the summer months at the Red Sulphur, where she had been pursued by half a dozen admirers—one a titled Englishman—had the days and hours of the years of Harry's absence passed slowly away.

At the end of the second winter a slight change occurred in the monotony of her life. Her constant unwavering devotee, Langdon Willits, fell ill and had to be taken to the Eastern Shore, where the same old lot of bandages—that is of the same pattern—and the same loyal sister, were impressed into service to nurse him back to health. The furrow Harry's bullet had ploughed in his head still troubled him at times, especially in the hot weather, and a horseback ride beside Kate one August day, with the heat in the nineties, had started the subsoil of his cranium to aching with such vehemence that Teackle had promptly packed it in ice and ten days later its owner in blankets had put them both aboard the bay boat bound for the Eastern Shore.

Whether this new irritant—and everything seemed to annoy her now—had begun to tell on our beautiful Kate, or whether the gayety of the winter both at home and in Washington, where she had spent some weeks during the season, had tired her out, certain it was that when the spring came the life had gone out of her step and the color from her cheeks. Mammy Henny had noticed it and had coddled her the more, crooning and petting her; and her father had noticed it and had begun to be anxious, and at last St. George had stalked in and cried out in that breezy, joyous way of his that nothing daunted:

"Here, you sweetheart!—what have you been doing to your cheeks—all the roses out of them and pale as two lilies—and you never out of bed until twelve o'clock in the day and looking then as if you hadn't had a wink of sleep all night. Not a word out of you, Seymour, until I've finished. I'm going to take Kate down to Tom Coston's and keep her there till she gets well. Too many stuffy balls—too many late suppers—oyster roasts and high doings. None of that at Tom's. Up at six and to bed at ten. I've just had a letter from him and dear Peggy is crazy to have us come. Take your mare along, Kate, and you won't lack fresh air. Now what do you say, Seymour?"

Of course the Honorable Prim bobbed his honorable head and said he had been worried himself over Kate's loss of appetite and that if Temple would, etc., etc.—he would—etc., etc.—and so Mammy Henny began to get pink and white and other fluffy things together, and Ben, with Todd to help, led Joan, her own beloved saddle horse, down to the dock and saw that she was safely lodged between decks, and then up came a coach (all this was two days later) and my lady drove off with two hair trunks in front and a French bonnet box behind—St. George beside her, and fat Mammy Henny in white kerchief and red bandanna, and Todd in one of St. George's old shooting jackets, on the box next the driver with his feet on two of the dogs, the others having been loaned to a friend.

And it was a great leave-taking when the party reached the wharf. Not only were three or four of her girl friends present but a dozen or more of the old merchants forsook their desks, when the coach unlimbered, most of them crossing the cobbles—some bare-headed, and all of them in high stocks and swallow-tail coats—pens behind their ears, spectacles on their pates—to bid the young princess good-by.

For Kate was still "our Kate," in the widest and broadest sense and the pride and joy of all who knew her, and many who didn't. That she had a dozen beaux—and that some of them had tried to bore holes in each other for love of her; and that one of them was now a wanderer and another in a state of collapse, if report were true—was quite as it should be. Men had died for women a hundred times less worthy and less beautiful, and men would die of love again. When at last she made up her mind she would choose the right man, and in the meantime God bless her for just being alive.

And she was never more alive or more charming than she was to-day.

"Oh, how delightful of you, Mr. Murdoch, and you too, Mr. Bowdoin—and Max

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—and all of you, to cross those wretched stones: No, wait, I'll come to you—" she had called out, when with a stamp of her little feet she had shaken the pleats from her skirt—adding when they had all kissed her hand in turn—"Yes—I am going down to be dairy-maid at Peggy Coston's," at which the bald-headed old fellows, with their hands upraised in protest at so great a sacrilege bowed to the ground, their fingers on their ruffled shirt-fronts, and the younger ones lifted their furry hats and kept them in the air until she had crossed the gang-plank and Todd and Mammy Henny, and Ben who had come to help, lost their several breaths getting the impatient dogs and baggage aboard—and so she sailed away with Uncle George as chaperon, the whole party throwing kisses back and forth.

(To be continued.)

THE WEST IN THE EAST

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

FROM MUGHAL TO BRITON

By Price Collier

Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View"

ON landing at Bombay one discovers that no experience of travel elsewhere has prepared the way. The luxuries are different, the hardships are different, the whole setting of life is different. I am greeted on the landing-stage by a lean chocolate-colored Indian, in flowing robes and a huge white turban, who presents a letter from a soldier friend in Lucknow, who has engaged him as servant or "bearer" for our tour. He is solemnity personified, and his eyes are brown depths of unfathomable impenetrability. During the many weeks he was with us, I saw him smile but once. We were driving at Delhi, he was sitting on the box with the coachman. One of the ponies became fractious and landed one of his heels on the shin of the driver, who howled with pain. Heera Tall smiled, but even then there was no light, no keenness of joy or sorrow in his eyes. What he thought about this incident, or what he thought about anybody or anything else, I shall never know, but I conclude that it was not of much importance.

It is the easy habit both of those who have lived long in India, and of those who merely trot through India, to describe the people as inscrutable, and to assume that there are depths of thought and feeling behind the unknown tongue, and the unchanging eyes, which are too subtle for the Western mind. It occurs to the traveller sometimes that this is a mistake. There is a great difference between the indefinite and the indefinable. It is possible that India is not so much inscrutable as faded. This old, old civilization may have been printed so often from the same type that the lettering is now blurred and indecipherable. It may be illegible, too, because the font of type conveys nothing very intelligent or profound even to the users thereof.

Because there was a great literature in India two thousand years B. C.; a well-authenticated philosophy worked out into a considered system five hundred years B. C.; a Sanskrit grammar compiled about 350 B. C., which is still the foundation for all study of the Aryan language; an astronomy which had succeeded in making a fairly correct calculation of the solar year, 2000 B. C.; the discoveries of notation both by fractions and algebra; a system of medicine, with hospitals and dissecting-rooms; an art of music, with its seven notes, in-

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vented 500 B. C.; a code of law, the Code of Manu, put into its present form about 400 A. D.; and a vast collection of legends and stories in verse, the Mahabharata, the main story dealing with a period not later than 1200 B. C.—because all this is the fruit of the soil of India, one is perhaps tempted to overrate what exists of intellectual prowess to-day. The inscrutability may be emptiness rather than depth.

My singular opinion on this subject was not derived from a study of the bearer, Heera Tall alone, for his patient inscrutability was, I am now convinced, merely a veil of depravity. He knew that what he knew and thought about was best left to the idealism of the cloudiest possible haziness.

I was honored while in India with the opportunity of knowing barristers, journalists, soldiers, native officials and judges, teachers, holy men, small landholders, peasants, monks, princes and educated women, and I conclude that indefiniteness, rather than profundity, describes their education and their philosophy of life. It is not only in India, and at this present time, that easy-going and rather flabby intellects have been willing to accept the high-flown, the turgid, and the indefinite as wonderful and weighty.

The bluster of the demagogue appeals to the many, and the mental gyrations of the transcendental lecturer to fashionable women appeals to them,—at any rate so long as they do not understand him. *Ignotum pro magnifico*, applies in the West as well as in the East. It is almost incredible, as an example of this, that Emerson should have said of Bronson Alcott and his silly "all things are spiral," that Alcott's was the greatest philosophic mind since Plato. There are even fewer men who have minds of their own, than have fortunes of their own. We are all directly descended intellectually from Animism, and the clouds and mists, the distortions and noises, of the mind, are accepted with awe, by most of us, as mysteries too deep for us, when as a matter of fact what is not clear is generally the result of lazy thinking, rather than the exploit of an intellect dealing with matters too high for us.

Of the religion and ideals of the overwhelming majority of the people, I have written, and it seems to be a fatigued philosophy, and a blurred idealism, which animate even the leaders. The climate, and the habits which necessarily follow, tend to drowsiness, rather than to alertness and well-defined wants and wishes.

Even the progressive men and women of India are still steeped in the atmosphere of autocracy. They fumble badly with the new scheme of government, brought to them by their present rulers, the English. England's greatness is due in no small degree to the fact that she has held stubbornly to the belief, despite republics and revolutions, that all men are not equal, nor all entitled to an equal degree of liberty, but all entitled to an equal degree of justice. France substituted a sham equality for constitutional liberty, and the results are seen in that country to-day in the hateful and hampering tyrannies of bureaucracy. England goes so far as to declare by law that her people are not equal, but she administers justice to all alike, with an impartiality and a rigidity unknown anywhere else in the world. Equality is a sham, justice is a reality. Equality has never been realized, justice has been done. One is purely theoretical, the other practical. England thus far has preferred the possible reality to the impossible sham, with the result that her citizens have more personal liberty, and are more unfettered in their activities, than the citizens of any other country.

I found few, even among the educated in India, who wanted justice. What they called justice I found meant nearly always preference. The unrest and sedition in India are entangled in this mesh of misunderstanding, and their Western sympathizers are unwittingly making matters worse, by using words which mean one thing to them, and another thing to those to whom they are addressed. It should not be forgotten in studying them that their attitude toward the science of government is as old and as deeply bedded in their brains as their literature, their astronomy, and their religion. Thousands of years of dampening of individual effort, of trusting to cunning, to bribery, to insidious influence, have distorted all notions of justice. They suffer from what Lord Curzon admirably phrases as the "immemorial curse of Oriental nations, the trail of the serpent that is found everywhere from Stamboul to Peking—the vicious incubus of officialism, paramount, selfish, domineering, and

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corrupt. Distrust of private enterprise is rooted in the mind trained up to believe that the government is everything, and the individual nothing."

One's boyhood notions of Clive and Hastings, and of the "John Company," are at once modified. An hour on shore in Bombay is enough. Even the light is different. It is like that white light, so purely artificial, in which you are placed by the photographer when he asks you to assume a natural expression. The effect upon you at the photographer's, and upon everybody in India, is the same: in defending yourself from the light you assume a concealing expression. Thousands of years of this light have done more than we think, probably, to produce the inscrutability so much talked of, and which may after all be mainly physical.

Another consequence of this hot white light is that one's clothes are piled on the head to protect the brain. Most of the natives in the streets have more yards of stuff on their heads than on their bodies. Color runs riot. Pinks, blues, vermilion, orange, brown, yellow, red, saffron, and many shades of all of them, are worn by men and women; even the bullock-carts, and the horns of the bullocks themselves, are daubed with glaring colors. Bare legs, breasts, and arms become so soon familiar, that the most scrupulously pantalooned puritanism soon ceases to notice anything unusual.

The short journey to the hotel reveals the teeming millions, for where else could nine men be spared to walk through the streets with a grand piano balanced on their heads; reveals the disdain of time, for where else is a trotting bullock a standard of speed, except in Madeira where the oxen draw sledges; reveals the unashamed duplicity, for within an hour after our meeting Heera Tall has announced his wages per month as just twice the amount that my friend in Lucknow has written me I ought to pay; reveals the supremacy of the white race, for where else in this democratic world may the white man walk straight, unconscious and unmenacing, and yet find a lane made for him, as though he were a locomotive running on a pair of rails through a town of prairie dogs?

An official of importance tells me that the first thing he does on his holiday visits to England is to walk down the Strand, that he may recover from the place-giving, salaaming natives whom he governs, and be jostled and elbowed back into the equitable pedestrianism of the West. One might infer from this that the Englishman likes it, that the white traveller likes it. I can only say for myself, and for the scores of English officials high and low that I met—and some of whom I knew well—that it is not a situation that the white man produces or wishes; rather is it wholly and entirely what the native has evolved as a penetrating and all-embracing legal atmosphere. This is his notion of justice, and order, and equality. He created it ages ago for his own defence, and he perpetuates it to-day for his own security. Palpable power he must have, or there is anarchy. No one knows better than the rich Parsi, or the intriguing Bengali, or the peasant proprietor, or the headmen, or the money-lenders and laborers, that the white man's unimpeded march straight through city or village streets is the symbol for them all, of their life, and fire, and property insurance.

If this is modern Bombay, what must have been the Calcutta and the Madras of one hundred and fifty years ago, when Clive and Hastings laid the foundation-stones of British India? What indeed was the England of those days, the England of George I, who could not read English and "who loved nothing but punch and fat women"; the England of George II, who "had been a bad son, a worse father, an unfaithful husband, and an ungraceful lover"; the England over whose political life was the soiling smear of Walpolean corruption; the England whose cabinet ministers fought for the control of the secret-service fund used for the bribery of the members of the House of Commons; the England which protested not a word that Fox, as paymaster of the forces, should have a hundred thousand pounds of the nation's money out at interest for his own account, and who at one time made a mart of his office, and paid away as much as twenty-five thousand pounds in one morning, in the purchase of votes to buy support for a timorous government?

When one stops to think of the political conditions of government in the country from which Clive and Hastings came, and of the conditions in the land to which they

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went, one is surprised at their guiltlessness. Clive fought like an Englishman, but he bribed, deceived, and on one occasion actually forged a name to a treaty, like an Oriental. Both he and Hastings grew to look upon the getting and keeping of wealth, in a fashion that ruins men, whether in Calcutta in the eighteenth, or in New York in the twentieth century. Such rupees, and such dollars, can only buy the clothing of a convict, though its wearers, and their descendants, live in palaces.

Clive, who was born in 1725, went out to India as a clerk in the service of the East India Company at the age of eighteen. He was a whole year getting from London to Madras, one can go from London to Bombay now in fourteen days, and the territory of the company he was to serve consisted of a few square miles, and even for that, rent was paid to the native governments. Here is a picture of an uncouth and morbid young man, destined to mope in an office chair. The French and the English go to war. A French governor of Mauritius captures Madras. Clive joins the army, but peace is declared and he returns to his desk. Peace in Europe did not impose peace in India. A Frenchman of great ability, Dupleix by name, saw the opportunity to tie together the scattered fagots of power left in India after the death of Aurangzeb, the last of the Mughals, and began to do so. He played one Indian state against another, and backed by a small, but vastly superior force in point of efficiency, he put, and kept in power the native ruler or rulers he favored, and he soon became himself the supreme influence in southern India. Clive was now twenty-five. He urged his superiors to strike a blow to save India, and the English trading company, from complete French supremacy. He marched to Arcot, and took it without a blow. He was besieged there, he was offered large bribes to surrender, held out for fifty days, was attacked, defeated the enemy, and marched back to Madras as the first successful English soldier in India. There he found Major Stringer Lawrence just arrived from England, and his superior in command. The Lawrences could make a frieze of their names around India's temple of fame. This first Lawrence won Clive's friendship, and between them in two years they broke the power of the French in India. The "fierce equality" of the Republic to be, of the French Revolution, could brook no superior men then, as now. Dupleix was stripped of his fortune and his fame, and died in obscurity; Labourdonnais was sent to the Bastile, and Lally was dragged to his execution with a gag between his lips. No wonder the French are not colonists!

Clive returned to England, still a boy, to be toasted as "General" Clive, and to receive a diamond-hilted sword from the company which he had saved. In 1755 he sailed for India with the commission of lieutenant-colonel, and the appointment of governor of Fort St. David.

The province of Bengal was governed by a native prince of eighteen, who, becoming jealous of the growing power of the English, found an excuse for attacking Calcutta. Most of the English fled down the river, but *one hundred and forty-six* remained. Surajah Dowlah or Siraj-uddaula—his name deserves to be remembered—ordered these prisoners to be confined in the jail at Fort William, a room *eighteen* feet square. It was June. I know the heat of Calcutta in February, what must it be in June? The natives prodded these English men, women, and children into the jail, and laughed at them and ridiculed them as they suffocated. In the morning *twenty-three* were taken out alive. The one Englishwoman who survived was sent off to the harem of the young prince. This is the Black Hole of Calcutta story.

Truly the English are a phlegmatic race. In the year 1910, in Calcutta again, they screen the motor-car of their viceroy, the representative of their king, with heavy wire netting, because the descendants of the people of Surajah Dowlah throw stones at him. It seems a slow method of teaching self-government in India, and somewhat expensive in the lives of men and children and the purity of women, but no doubt they know best.

On hearing of this outrage, Clive and a squadron under Admiral Watson sailed for Calcutta. Calcutta was recovered with little fighting, and much to Clive's regret the Nawab Surajah Dowlah consented to a peace, and made compensation to the company for their money losses—the men, women, and children were not paid for! This might have been the end of the story, but again there was war between England

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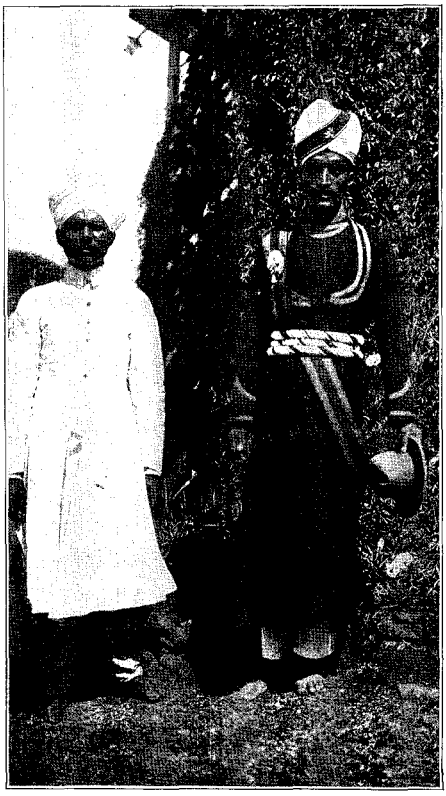
and France. Clive took up the gauntlet in India. Surajah Dowlah sided with the French. Clive marched out to Plassey, about seventy miles north of Calcutta, with 1,000 Europeans, 2,000 Sepoys, and 8 pieces of artillery. The Nawab's army numbered 35,000 foot and 15,000 horse. Clive attacked while the enemy were at dinner, and scattered the Nawab's army to the winds. This was June 23, 1757, just a hundred years before the Mutiny.

The Sikh body-guard of the Governor of Bombay



The body-servants of the Governor of Bombay and Mr. Collier.

Clive demanded over 2,000,000 pounds sterling as an indemnity, and was paid a little more than half that sum, of which Rs. 200,000 went to Clive as commander-in-chief, and Rs. 1,600,000 as a private donation. A sum equal to about one million dollars of our money at that time. The rupee has since declined very much in value. At the same time the landholder's rights of the 882 square miles around Calcutta were granted to the company. Later, the land tax was given to Clive personally, and he thus became the landlord of the company he served.

Following the fashion of the day, Clive schemed to put his own candidate, Mir Jafar, in the place of Surajah Dowlah. While preparing to oust him, he plotted against him and used, amongst others, a wily Hindu named Omichund. The Hindu, knowing the secrets of the plot, threatened to inform Surajah Dowlah, unless he were promised a bribe of three hundred thousand pounds. He further demanded that this payment to himself should figure in the treaty. Clive prepared two treaties, one shown to the Hindu blackmailer with the promise of payment included, the other without it. Fearing that Admiral Watson would disapprove, he forged Watson's name to the treaty. When all was over, the Hindu was informed that he had been out-Orientalized by Clive, and later went mad.

Heera Tall, Mr. Collier's bearer.

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Mir Jafar began to fear the very power that upheld him, and secretly intrigued with a Dutch force which arrived from Java. Clive routed it. Their ships were destroyed, their troops scattered, and three months later Clive sailed for England. He was a great man now, and be it said he had great expectations of the honors to be awarded him at home. Who has not been disappointed in such expectations? Clive was. He was a rich man now. He had sent home more than two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and he had besides the splendid income from the land rents given him by the grateful Indian prince he had supported. Praise has a parasite, one steady and constant companion, malice. Clive was attacked in Parliament, and he was attacked by the shareholders of the East India Company.

Five years after leaving India for the second time, he was besought, even by those who had attacked him, to go back to save India again, to save her from the bribe-taking and personal peddling of the company's own servants. Stories of repeated revolutions, of a disorganized, pillaging, and corrupt administration, reached London. Clive alone could save the situation.

He was made governor and commander-in-chief of the British possessions in Bengal, and as Baron Clive of Plassey in the peerage of Ireland, he arrived in Calcutta in May, 1765, and remained a year and a half. He had now to fight the corruption, both military and civilian, of his own people. Even British officers threatened to resign if they were not allowed to steal. He forbade the receiving of gifts from natives, he prohibited private trade, he increased the salaries of the company's servants, he set the house of India in order, declined any reward, and returned to England poorer than when he left it.

These were the days of the nabob, and Clive was the chief nabob of all. Englishmen of little education, training, or taste, returned from India with swiftly made fortunes. They out-housed, out-carriaged, out-entertained, out-spent, and outraged the feelings of, their home-keeping neighbors. Like many of the present-day American millionaires they rode rough-shod—mounted on Money. India in those days was far away from England. People did not go there for a winter's jaunt as now they go. Officers, military and civil, did not go and come, and send their wives and daughters home during the hot season. Men went to India, even the servants of the East India Company went, to exploit India not to serve her, to bring back a fortune as speedily as possible for themselves, not to protect the wealth, and to increase the wealth, and to conserve the resources of India for the people of India.

They formed connections that were degrading, they made themselves as comfortable as a horde of cheap and obsequious servants could make them, and they became a race apart, born of unlettered and irresponsible prosperity. When they returned to their native land they had other moral habits, tyrannous and irritable manners, ways of vulgar self-assertion, and the belief that mouthfuls of oaths, and fistfuls of gold, were the proper and most efficient weapons of civilization. They bound books that they did not read, they bought pictures they did not appreciate, they housed themselves as territorial magnates, who were but social pigmies, and substituted a gilded self-consciousness for family tradition. It is doubtful whether the manners and morals of the majority of their enemies, either then or now, offered security of standing for the criticisms passed upon either the nabob of the eighteenth, or the nabob of the twentieth, century. There is a crowd of social as of political urchins always with leisure, and always ready to join in the pursuit of the unfortunate and the unpopular.

> "I've rings on my fingers,
> I've bells on my toes,
> I've elephants to ride upon
> My little Irish Rose.
>
> So come to your Nabob,
> &c. &c.

was one of the jingles of the general ridicule of the time. When virtue, righteously indignant, sounded the horn for the chase, malice, envy, jealousy, and their cur-companions joined the pack, delighted to have the opportunity to yelp, and snarl, and snap, and bite if possible, in such distinguished company, and under auspices, which made their jackal impudence look leonine. One may admire the Burke of those days, or of this, but the pack which yelps the chorus is as contemptible then as now. One is tempted to defend the nabob merely be-

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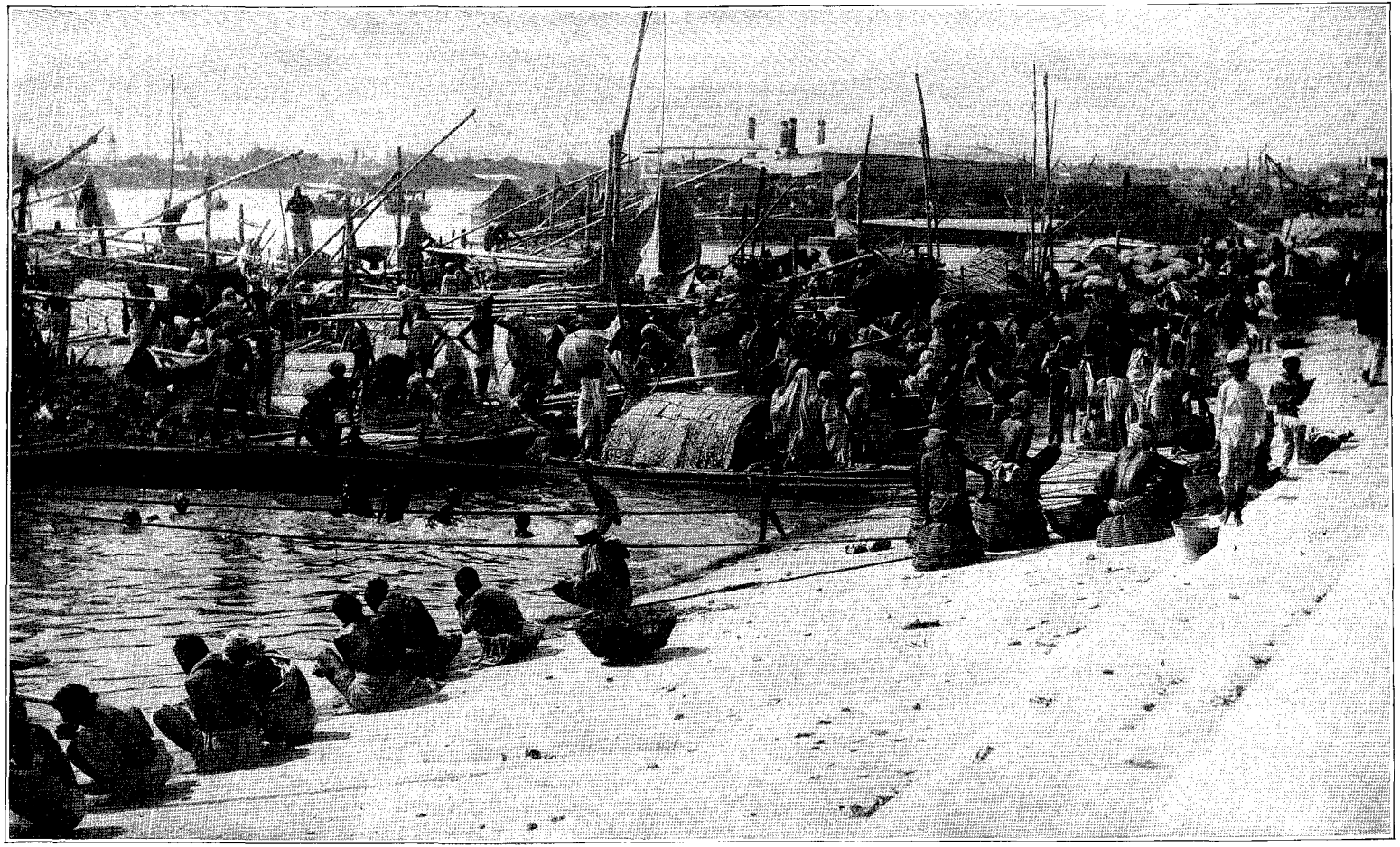

The river bank, Calcutta.

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cause the majority of his accusers and assailants are actuated by such mean motives.

I sometimes shock my dilettante and prematurely effete American friends, by expressing my hearty enjoyment of the horde of Occidental nabobs from my own country, who nowadays pour through Europe.

The jail at Fort William, or the Black Hole of Calcutta.*

Their naïf test of what is precious by its price; their sentimental longing and reverence for what is old; the clothing of their women, imitated from the only models they are privileged to see at close quarters, the *cocottes* of Paris; their reiterated nasal narration of the history of their dollars, and their glowing enumeration of those to come; their swiftly acquired and confidential comradeship with hotel clerks, couriers, and shop-keepers; their confident views, boldly expressed, upon subjects with the elementary aspects of which they are totally unfamiliar; their chief occupations, which seem to be spending money, advertising their wives and daughters in the newspapers, and explaining their ancestry—in all these symptoms I rejoice. Such people are the signal and sonorous heralds of the power of mere money, and at the same time, the ominous examples of the graces it destroys; they are hard-featured and soft-handed; they are cultivated by those who would prey upon them, and shunned almost with loathing by the aristocracy of simplicity, sincerity, and responsibility; they are the modern barbarians of the Rome of modern civilization; they are of those who must define the word "gentleman" themselves in order to be included in the definition, and no body of men spend so much time at the task; and even now against their brutal and conscienceless methods, the state is arming itself. Every one knows the names of these leaders of the Goths and Vandals of our time, and no libraries, parks colleges, hospitals, and cringing clerical receivers of such bribes, can cloak them in the shining garments of charity; we all, alas, are surrounded too by their imitators, who, though lacking their prowess, lack nothing of their lust for plunder. The sad feature of the situation is that dignity in manners, simplicity in morals, responsibility of wealth, fearlessness in administration, will all suffer before a new Rome emerges from the clutches of this blundering, plundering, and reckless band.

Why do I, an American, rejoice at this spectacle, it may be asked. The answer is simple. The higher their banners hang on

* The tablet seen on the wall reads as follows:

The marble pavement below this spot was placed here by Lord Curzon, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, in 1901, to mark the site of the prison in old Fort William, known as the Black Hole in which 146 British inhabitants of Calcutta were confined on the night of the 20th of June, 1756, and from which only 23 came out alive.

The pavement marks the exact breadth of the prison, 14 feet 10 inches, but not its full length, 18 feet, about one third of the area at the north end being covered by the building on which this tablet is fixed.

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the walls of the social or shopping citadels of London, Paris, and New York, the more brazen their manners, the more high-handed their methods, the swifter and surer will come their downfall. I laugh to think that the man of greasy complexion, of glittering eye, of over-full belly and protruding pocket, can believe that because London dines with him in order to escape with some of his wealth tied up in his daughter's trousseau, because Paris panders to him, that therefore he is meant to strangle the Puritan of the east, and the Cavalier of the south, and the honest emigrant on the land between them, of my country. His trial is not far off, and his Burke and his Sheridan are preparing their suit against him, and the Western nabob will disappear as did his Eastern prototype. He has been permitted to grow, from the days of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk rascality, and to escape thus far, through no intrepid or ingenious defence of his own, but because those who oppose and despise him shrink from seeming to ally themselves with any form of socialism in attacking him. I, for one, would rather suffer the nabob, than see the worthy ambitions, energy, initiative, and the commercial aggressiveness and ability of my country, taxed into cowardice, and belawed into helplessness, by the leaders of a mob of all the shiftlessness, envy, crankiness, and inability in the land. I would rather a few freebooters escaped, than that the state

Statue of John Nicholson at Delhi.

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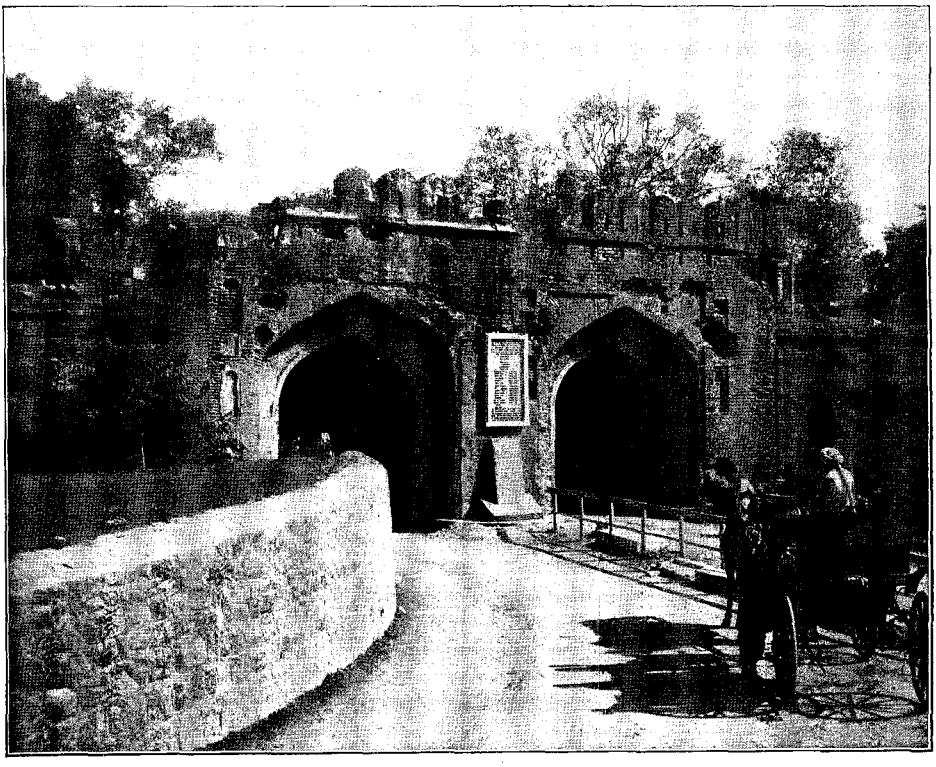
should be bullied by a bureaucracy created and supported by the state itself. Every man who mulcts the treasury of a railroad, who uses false weights for his sugar, or who rigs the stock market, shouts, "Socialism," when it is attempted to punish him. Just the contrary is true. The men who do most to bring the menace of socialism are these very financial freebooters, barbarians, and nabobs of the West, whose salient characteristics I have attempted to describe. It is nonsense to proclaim that we cannot have justice without socialism, and fair-dealing without bureaucracy. One might as logically assert that to hang a murderer, or to imprison a thief, means a return to feudalism, or the founding of an autocracy.

Wealth and power in the ordinary scheme of things should be hard to get. Inferior people always think that the work of the writer, the painter, the soldier, the administrator, once it is done must be easy for them, since they only accomplish what is easy themselves. They account for it by luck or by opportunity, never remembering that their own abilities never seem to find this right opportunity. That is what luck is. It is the hard work done by ability and opportunity when they meet. There is only one success which is easy but also precarious, and that is intemperate oratory fondling the mob with deceitful words.

Clive stood out as the chief of the nabobs, he became the best-hated man in England. A committee of Parliament censured, but did not condemn him. He died by his own hand in 1774.

Clive went to India when India was fifteen thousand miles away. He changed the East India Company from a band of plundering pedlars, into the beginnings of a beneficent government. He won for England the greatest dependency she has ever had, or ever will have. He became to the Indian a white governor as powerful, and more just than any ruler in their history. The shadow of his greatness lends security to every white man, woman, and child, and likewise to every brown man, woman, and child, in India.

He forged a friend's name, he lied to an accomplice, he accepted wealth from



The Kashmir Gate, Delhi.

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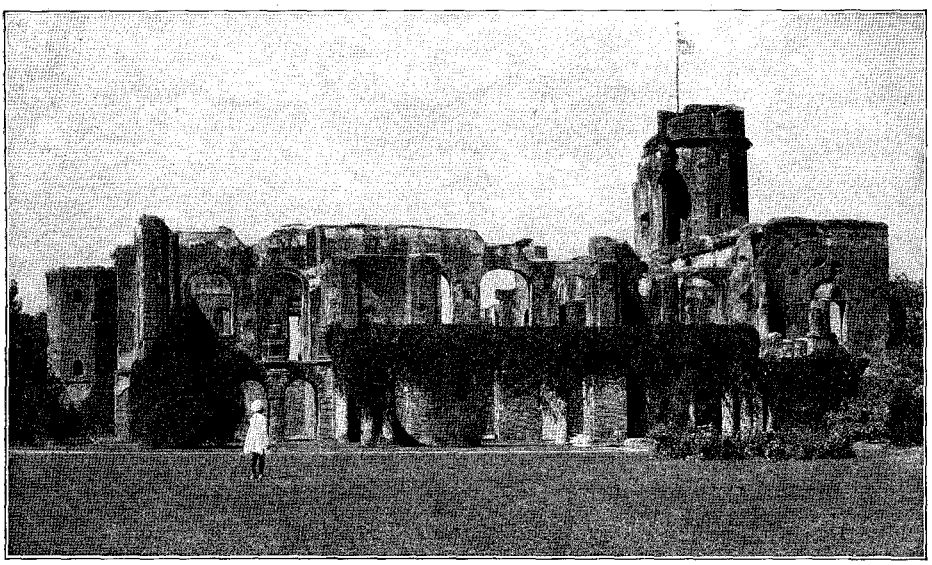

The Residency, Lucknow.

those he conquered, he died by his own hand.

He is very dull, or very daring, who assumes the right to hold the scales of justice for God, in pronouncing a final verdict upon this man. Few of us are so greatly good, or so contemptibly bad, as this man. Few of us accomplish much, or leave a reputation worth puzzling over.

Warren Hastings succeeded Clive as governor-general in 1772, and for thirteen years, consolidated a British administration in India, for the vast territories which Clive had done so much to win. He became the organizer, as Clive had been the founder, of the British Indian Empire. One is tempted to write on of Hastings, as the temptation to write of Clive was irresistible. There was still rough work to do and Hastings used rough weapons.

Authority means responsibility, responsibility demands control, and control easily converts itself into possession. Such was the logical progression of the English in India. They demanded peace and fair play for themselves, and then for those they protected. The sphere of influence of this trading company easily widened to dominion. Protection for themselves or their allies often meant war, and war to ensure its efficacy meant control, and control, disputed, was followed by possession.

This cycle of progress has reached such a pitch that to-day the British crown has stretched its sphere of influence not only throughout India, but far beyond the boundaries of India. From Singapore in the south, to Afghanistan in the north, and from Thibet in the east, to Persia and Egypt in the west, is included in the vast cloak of territory now deemed necessary to the protection from rough political weather of that little colony of rented acres to which Clive sailed in 1743. Take a map and look at it. The Indian Empire, with its allies and feudatories, now occupies the whole area of southern Asia between Russia and China. On the north and west she controls, as against a possible offensive move from Russia, Beluchistan, Afghanistan, Kashmir, and the petty states beyond Kashmir up to the skirts of the Hindu Kush Mountains. To the east and south are Nepal and Burma, and beyond Burma a line of semi-independent chieftainships, which serve as buffers between India and China. The outer frontier of British India has an immense circumference. The south-eastern extremity on the Gulf of Siam extends thence to Thibet on the north, thence north and westward to the Oxus. On the northwest it covers Afghanistan and Beluchistan, and finally has its western and southern extremity on the shores of the Arabian Sea. This is what the British Empire has under-

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taken to defend against Japan, China, Russia, Persia, and Turkey—and with Germany on her flank in the North Sea. There can be no weakening, no social-reform flabbiness, if these colossal territorial responsibilities are to be properly safeguarded. There is also a discontented, some say seditious, many say disloyal, population in India to keep under. In Lucknow and other towns the statue of the empress-queen is guarded day and night by a sentinel, to protect it from coarse infamy and injury.

The history of the setting of the boundary stones is a long and complicated one, reaching down to that gallant soldier and patriot, and distinguished historian, Lord Roberts, who is alive to-day.

The history of the settlement of the moral territory was concluded once and for all when, after Clive's impeachment, his successor, Warren Hastings, was also impeached, in a trial lasting eight years, a trial conducted for the British crown, and for the Christian world, by Burke. The pith of the matter at issue was, whether the control of alien races by Christian rulers permitted the use of alien methods and morals; whether, in short, the Western ruler should be permitted to have an easy code of geographical ethics, one for London, and one for Calcutta; one for Amsterdam, and one for Java; one for Washington, and one for Cuba; one for Brussels, and one for the Congo. Theoretically the question was settled for all time, at the trial of Warren Hastings in the historic hall at Westminster; practically it is still to be enforced, but only here and there, and by conquerors other than the Anglo-Saxons. St. Augustine writes: "To extend rulership over subdued natives is to bad men a felicity, but to good men a necessity."

The East preys upon the weak, the West protects the weak. The social economy of the East is based upon the law of the jungle, we of the West make the attempt, at least, to base our own upon the dicta of Christ. Therein lies the difference which separates us completely. It is the difference between the wolf and the sheep-dog. I do not maintain that the shepherd's dog is always, everywhere, perfectly correct in his behavior, but his ideal and his general standard of conduct is protection and guidance for the sheep, and affection and loyalty for his master. While the ideal and the general standard of the wolf are to kill both shepherd and sheep, if it can be done with safety to himself.

Even after the new code of the rulers was firmly established morally, it had to fix itself physically. The natives of India could not be taught in a hundred years to believe what for two thousand years and more they had been beaten and plundered into not believing. The Mutiny in 1857 was the result of their scepticism. The motto of that trading company in 1757 might well have been: *Omnes diligunt munera*, but the most bitter enemy of Great Britain must confess that her civil service both in India and elsewhere is now a standard for the world. *Candor non laeditur auro.*

The civil government of two hundred and thirty-two millions and the partial control of sixty-six millions in India are now in the hands of about one thousand two hundred Englishmen, including military officers in civil employ and others, and I doubt if there is one brown man's rupee in any white man's pocket that should not be there. But a man may be honest, contemptuously; just, arrogantly; and confident, carelessly, that those beneath him will accept his actions without his sympathy, and judge him by his morals rather than by his manners. But that is not the brown man's way. The prohibition of sati, or widow-burning; the execution of the high-caste Brahman if he was found guilty, like any low-caste man; the missionary assertiveness on behalf of themselves and their converts; the indifference to the laws of caste; the doing away with any legal obstacle to the remarriage of widows; tales that in the jails all were fed alike without reference to caste; the fear of the Brahmans that they would lose their position and influence; the readjustment of land revenues and taxes; the settlement of claims and boundaries; the lapse of territory to the British power in default of direct or collateral heirs; the story of the Enfield cartridges greased with a mixture of cow's fat and lard—true as shown by the investigations of Mr. Forrest—Lecky writes that the Sepoys in the Mutiny had "sound reason" for fearing injury to their religion as Hindus and Mussulmans: "This is a shameful and terrible fact, and if mutiny was ever justifiable, no stronger

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justification could be given than that of the Sepoy troops"; the sickening sentimentality of the ignorant English at home, who fêted and petted a certain Azimula Khan, the emissary of Nana Sahib himself, a man of no position in his own country, but who was received into the best society in London, and who exchanged love-letters with ladies of rank and position, even became engaged to an English girl, and was called "her dear Eastern son" by an idiotic old dowager; flogging abolished in the native army, but continued among the British, the natives looking on at the flogging of white men; the annexation of new territories until the Rajput, the Mahratta, the Sikh, and the Muhammadan laid aside their common jealousies and recognized England as equally the foe of all; no rapid intercommunication as now; a British force in India of thirty-six thousand men as over against a native force of two hundred and fifty-seven thousand, besides the armed police, and lascars attached to the artillery as fighting men—it would have been a miracle if there had been no mutiny.

Along different lines much the same thing goes on in England to-day, and again it will be a miracle if there is no trouble with Germany, or in India, within ten years. One can depend upon the British, however, to wait for that event until they are fully unprepared.

If an imaginative observer were asked to coin a phrase least adapted to the present situation and condition of the British Empire, he might use the words: "Englishmen may sleep peacefully in their beds!" It is comical to record that the young solicitor who answers to the country for the navy, uses this phrase; the able metaphysician who responds for the army uses this phrase; the lately anarchical labor leader, who replies for the commerce of the country, uses this phrase; the solicitor who is responsible for the finances of the country, uses this phrase; the Prime Minister, a scholarly barrister, and be it said the steady-headed, strong-handed master of them all, despite the tales to the contrary, repeats the same phrase. I repeat, for an almost wearisome number of times, they are a great people! Fancy singing, "Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top" to the House of Commons and to the country, with such responsibilities, such perils, such warnings pressing upon their attention. We may all envy them their sound nerves. If the Ministers of the Crown of to-day were drinking men, I should ask, as did Lincoln of the accusers

Gate of the Old Fort, Delhi.

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of Grant, for the brand they most affect. I should indulge myself, and distribute what could be spared in Wall Street.

The British were warned over and over again before 1857. Read that rare but valuable book, "Essays Military and Political," by Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, and see the blundering methods, described by one of their own most dutiful servant sons, which brought on the Mutiny.

The native, instead of understanding, misunderstood. He did not see that these changes were meant for his good. He believed that the Brahman was a law unto himself, that widows should be burned, and certainly not be allowed to remarry, and thus stiffen the competition, already severe, against his own daughters. The annexation and control of territory was robbery to him; he did not see that it meant peace, security, and justice. That the Hindus' cartridges were to be greased with the fat of the sacred cow, and the Muhammadans' cartridges greased with the fat of the abhorred pig, was to them what coarse jests at the miracle of the Mass would be to Catholics. It was blasphemous, terrible, and ominous of mysterious and awful spiritual punishment.

We rejoice at the daring of Luther and Sir Thomas More, and the blood and fire of our own religious revolution, why then be astonished that there was revolution in India before the protestant there won freedom of opinion and worship? The jaunty confidence, or the prayerful faith, in right doing of the white man, was not accepted as the voice of any god known to them by the Indians. The Indian brain seethed with mutinous misunderstanding, and why not!

The English were so obtuse that they saw not, neither did they hear, much less did they take any precautions. Many of the most energetic and valuable officers had been drafted off from their regiments, both to serve in the Crimea, and to meet the heavy demands of the many newly acquired territories, for governors and advisers. I quote the words of one of the heroes, and the historian of that time, the words of the man who has retrieved more than one of England's maudlin blunders, the man who is to-day emphasizing with his now unequalled experience of the past, the dangers of the present and the future, Lord Roberts. "Seniority had produced brigadiers of seventy, colonels of sixty, captains of fifty. Nearly every military officer who held a command or high position on the staff in Bengal when the Mutiny broke out disappeared within the first few weeks. Some were killed, some died of disease, but the great majority failed completely to fulfil the duties of the positions they held. Two generals of division were removed, seven brigadiers were found wanting, and out of the seventy-three regiments of regular cavalry and infantry which mutinied only four commanding officers were given other commands, younger officers being selected to raise and command the new regiments."

These were the gentlemen who, in pajamas, with a whiskey-peg and a cigar, seated on the roof of a bungalow, drilled the natives of India, believing that the gods, and literature, and religion, and customs of three hundred million people for two or three thousand years would melt into acquiescence at the wave of the whiskey or cigar-laden hand from on high.

They were dealing with a generation which had forgotten the anarchy and bloodshed, the pillaging and oppression, which preceded British rule. Muhammadans looked back to the time when they were emperors of India, and when British ambassadors stood meekly on the lower steps of their emperor's throne. The Hindus only remembered that they were on the point of wresting the control from the Muhammadans when the white man stepped in. The interim of order, security, and justice was forgotten. Instead of to a magnificently clad figure seated on a bejewelled throne, with a peacock's tail of precious stones worth millions as a background for his turban, and this in the setting of a marble hall which still remains as a monument of beauty, instead of to this he salaamed to an amorphous and rubicund figure on the roof of a cheaply built bungalow, whose sceptre was a cigar, and whose spiritual life was contained in a glass. The one was thinking of curry and comfort; the other of traditions, and faith, and lost prestige; and the gentlemen of curry and comfort were actually dumbfounded when the underfed underlings betrayed them, killed their women and children, and marched from Meerut to Delhi, before they could

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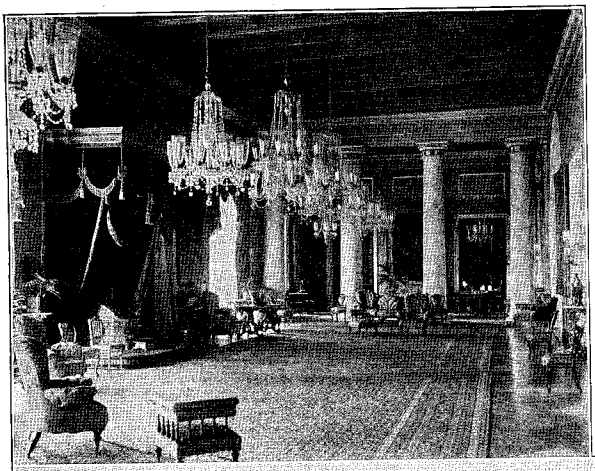
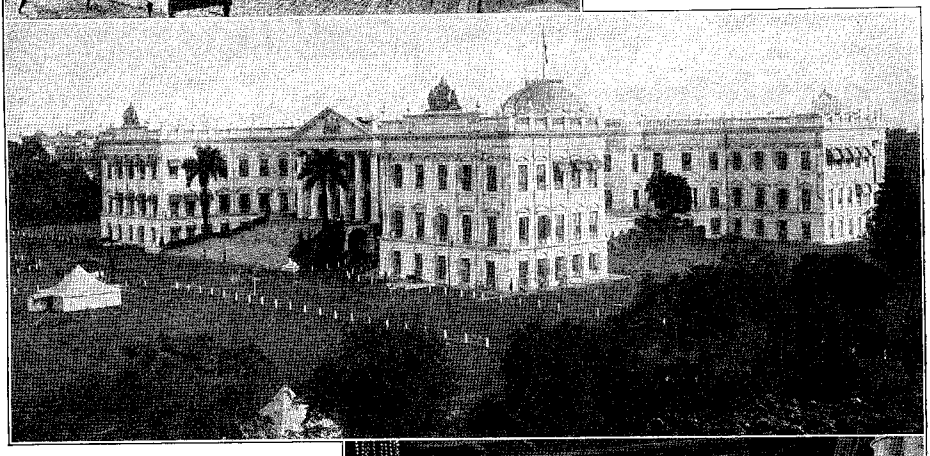
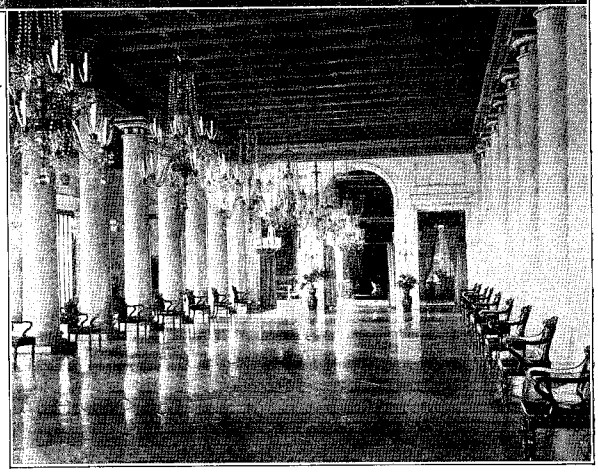
get the whiskey-fed rheum out of their eyes. Indeed they let a whole night and day go by, did these men, whose ancestors had driven Clive to suicide, before they made a move. How different if Clive had been there.



Throne room.



The Government House, Calcutta.



Ball room.

The Mutiny opened May the 10th, 1857, and it was January, 1859, before the English gained complete control again. And at what a price of heroism and suffering. But, not the Mutiny nor any other disturbance, political or otherwise, in India affects more than a minute proportion of India. Throughout the Mutiny the peasants tended their fields; the rice, the wheat, the sugar, the cotton were sown and reaped as usual. Millions in India did not even hear of the Mutiny. This is a characteristic of India to be emphasized and to be remembered. No other country is so mute, so unconscious, so deaf in the midst of turmoil and bloodshed. The American must school his imagination to this situation. A fire in Chicago, a flood in Texas, an earthquake in California, is a fire, a flood, an earthquake for the whole country. Not so in India. There were people peacefully at work within fifty miles of the fighting who knew nothing of it; and even now, flood, plague, or famine slays hundreds

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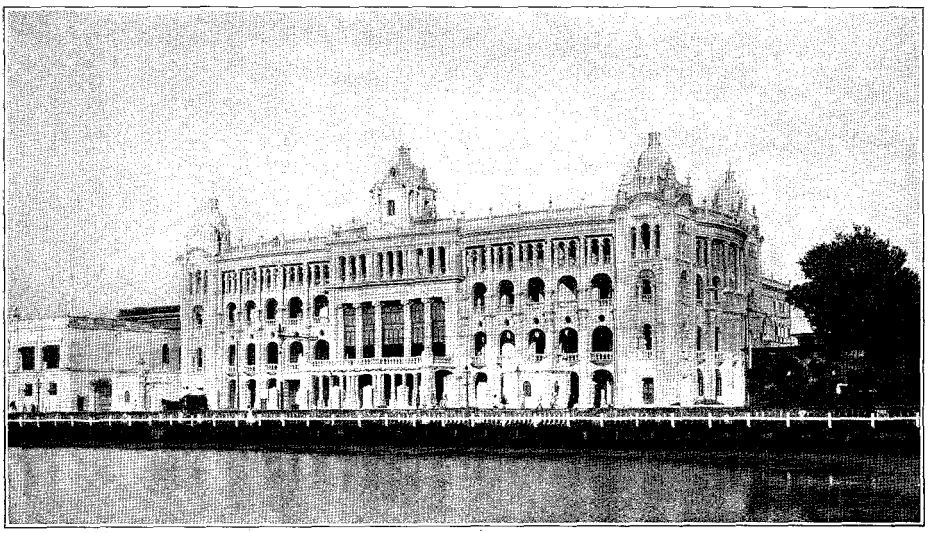

The New Club, Calcutta.

of thousands in one part of India, and the rest of India is ignorant and undisturbed. When one hears of unrest in India, or when one hears that India wants this, or needs that, all such statements must be put into this enormous crucible where they are ground exceeding small, and prove to be after all only the unrest, the need, or the want of a minute fraction of the unwieldy whole. It is like one of the huge zoological reconstructions of another age, whose hide is so thick, whose extremities are so far apart, that unlike any other bodies known to us, what touches or hurts or heals one part has no effect upon the others.

At Cawnpur was a large native garrison, and when they mutinied, Nana Sahib put himself at their head. The Europeans, including more women and children than fighting men, were besieged for two weeks, and then trusting to a safe-conduct from Nana Sahib, they surrendered. They embarked on boats on the Ganges, the boats were set fire to and shot at by the natives from both banks, and only four escaped. The women and children were massacred a few days later, some of them being pitchforked living upon the bayonets of their murderers.

Delhi was besieged for months from the surrounding ridge, over which I have walked and driven, but it was only in September that the Kashmir Gate was blown in, and Nicholson fell at the head of the storming party.

The chief commissioner of Oudh was a Lawrence, and not a Lawrence for nothing. He prepared for a siege in the residency at Lucknow, and was mortally wounded there, but his intelligent prevision saved his companions till at last Lucknow was relieved.

It is one of the ghastly nightmares of history to see that Black Hole of Calcutta, that well at Cawnpur, that cellar in the residency at Lucknow, that grave-dotted ridge at Delhi. Women and children outraged, suffocated, pitchforked on bayonets, burnt, stabbed, starved, and strangled: it is a horrible tale. Say what one will of all that, it is British business, British vengeance, not ours, but it is a disgrace to the whole white race that British callousness, and lack of taste and reverence, should permit these graves to be overgrown with weeds, should suffer that miserable little graveyard on the ridge above Delhi, should allow the lettering on the Kashmir Gate to become defaced. The only monument in all India that is not a travesty is the statue of John Nicholson, and more than one of the statues of the white empress and the white emperor of India are *black!* With all the splendid qualities and achievements of the British—to which I have tried without prejudice to do justice—their stupidity is at times as criminal as their attempts at artistic commemoration are grotesque. If

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taste is not indigenous, we can and do supply them with a West, a Whistler, a Sargent, a La Farge, a St. Gaudens. Let them knight their painters of marble baths, and Greek maidens, and bridge problems, and over-decorated wooden sovereigns, and sentimental scenes of bourgeois domesticity, but let them turn over their monuments in which we are all interested, to the real craftsmen of the arts.

The East India Company, its first charter signed and sealed in 1600 by Queen Elizabeth, came to an end in 1858 after the Mutiny. The administration of India was handed over to the crown. Queen Victoria, later, on January 1, 1877, to be proclaimed empress of India, issued the following proclamation when India was taken over:

"We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our subjects; and these obligations, by the blessing of Almighty God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfil. And it is our further will, that so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be fully and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge."

I quote these words for my readers because they were quoted many times to me by the discontented natives of India. The British went further with words of promise, than they find it easy to go in actual practice. Intentions have lungs, breathe, and are communicative. The English are forever intending things for India, which when they are done are already ungratefully received as things long ago deserved; and when they are not done, and compromise is substituted, the Indian sees nothing but hypocrisy and broken promises.

A distinguished Indian gentleman, writing of the reforms just introduced by Lord Minto, says: "Why is there so little enthusiasm among the educated classes about them? Why are some even beginning to fear that they may fail to heal the existing distemper? Because a certain fatality seems to clog the steps of the government, that whenever it does anything useful for the people *it knows not how to do it with good grace.*" The italics are mine, for there in a nutshell is the ever-present criticism of British rule. It is just, honest, but unsympathetic and ungracious. It is a delicate and a difficult problem. One must tread softly both physically and metaphorically. We ourselves have not won such laurels by our dealings with the ten million negroes in America that we can afford to be censorious, or to offer easy, ready-made solutions for the problem. Ineffable cocksureness might be tempted to shout: Get on or get out! were it not for the possibility of a despatch the next morning announcing a lynching-bee in one's own country, to emphasize one's fallibility.

If you and I had taken over the government of a distracted country, which for centuries had dated passing events from the last raid, the last massacre, the last famine, the last deluge, the last plundering ride of a foreign invader; and if we had laid there 30,000 miles of railway, 100,000 miles and more of telegraph wire; if we had watered 17,000,000 acres with canals of our own construction; if we had arranged that one in every seven acres of the whole country were irrigated; if we had built schools, nursing homes, dispensaries, hospitals—where 8,000,000 children are vaccinated and 25,000,000 people receive relief annually—and post-offices, and police-stations; if school attendance had increased from 500,000 to 6,000,000; if the letters carried had increased from none to 700,000,000 annually; if we had policed the country from end to end, administered justice without fear or favor; spent millions of money and thousands of lives in the country's defence; protected the people from brutal customs, protected the widow and the orphan; secured to every man, woman, and child his rights, his property, and his earnings; if out of nearly 29,000 offices of the government drawing salaries ranging from £60—no small income for a native of India—up to £5,000, as many as 22,000 were filled by natives, and only 6,500 by Europeans; if out of a gross revenue of £75,272,000 only £20,816,000 was raised by taxes so-called, while in England taxation supplies five-sixths, and in India only about one-fourth, of the public income; if we had reduced crime to proportions smaller than in England itself; if the public debt, outside of debt secured by the ample asset of the railways, canals, and so on, amounted to only £28,000,000, a sum less than half of what

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it cost to suppress the Mutiny alone; if the land, which when we took charge of it had hardly any commercial value, was now worth £300,000,000; if the export and import trade in less than fifty years had increased from £40,000,000 to £200,000,000, while taxation works out at about 37 cents per head; if innocent religious and social customs had not only not been changed, but protected from interference, in these days too, alas, when so many people mistake mere interference for influence, and in a land of jarring and quarrelsome sects—if you and I had a fraction of these things accomplished by the English in India to our credit, we should be astonished at censure from without, or criticism from within. We might indeed be tempted to resent them.

The Indian agitator tells the people that the railways carry the grain away from the starving, and pay large dividends to the builders; that the canals carry pestilence and disease; that the taxes go to the support of an army to fight England's battles, and to the support of officials who bully the native; that the schools, and hospitals, and colleges are hot-beds of heresy, where the young Indian is taught to deny his ancestral beliefs, in order that the foreign ruler may surreptitiously introduce his own creed and ritual. These are the grosser forms of seditious talk and literature intended to impress the agricultural class. The more intelligent are fed with more subtle accusations.

One accusation against the English carries weight. There are people still living who can remember when India had its weavers and dyers by the hundreds of thousands, and when weaving was a profitable industry. In the early years of the last century, it was stated in evidence, that the cotton and silk goods of India could be sold in England at a profit of from fifty to sixty per cent. and there and then the English weaver was protected by duties upon this class of Indian goods of from seventy to eighty per cent. on their value. The poor Indian weaver, earning his six or eight cents a day, was ruined for the benefit of the English manufacturer. Lancashire mills are protected to this day by duties on Indian goods. This is indefensible and contemptible. British goods are forced upon India without duty, while Indian weavers were starved out by heavy duties. England bids India supply her with raw materials, that she may employ her capital and her labor profitably, and then sell the manufactured articles to helpless India, deprived of the right to manufacture for herself. I emphasize this, because I consider it a justifiable and competent criticism against British rule. We must all agree, Americans, French, Germans, that we should go to war in an instant against such unfair oppression.

On the other hand, the accusation of lack of sympathy, of comradeship, of social intercourse, is twaddle. The Indian climate, and population, and steady adherence to religious and social customs, have swallowed up every religion and every civilization which has mixed with it, from Buddhism in religion, to the Mughal dynasty. The British maintain control, and can only retain control, by refusing any intimacy of intercourse which would entail the mixing of one civilization with the other. They have their own clubs, their own sports, their sheltered homes, and their own codes. They go out to India in relays, and not to settle, and that is their salvation. They go out alone or with their families, not to mingle and to mix, but to work at governing, and to come home when their task is done as much Englishmen as when they went out. If they went to India with their families to be swallowed up, to be incorporated socially, morally, and politically, then indeed there would be no excuse for their rule there. Any other policy would be fatal.

No race except the English could maintain their gravity at the thought that *purdah* parties are a political necessity. Most of the Indian women live secluded, and always in public cover their faces, which is termed being in *purdah*. The women of the families of the English officials have been urged to show their interest by inviting these ladies to their houses. They play children's games with them, eat cakes and drink tea with them, and stroking the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral to influence the dean and chapter is no more futile than is this silly soliciting of comradeship with the women of India, as a method of propitiating the irreconcilables.

Mr. Saint Nihal Singh writes: "Statistics show the number of female children married under four years of age to be more than 200,000, of those married between five

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and nine to be over 2,000,000, and those married under fourteen to be 8,000,000; and the enforced widowhood of these girls is the greatest curse of India. But while educated native men are working for the emancipation of the women, unfortunately, as already observed, they are persistently hindered in their efforts by the opposition offered to their programme of progress by their unlettered, reactionary womenfolk; their wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters, even their widowed female relatives, are bitterly opposed to this radical reform, and their combined power perpetuates the practice.

The last census showed that 997 Muhammadan and 995 Hindu women per 1,000 were illiterate in the year of our Lord 1900. What is still worse is the fact that at present less than one per cent of Indian girls of school-going age are being educated."

None but a great nation impervious to ridicule, could persist in urging officially its civil servants to ask their wives to entertain the native women with childish games, as a mark of a sympathetic administration. The French or the Americans would suffocate with laughter at the suggestion. This is not sympathy, this is curdled kindliness. Just as one ceases to be well dressed when one is noticeably well dressed, so friendliness ceases to be friendliness when it puts on a uniform and advertises itself. But what can you expect from a nation whose minister for war sends out a solemn circular suggesting that the new territorial force should assemble on a convenient Sunday to thank God that they had been evolved from his brain, and that their predecessors had ceased to exist; or the even more grotesque circular, which must certainly have been suggested to Mr. Haldane by a wag in the war office, but which was nonetheless sent out, to the effect that landlords who are heads of territorial contingents in their neighborhood, should be granted permission to add an unsheathed sword pointing upward to their flag, or pointing downward when they were no longer in office? Only a ponderous patriot could thus offer himself for the altar of the Abraham of ridicule, on the off chance that a convenient ram would be found in the near-by bushes.

But along the lines of humor and æstheticism a nation that will tamely submit to the Albert Memorial monument or to the statue of Shelley at Oxford, may be expected to furnish ample matter for amusement. Heine wrote to a rich uncle that there were so many fools in the world that he felt no fear of not being able to make a living. He even added, that he thought he could live on that one uncle alone. The Albert Memorial alone would furnish a literary living for a lifetime.

The male Indian, both Hindu and Muhammadan, of course with exceptions among the educated, still looks upon women much as Erasmus did: "Woman is an absurd and ridiculous animal, but entertaining and pleasant."

When the Englishman becomes self-conscious either socially or morally, he is deplorably awkward. There is so much talk, so much audible discontent, so much putting of the old methods of government into the crucible, just now in India, that the Englishman is beginning to wonder if he is right, if he is justified, and this makes for self-consciousness and for lack of confidence, and reacts upon the people. A nervous rider makes a nervous horse. The Indian does not understand that this is the vacillation of conscience; he interprets it in the one way his experience permits him to interpret it, as fear. Artificial sympathy, pumped-up cordiality, assumed comradeship, are no more possible to the average Englishman than trimming hats, curling hair, or dancing skirt-dances.

There is an ample supply of honest comradeship and real sympathy between the British and the Indian. I have spent weeks camping and travelling with soldier and civil service officials. Any man who believes that there is lack of sympathy should spend some time with British officers and their native troops; with British officers and the Imperial Service troops of the native princes; with commissioners and deputy commissioners doing their work in the outlying districts; or hear for the first time the Englishman "talking shop" as the British officer in India will do in his enthusiasm about his Gurkhas, or his Sikhs, or his Patiala Lancers, or his Bhopal light cavalry. It would be affectation on my part to say that my experience is limited in these matters, for I have ridden with our Western troopers many a mile on the plains, and only lately I have seen Jap-

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anese cavalry schools, Chinese mountain batteries, Argentine cavalry, English soldiering at home, and nowhere in the world, I maintain, will you find better feeling between officers and men than in India. This is the sympathy that one need not be ashamed of, and which counts; while the tea-cake variety is merely the doctrinaire philanthropy of parochial officialdom.

When one reads a leaflet recently distributed in Bengal signed "Editor," and with the following postscript: "The editor will be extremely obliged to readers if they will translate into all languages and circulate broadcast," and which runs as follows: "Sacrifice white blood undiluted and pure at the call of your god on the altar of freedom. The bones of the martyrs cry out for vengeance, and you will be traitors to your country if you do not adequately respond to the call. Whites, be they men, women, or children—murder them indiscriminately, and you will not commit any sin"—when one reads this, rubbish though it be, and remembers the ignorance and prejudice of those who read it and those to whom it is read, the sheltered humanitarianism of the Indian office seems very afternoon-teay indeed. "His heart swelled," writes Balzac, "with that dull collected love which we must call humanitarianism, the eldest son of deceased philanthropy, and which is to the divine charity what system is to art, or reasoning to deed."

Sympathy is the catch-word in India just now. One hears it suggested on every hand as the remedy for unrest. The kindly feeling for, and the understanding of, another's temperament, which makes for sympathy, curdles when it is forced. I remember a Sunday-school of my boyhood days, where a class of small boys sat in a circle around their teacher. The superintendent was leading in prayer. One of the small boys was gazing about the room. I even remember that boy's name: Crosby. His teacher saw his inattention and whispered to him fiercely: "Crosby, now you pray!" Through many years that scene has been a picture to me of the folly of attempting to enforce spiritual laws. The present situation is not more ridiculous. India kept in hand by a small party, mostly of young men in the army and the civil service; sport-loving, wholesome, unaffected, with no thought, most of them, of artifice in their manners or their methods, in very many cases adored by their men, and of a sudden one hears the voice of inexperience, of theoretical enthusiasm, saying: "Now, you fellows, sympathize!" and they probably sympathize the way Crosby prayed, and they would be fools indeed if they did anything else.

There is no cleaner, healthier, better-managed colony in the world than Java, and we do not consider the Dutch to be either imaginative or sympathetic. A man may be fond of children, and not care to take his meals with them in the nursery, or to give them the run of his study, or take them to lunch at his club, or to have them camp every night in his bed-room.

Sir Richard Burton, who knew the ins and outs of the Oriental mind if anybody ever did, does not hesitate to say that the natives of India cannot even respect a European who mixes with them.

The old wholesome theory that the inferior should be urged to play up, and be rewarded if he did, made us Americans and English what we are; the modern theory, born of the miasma of the French Revolution, urging the superior to play down, will emasculate us inevitably.

I fail to see any signs at home or abroad, that the coy but nonetheless calculating professional philanthropy of the day has brought about, or is on the way to do so, a better feeling between men. We are producing artificial relations between men in a hot-house, and when they are bedded out to grow, in the competition and strife and turmoil of all weathers and all temperatures with which life assails them, they wilt even more quickly than before they were so carefully tended. If you feel your pulse, or watch your breathing, or ponder overmuch about your digestion, your pulse and your breathing become irregular, and your digestion goes wrong. Try it and see. Certain human functions are, and must be, automatic; they are so sensitive that the least interference with them, even thinking about them, will disarrange them. Certain of the relations between men, whether in India or in the negro belt in America, or in the squalid quarters of the poor in New York or in London, are of that kind.

If I may be permitted to use a personal illustration, I cite my own liking for the negro. I come from his country, my family

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has for many scores of years dealt with him and served him, as he has served them. I could no more pump up this feeling of understanding and sympathy, and ability to get on with him, than I could think myself into being a painter, or urge or excite myself into being six feet and four inches high. It may be asked then if the writer is utterly contemptuous of kindly human feeling. No one less so. It is the attempt to solve the inevitable problems of economic and governmental conditions that are necessarily artificial, by an assumption of artificial temperament and manners, that is condemned.

Civilization in India, and in every great commercial and political centre of the world to-day, is distorted by the political and economic exigencies of great aggregations of population, fed, clothed, and housed by machinery instead of by the individual labor of each one. If all the machinery in the world to-day in the cotton, corn, and wheat fields, in the mines, in the great manufactories, in the transportation agencies, in all the branches which feed, clothe, house, water, and carry us, were suddenly to become useless, and could not be repaired; if our own railroads were to be hampered by excitable legislation, if, in short, with our present aggregations of population we were obliged to revert to the methods of even one hundred years ago, what awful plague, famine, and death would follow! This means that vast populations are existing to-day by the grace of machinery, and not by virtue of their own prowess, and practically every social problem of the day arises from that and nothing else. We are all, more or less, living upon charity, except the farmer, and not by the exertion of our natural and elementary forces; and it is only the strong-willed and the stout-hearted who do not deteriorate in consequence. Those who see this may be forgiven for not only believing, but knowing, that more philanthropy, that more artificial sympathy, only makes matters worse. Modern ingenuity and obedience to the laws of hygiene, have brought this enormous brood into the world, and now proposes to smile and smooth it into contentment. One might as well attempt to bring up one's children on the sugar-coating of one's wedding cake.

It is stated that the average length of human life in European countries, in the sixteenth century, was between eighteen and twenty years. To-day it is between forty and fifty years. The death-rate has fallen as man's life has lengthened. In the seventeenth century the mortality rate of London was 50 per 1,000 of population; to-day it is 15 per 1,000 of population. In the year 1700 the mortality rate of Boston was 34 per 1,000; to-day it is 19. Within a century, London, Berlin, and Munich have cut their death-rates nearly in half. In Sweden, the home of school gymnastics and government-controlled hygiene, the average length of life is 50 years for men, and 53 years for women, the highest in the world. In the United States, the average lifetime is 44 for men, and 46 for women. In India the average lifetime for men is 23, and for women 24.

It is almost impossible to calculate the enormous increase of population that these figures suggest; and an increase of the number of men and women in the world of mature years, whose demands upon life for food for occupation, for education, for amusement, and for governing are the demands of grown-up people. This single problem of the increase of the grown-up population of the world in the last two hundred years, is never mentioned; and yet it is outstanding, ever growing, all-else-including, and as much more overshadowing all other problems of civilization, as the sky compared to tents. To attempt to solve this greatest problem of our time, perhaps of any time, by doles of money, smiles, and words, is not only ridiculous as theory, but is proving itself deplorable as practice. Wherever else the way out of the tangle lies, it is not there. To issue orders for *purdah* parties, and for bows and smiles on railway trains, makes one doubt the lucid writing, the clear thinking, the masterly grasp of great problems, for which I for one have admired and extolled John Morley for nearly a quarter of a century. It is not only no solution of the problem in itself, but it is tempting the unthinking and superficial to believe that the problem is only as difficult as the suggestion of such sickly remedies implies.

India has a negligible amount of machinery, and an overwhelming population, consequently the problem is more acute there than elsewhere; but it exists in Germany and in Japan, and while it is called "Unrest" in India, it is called the "Ger-

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man Peril" in Europe, the "Japanese Peril" in America. In addition to this machine-made population, there has grown with advancing civilization and its wealth, a fashion of relieving women of all share in productive labor. America and England, for example, carry, industrially speaking, an enormous weight of idle women, the most idle and luxurious of whom do not even bear children, and who are the direct incentive to extravagance and waste. Fortunately they are comparatively few in number, but they are nonetheless a factor in the problem.

Let us be frank, therefore, and say at once that "Unrest" in India is not an exotic among social and economic problems, it is a phase, an Oriental phase, if you please, which presses upon every country in the world; less in the United States and in South America than elsewhere merely because we have the food supply of the world in our hands. Manufactured sympathy will solve the problem neither in India, nor anywhere else. On the contrary the unthinking philanthropist, and the cunning politician, not only in India, but in England, Germany, France, and America, are leading whole populations to believe that the few millions of money concentrated in a few hands are the cause of the poverty and discomfort of all the rest. There never was a meaner nor a more dangerous lie: first, because it tickles the fancy of the people, second, because it leads them in a wrong direction for the solution of their troubles, and third, because it is these very aggregations of capital that alone make it possible even to feed these masses of population. Like every other remedy for human ills, if it be easy and pleasant you may be sure it is poisonous. There are room, and food, and leisure, and opportunity for every honest, sober, hard-working man in the world still; whatever the future have in store for the rapidly increasing population of the world; but the mill of competition is growing more and more terrible as modern science fosters the growth of population, and the shiftless, the dissipated, and the weak find it harder and harder to keep on the road, and out of the gutter, as the road becomes more and more crowded. "Neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything, but a new man!" The ghastly gospel which preaches that all our woes are due to somebody else, and the demagogic apostles of that gospel, will, and can, only land their followers into a deeper ditch. Sympathy, yes, but easy lies, never. The slightest move in this direction, the faintest whisper to these three hundred millions in India, would be on a par for fiendish cruelty with persuading the children of a family that all their woes were due to the selfishness of their parents.

THE CHURCH IN THE CITY

By Anne Bunner

Its doors stand open to the busy street.
Within—are silence and soft solitude;
Without—the tread of countless passing feet.
A careless people, old with unbelief,
Incredulous of creeds and simple faith,
Pass by impatiently; and only Grief
Stands hesitant before the open door.
Old, world-old Grief, too tired for new creeds,
Seeking the simple faith it knew before.

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PORTRAIT OF A PHILOSOPHER

By Dorothy Canfield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

THE news of Professor Gridley's death filled Middletown College with consternation. Its one claim to distinction was gone, for in spite of the excessive quiet of his private life, he had always cast about the obscure little college the shimmering aura of greatness. There had been no fondness possible for the austere old thinker, but Middletown village, as well as the college, had been touched by his fidelity to the very moderate attractions of his birthplace. When, as often happened, some famous figure was seen on the streets, people used to say first, "Here to see old Grid, I suppose," and then, "Funny how he sticks here. They say he was offered seven thousand at the University of California." In the absence of any known motive for this steadfastness, the village legend-making instinct had evolved a theory that he did not wish to move away from a state of which his father had been governor, and where the name of Gridley was like a patent of nobility.

And now he was gone, the last of the race. His disappearance caused the usual amount of reminiscent talk among his neighbors. The older people recalled the by-gone scandals connected with his notorious and popular father and intimated with knowing nods that there were plenty of other descendants of the old governor who were not entitled legally to bear the name; but the younger ones, who had known only the severely ascetic life and cold personality of the celebrated scholar, found it difficult to connect him with such a father. In their talk they brought to mind the man himself, his queer shabby clothes, his big stooping frame, his sad black eyes, absent almost to vacancy as though always fixed on high and distant thoughts; and those who had lived near him told laughing stories about the crude and countrified simplicity of his old aunt's housekeeping—it was said that the president of Harvard had been invited to join them once in a Sunday evening meal of crackers and milk—but the general tenor of feeling was, as it had been during his life, of pride in his great fame and in the celebrated people who had come to see him.

This pride warmed into something like affection when, the day after his death, came the tidings that he had bequeathed

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to his college the Gino Sprague Fallères portrait of himself. Of course, at that time, no one in Middletown had seen the picture, for the philosopher's sudden death had occurred, very dramatically, actually during the last sitting. He had, in fact, had barely one glimpse of it himself, as, according to Fallères's invariable rule, no one, not even the subject of the portrait, had been allowed to examine an unfinished piece of work. But, though Middletown had no first-hand knowledge of the picture, there could be no doubt about the value of the canvas. As soon as it was put on exhibition in London, from every art-critic in the three nations who claimed Fallères for their own, there rose a wail that this masterpiece was to be buried in an unknown college in an obscure village in barbarous America. It was confidently stated that it would be saved from such an unfitting resting-place by strong action on the part of an International Committee of Artists; but Middletown, though startled by its own good fortune, clung with Yankee tenacity to its rights. Raphael Collin, of Paris, commenting on this in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, cried out whimsically upon the woes of an art-critic's life, "as if there were not already enough wearisome pilgrimages necessary to remote and uncomfortable places with jaw-breaking names, which must nevertheless be visited for the sake of a single picture!" And a burlesque resolution to carry off the picture by force was adopted at the dinner in London given in honor of Fallères the evening before he set off for America to attend the dedicatory exercises with which Middletown planned to install its new treasure.

For the little rustic college rose to its one great occasion. Bold in their confidence in their dead colleague's fame, the college authorities sent out invitations to all the great ones of the country. Those to whom Gridley was no more than a name on volumes one never read, came because the portrait was by Fallères, and those who had no interest in the world of art came to honor the moralist whose noble clear-thinking had simplified the intimate problems of modern life. There was the usual residuum of those who came because the others did, and, also as usual, they were among the most brilliant figures in the procession which filed along, one October morning, under the old maples of Middletown campus.

It was a notable celebration. A bishop opened the exercises with prayer, a United States senator delivered the eulogy of the dead philosopher, the veil uncovering the portrait was drawn away by the mayor of one of America's largest cities, himself an ardent Gridleyite, and among those who spoke afterward were the presidents of three great universities. The professor's family was represented but scantily. He had had one brother, who had disappeared many years ago under a black cloud of ill report, and one sister who had married and gone West to live. Her two sons, middle-aged merchants from Ohio, gave the only personal note to the occasion by their somewhat tongue-tied and embarrassed presence, for Gridley's aunt was too aged and infirm to walk with the procession from the Gymnasium, where it formed, to the Library building where the portrait was installed.

After the inevitable photographers had made their records of the memorable gathering the procession began to wind its many-colored way back to the Assembly Hall, where it was to lunch. Every one was feeling relieved that the unveiling had gone off so smoothly, and cheerful at the prospect of food. The undergraduates began lustily to shout their college song, which was caught up by the holiday mood of the older ones. This cheerful tumult gradually died away in the distance, leaving the room of the portrait deserted in an echoing silence. A janitor began to remove the rows of folding chairs. The celebration was over.

Into the empty room there now limped forward a small, shabby old woman with a crutch. "I'm his aunt, that lived with him," she explained apologetically, "and I want to see the picture."

She advanced, peering near-sightedly at the canvas. The janitor continued stacking up chairs until he was stopped by a cry from the new-comer. She was a great deal paler than when she came in. She was staring hard at the portrait and now beckoned him wildly to do the same. "Look at it! Look at it!"

Surprised, he followed the direction of her shaking hand. "Sure, it's Professor Grid to the life!" he said admiringly.

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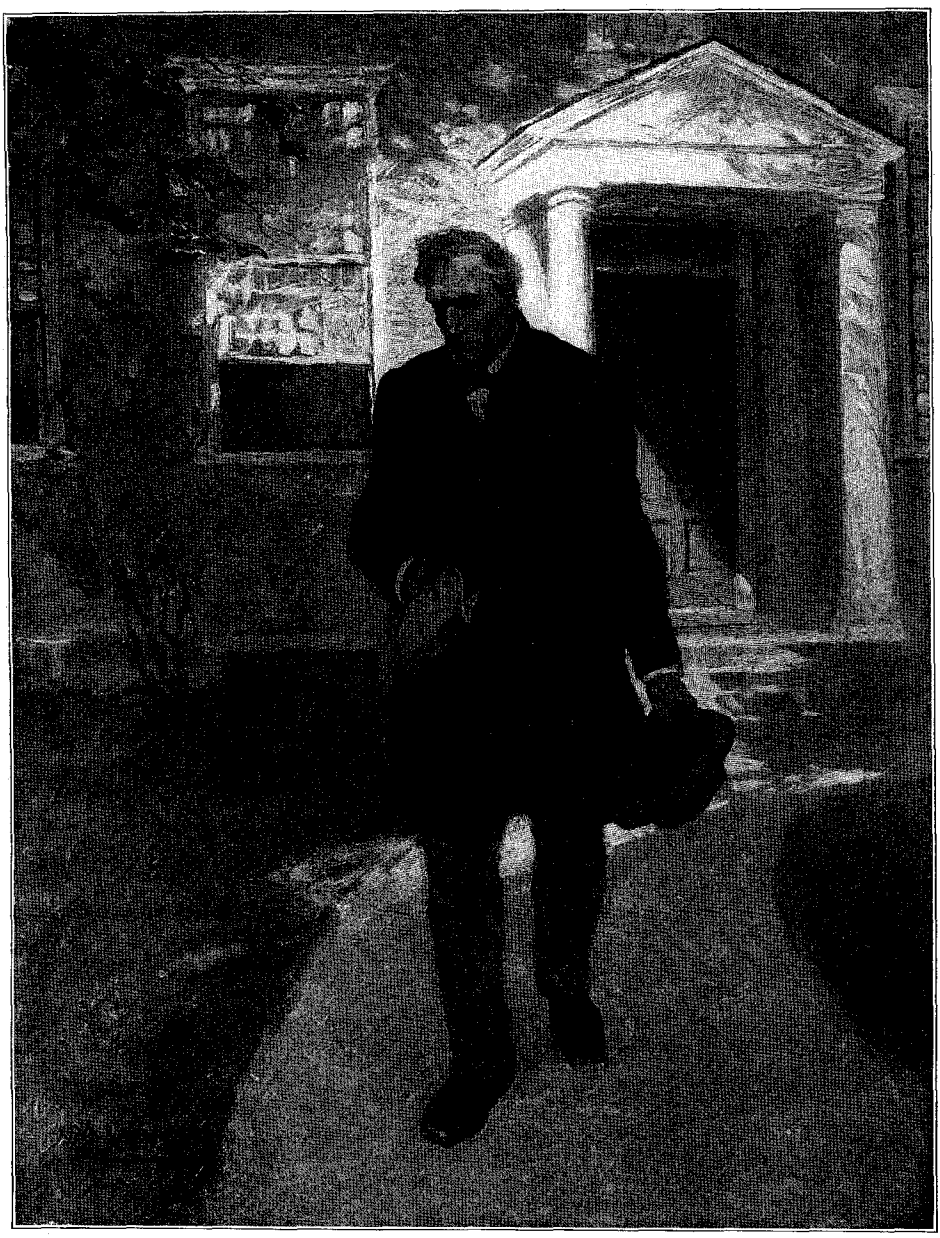

His queer shabby clothes, his big stooping frame, his sad black eyes, absent almost to vacancy.—Page 447.

"Look at it! Look at it!" She seemed not to be able to find any other words.

After a prolonged scrutiny he turned to her with a puzzled line between his eyebrows. "Since you've spoken of it, ma'am, I will say that there's a something about the expression of the eyes . . . and mouth, maybe . . . that ain't just the professor. He was more absent-like. It reminds me of somebody else . . . of some face I've seen . . ."

She hung on his answer, her mild, timid old face drawn like a mask of tragedy. "Who? Who?" she prompted him.

For a time he could not remember, staring at the new portrait and scratching

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his head. Then it came to him suddenly: "Why, sure, I ought to ha' known without thinkin', seeing the other picture as often as every time I've swep' out the president's office. And Professor Grid always looked like him some, anyhow."

The old woman leaned against the wall, her crutch trembling in her hand. Her eyes questioned him mutely.

"Why, ma'am, who but his own father, to be sure . . . the old governor."

II

While they had been duly sensible of the lustre reflected upon them by the celebration in honor of their distinguished uncle, Professor Gridley's two nephews could scarcely have said truthfully that they enjoyed the occasion. As one of them did say to the other, the whole show was rather out of their line. Their line was wholesale hardware and, being eager to return to it, it was with a distinct feeling of relief that they waited for the train at the station. They were therefore as much displeased as surprised by the sudden appearance to them of their great-aunt, very haggard, her usual extreme timidity swept away by overmastering emotion. She clutched at the two merchants with a great sob of relief: "Stephen! Eli! Come back to the house," she cried, and before they could stop her was hobbling away. They hurried after her, divided between the fear of losing their train and the hope that some inheritance from their uncle had been found. They were not mercenary men, but they felt a not unnatural disappointment that Professor Gridley had left not a penny, not even to his aunt, his one intimate.

They overtook her, scuttling along like some frightened and wounded little animal. "What's the matter, Aunt Amelia?" they asked shortly. "We've got to catch this train."

She faced them. "You can't go now. You've got to make them take that picture away."

"Away!" Their blankness was stupefaction.

She raged at them, the timid, harmless little thing, like a creature distraught. "Didn't you see it? Didn't you *see* it?"

Stephen answered: "Well, no, not to have a good square look at it. The man in front of me kept getting in the way."

Eli admitted: "If you mean you don't see anything in it to make all this hurrah about, I'm with you. It don't look half finished. I don't like that slap-dash style."

She was in a frenzy at their denseness. "Who did it look like?" she challenged them.

"Why, like Uncle Grid, of course. Who else?"

"Yes, yes," she cried; "who else? Who else?"

They looked at each other, afraid that she was crazed, and spoke more gently: "Why, I don't know, I'm sure, who else. Like Grandfather Gridley, of course; but then Uncle Grid always did look like his father."

At this she quite definitely put it out of their power to leave her by fainting away.

They carried her home and laid her on her own bed, where one of them stayed to attend her while the other went back to rescue their deserted baggage. As the door closed behind him the old woman came to herself. "Oh, Stephen," she moaned, "I wish it had killed me, the way it did your uncle."

"What *is* the matter?" asked her great-nephew wonderingly. "What do you think killed him?"

"That awful, awful picture! I know it now as plain as if I'd been there. He hadn't seen it all the time he was sitting for it, though he'd already put in his will that he wanted the college to have it, and when he did see it—" she turned on the merchant with a sudden fury: "How *dare* you say those are your uncle's eyes!"

He put his hand soothingly on hers. "Now, now, Aunt 'Melia, maybe the expression isn't just right, but the color is *fine* . . . just that jet-black his were . . . and the artist has got in exact that funny stiff way uncle's hair stood up over his forehead."

The old woman fixed outraged eyes upon him. "Color!" she said. "And hair! Oh Lord, help me!"

She sat up on the bed, clutching her nephew's hand, and began to talk rapidly. When, a half-hour later, the other brother returned, neither of them heard him enter the house. It was only when he called

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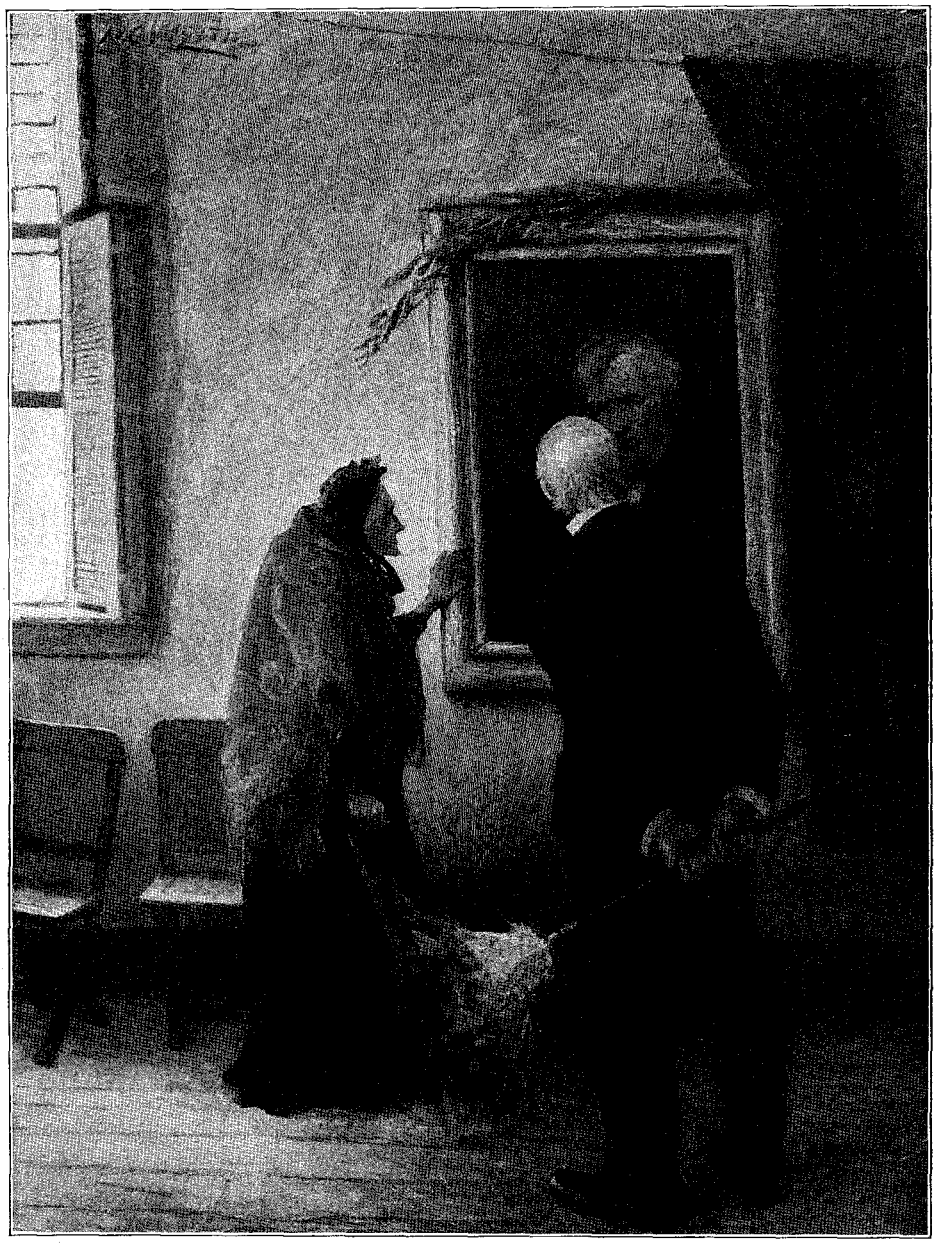

"Sure, it's Professor Grid to the life!" he said admiringly.—Page 448.

at the foot of the stairs that they both started and Stephen ran down to join him.

"You'll see the president . . . you'll fix it?" the old woman cried after him.

"I'll see, Aunt 'Melia," he answered pacifyingly as he drew his brother out of doors. He looked quite pale and moved, and drew a long breath before he could begin. "Aunt Amelia's been telling me a lot of things I never knew, Eli. It seems that . . . say, did you ever hear that Grandfather Gridley, the governor, was such a bad lot?"

"Why, mother never said much about her father one way or the other, but I always sort of guessed he wasn't all he

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might have been from her never bringing us on to visit here until after he died. She used to look queer, too, when folks congratulated her on having such a famous man for father. All the big politicians of his day thought a lot of him. He *was* as smart as chain-lightning!"

"He was a disreputable old scalawag!" cried his other grandson. "Some of the things Aunt Amelia has been telling me make me never want to come back to this part of the country again. Do you know why Uncle Grid lived so poor and scrimped and yet left no money? He'd been taking care of a whole family grandfather had beside ours; and paying back some people grandfather did out of a lot of money on a timber deal fifty years ago; and making it up to a little village in the backwoods that grandfather persuaded to bond itself for a railroad that he knew wouldn't go near it."

The two men stared at each other an instant, reviewing in a new light the life that had just closed. "That's why he never married," said Eli, finally.

"No, that's what I said, but Aunt Amelia just went wild when I did. She said . . . gee!" he passed his hand over his eyes with a gesture of mental confusion. "Ain't it strange what can go on under your eyes and you never know it. Why, she says Uncle Grid was just like his father."

The words were not out of his mouth before the other's face of horror made him aware of his mistake. "No! No! Not that! Heavens, no! I mean . . . made like him . . . *wanted* to be that kind, specially drink . . ." his tongue, unused to phrasing abstractions, stumbled and tripped in his haste to correct the other's impression. "You know how much Uncle Grid used to look like grandfather . . . the same black hair and broad face and thick red lips and a kind of knob on the end of his nose? Well, it seems he had his father's insides too . . . *but his mother's conscience!* I guess, from what Aunt Amelia says, that the combination made life about as near Tophet for him . . . ! She's the only one to know anything about it, because she's lived with him always, you know, took him when grandmother died and he was a child. She says when he was younger he was like a man fighting a wild beast . . . he didn't dare let up or rest. Some days he wouldn't stop working at his desk all day long, not even to eat, and then he'd grab up a piece of bread and go off for a long tearing tramp that'd last 'most all night. You know what a tremendous physique all the Gridley men have had. Well, Uncle Grid turned into work all the energy the rest of them spent in deviltry. Aunt Amelia said he'd go on like that day after day for a month, and then he'd bring out one of those essays folks are so crazy about. She said she never could bear to *look* at his books . . . seemed to her they were written in his blood. She told him so once and he said it was the only thing to do with blood like his."

He was silent, while his listener made a clucking noise of astonishment. "My! My! I'd have said that there never was anybody more different from grandfather than uncle. Why, as he got on in years he didn't even look like him any more."

This reference gave Stephen a start. "Oh, yes, that's what all this came out for. Aunt Amelia is just wild about this portrait. It's just a notion of hers, of course, but after what she told me I could see, easy, how the idea would come to her. It looks this way, she says, as though Uncle Grid inherited his father's physical make-up complete, and spent all his life fighting it . . . and won out! And here's this picture making him look the way he would if he'd been the worst old . . . as if he'd been like the governor. She says she feels as though she was the only one to defend uncle . . . as if it could make any difference to him! I guess the poor old lady is a little touched. Likely it's harder for her, losing uncle, than we realized. She just about worshipped him. Queer business, anyhow, wasn't it? Who'd ha' thought he was like that?"

He had talked his unwonted emotion quite out, and now looked at his brother with his usual matter-of-fact eye. "Did you tell the station agent to hold the trunk?"

The other, who was the younger, looked a little abashed. "Well, no; I found the train was so late I thought maybe we could . . . you know there's that business to-morrow . . . !"

His senior relieved him of embarrassment. "That's a good idea. Sure we can.

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There's nothing we could do if we stayed. It's just a notion of Aunt 'Melia's, anyhow. I agree with her that it don't look so awfully like Uncle Grid, but, then, oil-portraits are never any good. Give me a photograph!"

"It's out of our line, anyhow," agreed the younger, looking at his watch.

III

THE president of Middletown College had been as much relieved as pleased by the success of the rather pretentious celebration he had planned. His annoyance was correspondingly keen at the disturbing appearance in the afternoon reception before the new portrait, of the late professor's aunt, "an entirely insignificant old country woman," he hastily assured M. Fallères after she had been half forced, half persuaded to retire, "whose criticisms were as negligible as her personality."

The tall, Jove-like artist concealed a smile by stroking his great brown beard. When it came to insignificant country people, he told himself, it was hard to draw lines in his present company. He was wondering whether he might not escape by an earlier train.

To the president's remark he answered that no portrait-painter escaped unreasonable relatives of his sitters. "It is an axiom with our guild," he went on, not, perhaps, averse to giving his provincial hosts a new sensation, "that the family is never satisfied, and also that the family has no rights. A sitter is a subject only, like a slice of fish. The only question is how it's done. What difference does it make a century from now, if the likeness is good? It's a work of art or it's nothing." He announced this principle with a regal absence of explanation and turned away; but his thesis was taken up by another guest, a New York art critic.

"By Jove, it's inconceivable, the ignorance of art in America!" he told the little group before the portrait. "You find every one so incurably personal in his point of view . . . always objecting to a masterpiece because the watch-chain isn't the kind usually worn by the dear departed."

Some one else chimed in. "Yes, it's incredible that any one, even an old village granny, should be able to look at that canvas and not be struck speechless by its quality."

The critic was in Middletown to report on the portrait and he now began marshalling his adjectives for that purpose. "I never saw such use of pigment in my life . . . it makes the Whistler 'Carlyle' look like burnt-out ashes . . . the luminous richness of the blacks in the academic gown, the masterly generalization in the treatment of the hair, the placing of those great talons of hands on the canvas carrying out the vigorous lines of the composition, and the unforgetable felicity of those brutally red lips as the one ringing note of color. As for life-likeness, what's the old dame talking about! I never saw such eyes! Not a hint of meretricious emphasis on their lustre and yet they fairly flame."

The conversation spread to a less technical discussion as the group was joined by the professor of rhetoric, an ambitious young man with an insatiable craving for sophistication, who felt himself for once entirely in his element in the crowd of celebrities. "It's incredibly good luck that our little two-for-a-cent college should have so fine a thing," he said knowingly. "I've been wondering how such an old skinflint as Gridley ever got the money loose to have his portrait done by . . ."

A laugh went around the group at the idea. "It was Mackintosh, the sugar king, who put up for it. He's a great Gridleyite, and persuaded him to sit."

"*Persuade* a man to sit to Fallères!" The rhetoric professor was outraged at the idea.

"Yes, so they say. The professor was dead against it from the first. Fallères himself had to beg him to sit. Fallères said he felt a real inspiration at the sight of the old fellow . . . knew he could make a good thing out of him. He *was* a good subject!"

The little group turned and stared appraisingly at the portrait hanging so close to them that it seemed another living being in their midst. The rhetoric professor was asked what kind of a man the philosopher had been personally, and answered briskly: "Oh, nobody knew him personally . . . the silent old codger. He was a dry-as-dust, bloodless, secular monk . . ."

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He was interrupted by a laugh from the art critic, whose eyes were still on the portrait.

"Excuse me for my cynical mirth," he said, "but I must say he doesn't look it. I was prepared for any characterization but that. He looks like a powerful son of the Renaissance, who might have lived in that one little vacation of the soul after mediævalism stopped hag-riding us, and before the modern conscience got its claws on us. And you say he was a blue-nosed Puritan!"

The professor of rhetoric looked an uneasy fear that he was being ridiculed. "I only repeated the village notion of him," he said airily. "He may have been anything. All I know is that he was as secretive as a clam, and about as interesting personally."

"Look at the picture," said the critic, still laughing; "you'll know all about him!"

The professor of rhetoric nodded. "You're right, he doesn't look much like my character of him. I never seem to have had a good, square look at him before. I've heard several people say the same thing, that they seemed to understand him better from the portrait than from his living face. There was something about his eyes that kept you from thinking of anything but what he was saying."

The critic agreed. "The eyes are wonderful . . . ruthless in their power . . . fires of hell." He laughed a deprecating apology for his over-emphatic metaphor and suggested: "It's possible that there was more to the professorial life than met the eye. Had he a wife?"

"No; it was always a joke in the village that he would never look at a woman."

The critic glanced up at the smouldering eyes of the portrait and smiled. "I've heard of that kind of a man before," he said. "Never known to drink, either, I suppose?"

"Cold-water teetotaler," laughed the professor, catching the spirit of the occasion.

"Look at the color in that nose!" said the critic. "I fancy that the ascetic moralist. . . ."

A very young man, an undergraduate who had been introduced as the junior usher, nodded his head. "Yep, a lot of us fellows always thought old Grid a little too good to be true."

An older man with the flexible mouth of a politician now ventured a contribution to a conversation no longer bafflingly æsthetic: "His father, old Governor Gridley, wasn't he . . . Well, I guess you're right about the son. No halos were handed down in *that* family!"

The laugh which followed this speech was stopped by the approach of Fallères, his commanding presence dwarfing the president beside him. He was listening with a good-natured contempt to the apparently rather anxious murmurs of the latter.

"Of course I know, Mr. Fallères, it is a great deal to ask, but she is so insistent . . . she won't go away and continues to make the most distressing spectacle of herself . . . and several people, since she has said so much about it, are saying that the expression is not that of the late professor. Much against my will I promised to speak to you . . ."

His mortified uneasiness was so great that the artist gave him a rescuing hand. "Well, Mr. President, what can I do in the matter? The man is dead. I cannot paint him over again, and if I could I would only do again as I did this time, choose that aspect which my judgment told me would make the best portrait. If his habitual vacant expression was not so interesting as another not so permanent a habit of his face . . . why, the poor artist must be allowed some choice. I did not know I was to please his grandmother, and not posterity."

"His aunt," corrected the president automatically.

The portrait-painter accepted the correction with his tolerant smile. "His aunt," he repeated. "The difference is considerable. May I ask what it was you promised her?"

The president summoned his courage. It was easy to gather from his infinitely reluctant insistence how painful and compelling had been the scene which forced him to action. "She wants you to change it . . . to make the expression of the . . ."

For the first time the artist's equanimity was shaken. He took a step backward. "Change it!" he said, and although his voice was low the casual chat all over the

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room stopped short as though a pistol had been fired.

"It's not *my* idea!" the president confounded himself in self-exoneration. "I merely promised, to pacify her, to ask you if you could not do some little thing that would . . ."

The critic assumed the role of conciliator. "My dear sir, I don't believe you quite understand what you are asking. It's as though you asked a priest to make just a little change in the church service and leave out the Not in the commandments."

"I only wished to know Mr. Fallères's attitude," said the president stiffly, a little nettled by the other's note of condescension. "I presume he will be willing to take the responsibility of it himself and explain to the professor's aunt that *I* have done . . ."

The artist had recovered from his lapse from Olympian calm and now nodded smiling: "Dear me, yes, Mr. President, I'm used to irate relatives."

The president hastened away and the knots of talkers in other parts of the room, who had been looking with expectant curiosity at the group before the portrait, resumed their loud-toned chatter. When their attention was next drawn in the same direction, it was by a shaky old treble, breaking and quavering with weakness. A small, shabby old woman, leaning on a crutch, stood looking up imploringly at the tall painter.

"My dear madam," he broke in on her with a kindly impatience, "all that you say about Professor Gridley is much to his credit, but what has it to do with me?"

"You painted his portrait," she said with a simplicity that was like stupidity. "And I am his aunt. You made a picture of a bad man. I know he was a good man."

"I painted what I saw," sighed the artist wearily. He looked furtively at his watch.

The old woman seemed dazed by the extremity of her emotion. She looked about her silently, keeping her eyes averted from the portrait that stood so vividly like a living man beside her. "I don't know what to do!" she murmured with a little moan. "I can't *bear* it to have it stay here—people forget so. Everybody'll think that Gridley looked like *that!* And there isn't anybody but me. He never had anybody but me."

The critic tried to clear the air by a roundly declaratory statement of principles. "You'll pardon my bluntness, madam; but you must remember that none but the members of Professor Gridley's family are concerned in the exact details of his appearance. Fifty years from now nobody will remember how he looked, one way or the other. The world is only concerned with portraits as works of art."

She followed his reasoning with a strained and docile attention and now spoke eagerly as though struck by an unexpected hope: "If that's all, why put his name to it? Just hang it up, and call it anything."

She shrank together timidly and her eyes reddened at the laughter which greeted this naïve suggestion.

Fallères looked annoyed and called his defender off. "Oh, never mind explaining me," he said, snapping his watch shut. "You'll never get the rights of it through anybody's head who hasn't himself sweat blood over a composition only to be told that the other side of the sitter's profile is usually considered the prettier. After all, we have the last word, since the sitter dies and the portrait lives."

The old woman started and looked at him attentively.

"Yes," said the critic, laughing, "immortality's not a bad balm for pin-pricks."

The old woman turned very pale and for the first time looked again at the portrait. An electric thrill seemed to pass through her as her eyes encountered the bold, evil ones fixed on her. She stood erect with a rigid face, and "Immortality!" she said, under her breath.

Fallères moved away to make his adieux to the president, and the little group of his satellites straggled after him to the other end of the room. For a moment there was no one near the old woman to see the crutch furiously upraised, hammer-like, or to stop her sudden passionate rush upon the picture.

At the sound of cracking cloth, they turned back, horrified. They saw her, with an insane violence, thrust her hands into the gaping hole that had been the por-

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trait's face and, tearing the canvas from end to end, fall upon the shreds with teeth and talon.

All but Fallères flung themselves toward her, dragging her away. With a movement as instinctive he rushed for the picture, and it was to him, as he stood aghast before the ruined canvas, that the old woman's shrill treble was directed, above the loud shocked voices of those about her: "There ain't anything immortal but souls!" she cried.

RECOLLECTIONS, GRAVE AND GAY

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

IV

IN the early days of the winter of '62, my mother, wedded to her beloved hospital work at Culpeper Court House, sent me to Richmond to be under care of my uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. Fairfax, who had found quarters in the Clifton House, a dreary old building, indifferently kept, honeycombed with subterranean passages suggesting the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe, where, however, we girls certainly managed to extract "sunbeams from cucumbers." For there my Cary cousins, Hetty and Jennie, arrived from Charlottesville to join our refugee band, and the reign of the beautiful Hetty began, as, perhaps, chief of the war beauties of the day. Our cousin, Jennie Fairfax, was also of our merry group. For want of a sitting-room, we took possession of what had been a doctor's office a little way down the hilly street, communicating with the hotel by an underground passage, dark as Erebus, through which, in rainy or snowy weather, we passed by the light of a bedroom candle. Many a dignitary of State and camp will recall our Clifton evenings. Several times we gave suppers to which we contributed only a roast turkey, a ham, and some loaves of bread, with plates and knives and forks. It was a common sight to see a major-general come in hugging a bottle of brandied peaches, and a member of Congress carrying his quota of sardines and French prunes. At these feasts there was a democratic commingling of officers and "high privates." To the latter, it was part of our creed always to dispense our best smiles and tid-bits. So great the rush of visitors that our mulatto attendant, Cornelius, dubbed "the Centurion," was kept from striking for liberty only by much cajolery and frequent small tips.

Of the town gayeties that winter, I recall a fancy-dress party at the McMurdos' in Grace Street. One of the daughters, Miss Saidee McMurdo, an exquisite creature with large dark eyes and arched brows, married Mr. Alfred Rives, of Albemarle, and became the mother of Amélie Rives, the author, now Princess Troubetskoy (Mrs. Rives has died since these words were written). This was my first "real" party in Richmond, and my mother being in town on a rest furlough, she made up for me, with her own dear fingers, the costume of a Louis XV court lady, styled "Mme. la Marquise de Crève-Cœur," decided upon chiefly because of a stiff old petticoat of wine-colored reps silk, found in some family trunk. Shopping diligently, she had found spangles for my shoes and fan; feathers for the high-rolled, powdered hair were lent from someone's store; mask, pearl necklace, and old blond lace were forthcoming; and my kind uncle cut out from court plaster a coach and horses by way of a patch of the period for the cheek. What the other girls wore, I selfishly can't remember.

The first event to bring all patriotic Richmond into the streets that winter, was the inauguration of our president, Jefferson

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Davis, on February 22, 1862. We were asked to witness the ceremony from a window of the Virginia State Library in the Capitol, by our friend Mr. John R. Thompson, the librarian-in-chief, and were entertained, while awaiting events, with the latest Northern papers, *Harper's Weekly* and others, together with the extraordinary apparition of a box of French bonbons, just arrived by underground express.

It was a dismal day, depressing to stoutest spirits, rain falling heavily, and the Capitol Square beneath us one mass of open umbrellas. When the poor wet bishop and the president-elect came upon the stand, there was an immediate portentous hush in the crowd. One heard nothing but the patter of the winter rain. The brief ceremony over, when President Davis kissed the book, accepting, under God, the trust of our young and struggling nation, a great shout went up and we distinctly heard cries of "God bless our president!" That evening President and Mrs. Davis received at their residence, making a most favorable impression upon all Richmond.

We had been hearing a good deal of the inner life of the president's family, from a young inmate of his household destined to play an important part in my life thereafter. This was Burton Norvell Harrison, born in Louisiana, of Virginian parentage on the father's side, who, at the instance of his friend, Congressman L. Q. C. Lamar, had been summoned by the president to be his private secretary at the moment when Mr. Harrison was about to enlist in New Orleans as a private in the ranks of the Washington artillery. Mr. Harrison, having graduated at Yale in the class of 1859, had been designated by Pres. F. A. P. Barnard, then of Oxford University in Mississippi (whose first wife was Mr. Harrison's aunt) to occupy a junior professorship in that institution, and had remained there until the outbreak of the war.

During vacations from Yale spent with his uncle, the Rev. Dr. William Francis Brand, rector of St. Mary's Church, near Emmorton, Maryland, Mr. Harrison had made friends with my Baltimore cousins, who were intimate with the Brand family; but I had never chanced to meet the much-praised young Yalensian, whom the Cary girls had vaunted until I declared myself aweary of his name. It was at the Clifton House, where Mr. Harrison came to call upon my cousins, that our acquaintance began, but our friendship did not take shape till many months later.

We were all interested in what Burton Harrison had to say of the Davises. Every one knew the traditions of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, as handed down from her career as a senator's wife, in Washington, in the administrations of Pierce and Buchanan. She was declared to be a woman of warmest heart and impetuous tongue, witty and caustic, with a sensitive nature underlying all; a devoted wife and mother, and most gracious mistress of a salon. Miss Margaret Howell, the exceedingly clever sister of Mrs. Davis, afterward Madame de Stoeurs, of England, was the young lady of the Richmond White House; and it is safe to say that no wittier talk was ever bandied over the tea-cups in any land, than passed daily between the several bright spirits thus assembled at the president's table. Mrs. Davis had been somewhat depressed on the day of the inauguration, by an arrangement for her progress to Capitol Square, made by her negro coachman. When they set out, at a snail's pace, she observed, walking solemnly and with faces of unbroken gloom, on either side of her carriage, four negroes in black clothes, wearing gloves of white cotton. Demanding impatiently of the coachmen what in the world this performance meant, she was informed: "This, madam, is the way we always does in Richmond at funerals and sich-like." Mrs. Davis, telling the story inimitably that evening, said she was almost grieved to have to "order the pall-bearers away," so proud were they of their dignified position.

Concerning the affairs, big or little, of "the Chief," Mr. Harrison was wont to preserve continual, discreet silence. He would only say that the president had the happiest relations with his family, by whom he was revered; incidentally remarking that to accompany the chief on horseback, always his duty, together with some of the aides, was to sit in the saddle indefinitely, in good or bad weather alike, never knowing when they were to bring up at home again, and keeping Mrs. Davis in continual uncertainty as to her dinner hour, to say nothing of her husband's fate.

The stories Burton Harrison told us of his adventures on such excursions were

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many, and sometimes amusing. For instance, when General Lee crossed the Chickahominy, President Davis, with several staff-officers, overtook the column, and, with the secretary of war and a few other non-combatants, forded the river just as the battle of Mechanicsville began. General Lee, surrounded by members of his own staff and other officers, was found a few hundred yards north of the bridge, in the middle of the broad road, mounted and busily engaged in directing the attack then about to be made by a brigade sweeping in line over the fields, to the east of the road and toward Ellerson's Mill, where in a few minutes a hot engagement commenced. Shot from the enemy's guns out of sight went whizzing overhead in quick succession, striking every moment nearer the group of horsemen in the road as the gunners improved their range. General Lee observed the president's approach, and was evidently annoyed at what he considered a foolhardy expedition of needless exposure of the head of the government, whose duties were elsewhere. He turned his back for a moment, until Colonel Chilton had been despatched at a gallop with the last direction to the commander of the attacking brigade; then, facing the cavalcade and looking like the god of war indignant, he exchanged with the president a salute, with the most frigid reserve of anything like welcome or cordiality. In an instant, and without allowance of opportunity for a word from the president, the general, looking not at him but at the assemblage at large, asked in a tone of irritation:

"Who are all this army of people, and what are they doing here?"

No one moved or spoke, but all eyes were upon the president; everybody perfectly understood that this was only an order for him to retire to a place of safety, and the roar of the guns, the rattling fire of musketry, and the bustle of a battle in progress, with troops continually arriving across the bridge to go into action, went on. The president twisted in his saddle, quite taken aback at such a greeting—the general regarding him now with glances of growing severity. After a painful pause the president said, deprecatingly, "It is not my army, general." "It certainly is not my army, Mr. President," was the prompt reply, "and this is no place for it"—in an accent of command. Such a rebuff was a stunner to Mr. Davis, who, however, soon regained his serenity and answered, "Well, general, if I withdraw, perhaps they will follow," and, raising his hat in cold salute, he turned his horse's head to ride slowly toward the bridge—seeing, as he turned, a man killed immediately before him by a shot from a gun which at that moment got the range of the road. The president's own staff-officers followed him, as did various others; but he presently drew rein in a stream where the high bank and the bushes concealed him from General Lee's repelling observation, and there remained while the battle raged. The secretary of war had also made a show of withdrawing, but improved the opportunity afforded by rather a deep ditch on the roadside to attempt to conceal himself and his horse there for a time from General Lee, who at that moment was more to be dreaded than the enemy's guns.

About March 1, 1862, martial law was proclaimed in Richmond, and from that time till the day of the evacuation we lived amid continually thrilling scenes. Now came the joyful tidings that my brother's ship, the cruiser *Nashville*, had successfully slipped through the blockading fleet off Beaufort, North Carolina, and that all on board were well. Her commander, the stately and gallant Capt. Robert Pegram, welcomed with acclamation on his return to Richmond, came to call on us at the Clifton, and gave to our eager ears a synopsis of their stirring experience since leaving Charleston in October. A few days later our midshipman walked in, looking taller, broader, and supremely happy to greet us all again.

The *Nashville*, intended for the convoy of the Confederate States commissioners, Mason and Slidell, but proving too big, had successfully run the blockade from Charleston to Bermuda, coaled at Bermuda, and made a long voyage of twenty-three days to Southampton, England. In the British Channel, off the Needles, they had burnt and sunk the American merchantman, *Harvey Birch*, bringing her men, thirty in number, into Southampton, where they were set at liberty. This exploit and the discussion ensuing in the newspapers caused the *Nashville* to rise immediately into prominence in England. While they lay in port, num-

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berless visits were made to the ship. My brother, standing one day on the quay, saw approaching him "a tall, distinguished-looking man with a florid face and long smooth chin, who I knew at once was 'somebody.'" This proved to be no less a personage than Lord Palmerston, premier of England, who on his way to visit the queen at Osborn House, had turned aside, unofficially, to make a call upon the commander of the famous *Nashville*. At his request, my brother took his card in to Captain Pegram, who immediately came out and conducted his lordship to his cabin, where he remained some time, an incident fortunately not getting into print.

Some of the officers of the *Nashville* repaired at once, on leave, to London, others to Paris. My brother, in company with his close friend and fellow midshipman, Irving Bullock, of Georgia (uncle of ex-President Roosevelt), ran up to London to see the sights, and two happier lads could not have been found. Drawing their pay in gold, universally petted and welcomed by sympathetic Britons, and having achieved the *éclat* of a favorable notice in *Punch*, they described themselves as "living like fighting chickens generally."

Irving Bullock was declared by his comrades to be "a tall stalwart fellow, the best in the world, and a splendid officer." Long after the war, when Mr. Bullock, married to an English lady, was living in Liverpool, he would make it a point whenever my brother crossed to come out on the tender and welcome his old shipmate, literally with open arms, lifting Clarence off his feet in an exuberant embrace. His death was a sorrow to all who knew him. Mr. Cary has frequently talked of him to Col. Theodore Roosevelt, who remembers his uncle with sincere affection and respect.

On coming out of church one Sunday we heard the crushing news of the fall of New Orleans and of the capture of our iron-clads. The information coming to our group from the lips of Mrs. Randolph, wife of our kinsman, Gen. George Randolph, secretary of war, was undisputable. Mr. Jules de St. Martin, of New Orleans, brother-in-law of Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, who was walking with us, made no remark.

"This must hit you hard," said some one to him. "I am ruined, *voila tout!*" was the answer, with a characteristic gesture of throwing care to the winds.

This debonair little gentleman was one of the great favorites in war society in Richmond. His cheery spirit, wit, and exquisite courtesy made friends for him everywhere; and although his nicety of dress, after the Parisian style, was the subject of comment when he first appeared upon our streets, he joined the volunteers before Richmond, and roughed it pluckily in the trenches as a private. Years after, M. de St. Martin calling on my mother and me in Paris, told a story of camp life in the freezing trenches, when on one occasion Col. T. L. Bayne called him away from his place of bivouac on the ground to come with him, bidding him tell nobody, as he had found a spot where they could "sleep warm." Eagerly St. Martin followed his guide, to be introduced, in the wintry dark, to an enclosure full of snuffling, grunting creatures among whom they lay down in oozing mud; it was a pig-sty, nothing less, and there they slept till morning. "It is true that their noses disturbed me now and then," said the narrator, "but *que voulez vous!* I was freezing."

Now nothing was talked of but the capture of New Orleans. The stout spirit of the South had received its most telling blow. My brother, the midshipman, had just before this been ordered to what was considered one of the finest commands in the Confederate States Navy—the new iron-clad *Mississippi*, then building in New Orleans, and expected to sweep the Northern coast. On the day before the United States fleet under Commodore Porter passed in to the taking of the forts, Clarence had been sent in charge of a boatload of deserters and ordnance to a Confederate States ship in the river. That day, "just for fun," as he expressed it, he and another middy accompanied Lieutenant Reed going on duty at Fort Jackson, under a hot fire of shelling. While crossing the moat around the fort in a canoe, a thirteen-inch mortar shell fell near them, half filling their craft with water. No wonder the commandant of the fort, in greeting them, asked the two midshipmen in vigorous terms, "What are you young fools doing here, anyway?" They dodged about for a while in the bomb-proof casemates, listening to the swift rush downward

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through the air of shells "that sounded as motor-cars do now"—says in 1910 the projector of this foolhardy expedition, who then pulled back against the fierce strength of the Mississippi current under the same fire, passing a wounded alligator longer than himself, hit by a piece of shell.

Aboard the steamship *Star of the West*—the vessel that drew the opening shots of the war at Charleston, was seized at New Orleans when Louisiana seceded, and was later sunk by the Confederates in the Yazoo, near Fort Pemberton—next day saw my brother and other midshipmen, in charge of six millions gold and silver coin from the mints and banks of New Orleans, with three millions in paper money, over which their orders were to keep guard with drawn swords, hurrying away from doomed New Orleans, where, along the levees, burning ships and steamers and bales of cotton stretched in a fiery crescent. Had they delayed a day, they would all have been swept away in Porter's resistless onslaught. Keeping just ahead of the enemy's fleet, they reached Vicksburg, thence went overland to Mobile, where their charge was delivered up in safety, my brother returning to Richmond, where he was assigned by Secretary Mallory to the somewhat light duty of aid to the secretary—"principally reading newspapers at the navy department, and once escorting Mrs. Mallory to Drury's Bluff," as recorded by himself.

We had come to the end of May, when the eyes of the whole continent turned toward Richmond. On the 31st, Johnston assaulted the Federals who had been advanced to Seven Pines. It was so near that the first guns sent our hearts into our mouths, like a sudden loud knocking at one's door at night. The women left in Richmond had, with few exceptions, husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers in the fight. I have never seen a finer exhibition of calm courage than they showed in this baptism of fire. No one wept or moaned aloud. All went about their tasks of preparing for the wounded, making bandages, scraping lint, improvising beds. Night brought a lull in the frightful cannonading. We threw ourselves dressed upon our beds to get a little rest before the morrow.

During the night began the ghastly procession of wounded brought in from the field. Every vehicle the city could produce supplemented the military ambulances. Many slightly wounded men, so black with gunpowder as to be unrecognizable, came limping in on foot. All next day women with white faces flitted bare-headed through the streets and hospitals, looking for their own. Churches and lecture-rooms were thrown open for volunteer ladies sewing and filling the rough beds called for by the surgeons. There was not enough of *anything* to meet the sudden appalling call of many strong men stricken unto death. Hearing that my cousin, Reginald Hyde, was reported wounded, two of us girls volunteered to help his mother to search for him through the lower hospitals. We tramped down Main Street through the hot sun over burning pavements, from one scene of horror to another, bringing up finally at the St. Charles Hotel, a large old building. What a sight met our eyes! Men in every stage of mutilation, lying waiting for the surgeons upon bare boards with haversacks, or army blankets, or nothing, beneath their heads. Some gave up the weary ghost as we passed them by. All were suffering keenly, and needing ordinary attention. To be there empty-handed and impotent to help, nearly broke our hearts. Bending down over bandaged faces stiff with blood, and thick with flies, nothing did we see or hear of the object of our search, who, I am glad to say, arrived later at his mother's home, to be nursed by her to a speedy recovery.

The impression of that day was ineffaceable. It left me permanently convinced that nothing is worth war.

My mother was now in her element. Expert, silent, incomparable as a nurse, she was soon on regular duty in an improvised hospital. I spent that night at the window of my room panting for fresh air, and longing to do something, anything, to help. The next day my friend, Emily Voss, and I had the pride and pleasure of having assigned to our care, under an older woman, two rooms containing fifteen wounded men lying on pallets around the floor. From that moment we were happier, although physically tried to the utmost. Gradually, some order came out of the chaos of overtasked hospital service. The churches gave their seat-cushions to make beds, the famous old wine-cellars of private houses sent their priceless Madeira, port, sherry,

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and brandy, everybody's cook was set to turning out dainties, and for our own men we begged unblushingly until they were fairly well supplied. At night, carrying palm-leaf fans, we sauntered out into the streets scarcely less hot than in full sunshine. Once, literally panting for a fresh breath of air, a party of us went with an official of the Capitol, up through the vapor bath of many steep stairs, to emerge on a little platform on the summit of the building. There, oh, joy!—were actually breezes that brought relief. There we sat and looked down on the city that could not sleep, and talked, or listened to the voice of the river, that I seem to hear yet, over the tramp of rusty battalions, the short, imperious stroke of the alarm bell, the clash of passing bands, the gallop of horsemen, the roar of battle, the moan of hospitals, the stifled note of sorrow—all the Richmond war sounds, sacred and unforgettable.

Day after day one heard the wailing dirge of military bands preceding a soldier's funeral. One could not number those sad pageants in our leafy streets: the coffin with its cap and sword and gloves, the riderless hors with empty boots in the stirrups of an army saddle; such soldiers as could be spared from the front marching with arms reversed and crape-shrouded banners, passers-by standing with bare bent heads.

Funerals by night were common. A solemn scene was to be enacted in the July moonlight at Hollywood when they laid to rest my own uncle, Lieut. Reginald Fairfax, of whom in the old service of the United States, as in that of the Confederate Navy, it was said "he was a spotless knight." My uncle, who had commanded a battery on the James, was prostrated by malarial fever and taken to Richmond, where he died at the Clifton House, tenderly nursed by his sisters. He was to my brother and me a second father. His property, fortunately so invested in Northern securities as to be unavailable during the war, was left between his three sisters, thereby enabling us, after peace was declared, to resume a life of comfort, when many of our Confederate friends were in absolute want. My other uncle, Doctor Fairfax, of Alexandria, had, in the abundance of his belief in the Confederacy, put all of his fortune into Confederate bonds, and suffered a total loss of it.

A personal incident of the fight of Seven Pines was a visit during that morning from a young officer, sent into town from the battle-field with important despatches to the president. Whilst awaiting reply he came, with his orderly in attendance, to say a word to me, and as I stood with him at our garden gate the cannonading suddenly increased tremendously.

"*That's* my place, not this. If I don't come out of it, remember I tried to do my duty—" he said with a hasty handshake, and springing into his saddle, the horse rearing fiercely, he waved his cap and spurred away, the orderly clattering after him. It was the last time I ever saw him. In one of the battles of July he fell, leading his men in a splendid charge, and in him many bright hopes and a noble future were extinguished.

V

In the latter part of February, 1863, it became necessary for either my mother or aunt to carry to Washington certain papers connected with the inheritance coming to them from the estate of their late brother, in order to secure much-needed provision for the clouded and uncertain future of their families. After some debate it was decided that Mrs. Hyde should be the one to go; and I, with the love of daring adventure coursing through my veins, induced them to let me accompany my aunt. I should never allow a girl of my own to do it, assuredly, but *autre temps, autre mœurs*—and then, I knew not fear.

Bidding farewell to those friends in Richmond who looked upon us as predestined to a Northern prison, we went first to stop with our friends the owners of Belpré, near Culpeper, not far from the winter quarters of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's division of cavalry. Here we remained while casting about us for ways and means to cross the border and get into Alexandria. Not only were the chances of war in favor of our capture on the way—that did not appall us, since we were intent strictly on private business—but from every side came gloomy tales of swollen rivers, deserted villages, a war-ravaged country liable to forays from prowling vagabonds of either army, and the likelihood of running upon a skirmish at any

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moment. Worst of all, it seemed impossible to hire a conveyance.

Waiting, however, in a pleasant country house near the head-quarters of a crack cavalry division, with a dozen gallant knights, ready to do one's lightest bidding, had its endurable side. There were visits to and from camp, rides, shooting matches —"General Fitz" presenting me with a tiny Smith and Wesson revolver captured by himself, which he taught me to wear and use—and, at evening, gatherings around the big wood fire at Belpré, when we laughed and talked and sang.

At this distance of time it is not telling tales out of school to say that the leader of fun in those evenings was the major-general commanding, future Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, and to be a trusted chief of the United States forces in the Spanish-American War. One was as sure of jollity and good-fellowship in "General Fitz" off duty, as of soldierly dash tempered by the wisdom of a born leader when in action.

It is pleasant to note that to the last of his varied soldierly experience, this General Lee retained the wide measure of popularity with the masses that had always been his portion. It was observed that during the progress of the procession at President Grover Cleveland's inauguration ceremonies, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, riding a magnificent horse provided for his use by a loyal old friend, a citizen of Alexandria, was more continuously applauded when passing down the lines than any other person present saving the hero of the day; and this was apt to be the case in all his public appearances.

One day when, returning from a visit to a friend, I rode from Culpeper Court House to Belpré with the general, a darkey sent ahead on muleback detailed to carry my other hat and dressing-bag, a very demon of mischief entered into my escort. In a wood-road, where no one could see him, he rode standing in the saddle, picking dried wayside flowers at a gallop, backward, forward, in every attitude that man can assume upon a steed, while forcing my horse to keep pace with his "stunts" as he called them, acquired in his old army life upon the plains. Presently, espying our Mercury, despatched some time before, slowly jogging down the narrow road ahead of us, he put spurs to his horse, uttered an Indian war-whoop, and bore down upon him at a run. The negro, terrified by the onslaught, not stopping to inquire into its nature, lashed his mule and set off like the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow, I, overpowered with laughter, left far behind.

Looking around us for an opportunity of entering the Union lines at Fairfax, we heard of a lady living at some distance from Culpeper, who had the same end in view as ours. To visit this lady, and propose joining forces and sharing expenses in the expedition, it was necessary to ride twelve miles across country as the crow flies, for which purpose General Fitz Lee offered me his mare, Refugitta—a beautiful, high-spirited little creature I had ridden several times before—and the escort of his aide and cousin, Maj. Robert Mason. We set off in high feather on a sunshiny morning of February, but were overtaken by a tremendous storm of wind and rain changing to snow, when remote from any possibility of shelter, in a desolate part of the country, all fences gone, a deserted negro cabin here and there the only sign of past habitation. Very soon my habit was wet through, my leather gloves were clinging to fingers so cold I could hardly hold the bridle. When Major Mason, himself looking like a young Father Christmas, finally insisted that I should get down for a while and walk to restore circulation, I slipped like a log from my saddle, so stiff that my members refused to do their office. The short cape and military gauntlets of my comrade had already been forced upon me.

Thus equipped we tramped back and forth, beneath a grove of pines, till the fury of the gale was spent. By and by the wind lessened, the snow fell sparsely, and we resumed our saddles. Soon, over on the slope of a near-by mountain we descried a large farm-house, with—oh! joy—a blue curl of smoke issuing from the chimney. Making all speed, we reached the goal, which, indeed, proved to be the dwelling we were in search of. Never have a big wood fire, hot drinks, food, and a rest between blankets, while my habit was dried, seemed such a boon to me. To my disappointment I found that the mistress of the house had already set out "to run the blockade," and that she would have been "only too glad" of our company. I will not aver that the twelve miles of ride home,

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that day, was not a trial to my endurance. My comrade, a hardened cavalryman, said afterward he spent his time wondering if girls were not of tougher build than men. I should have died of shame to confess how often I longed to break down and say I couldn't stand it a minute longer. Happily, after a good night's rest I was none the worse for my expedition.

At last General Fitz Lee told my aunt that from the report of scouts, he could venture to send us in a head-quarters ambulance, with a guard of picked men, as far as Warrenton. Our families being so closely allied in friendship for many a year, he felt and appreciated the importance of our mission, and most kindly desired to further the transfer to Riggs Bank, in Washington, of the papers my aunt carried upon her person.

To Mrs. Hyde was apportioned a split-bottomed chair in a comfortable ambulance drawn by the best mules at head-quarters. To me was again allotted my favorite Refugitta, the general and several staff officers forming a gay cortège of escort for a certain distance on our way, and Major Mason put in charge of the expedition. It was a brilliant, cloudless day in late February, with a promise of spring in the air, when we set out. Long before reaching Hazel River, our first crossing of a risky ford, the general and his aides had taken leave, after wishing us a hearty *bon voyage*. On the banks of Hazel River, an angry, turbid little stream, boiling between red clay banks, we were obliged to possess our souls in patience for half a day, waiting until it was safe to attempt a crossing for the ambulance. Beyond the swelling flood we were to meet somewhere, the escort of twenty-five cavalrymen assigned to guard us into Warrenton and sent on the day before to see that the way was clear. In the society of a garrulous miller and his spouse, who told many weird tales of skirmishes in sight around them during the past months, we remained till afternoon, when the miller announced that though it was "still a leetle resky for wimmin folks crossin', I reckon you all mout try."

Consigned to a chair in the ambulance, on which I was glad enough to climb and crouch before the end, we began the passage of the Red Sea. Major Mason and his orderly, kneeling in their saddles, rode by the heads of our mules, tugging and adjuring them. At one point both mules and horses became lost to sight, save for their heads, brave little Refugitta following the orderly. A sticky fluid lapped around our feet. Shouts rent the air. A sort of hurricane of strong language burst from our united protectors. Our mules were swimming.

Perched on our chairs, trying not to listen to the "music in the air," we at last felt our wheels grate upon a pebbly bottom. A long strong tug, accompanied by more language, and we were safe, if moist, upon a miry bank. "You've jist *got* to coax a muel," said our driver blandly, turning in his seat.

"Is that the way you coax in the Army of Northern Virginia?" we asked, looking around rebukingly on the chief guardian of our party. But he was mysteriously absent, and did not show again till ready to help me upon Refugitta's back. Bounding along in a swift, even gallop over a smooth wood-road, we spoke in undertones, for we were now on debatable ground, where no one knew what an hour might bring forth in the way of a surprise.

Approaching Jeffersontown, a poor little deserted hamlet where we were to pass the night, the major halted the convoy, while he rode forward to investigate. It was too dark to distinguish faces. From a forsaken smithy, upon a little knoll, we saw issue two or three military figures, showing black against a streak of yellow, lingering in the western sky. Simultaneously, a challenge, an answer, and a cheer! It was our body-guard on bivouac, waiting, uncertain as to the cause of our delay. They surrounded and preceded us, as we went hopefully forward to find the sleeping quarters they had secured in a dwelling not far off. To the ladies a bedroom was given, the major had another, while the escort slept on their arms in the hallway below.

The family owning the house were ardent Secessionists, who made us welcome to their best. Two nights before, they had, less willingly, provided refreshment for a party of Union cavalry. One could never tell, they said, when the blue coats might ride up, or when the gray. Not a sound, however, broke the silence of that wintry night. When we came down, next morning, it was to find a snapping fire of logs,

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around which gathered in cheerful sunshine a circle of tall bearded fellows, who rose up and stood smiling at our approach. A good country breakfast of "hog and hominy," with hot coffee, had already been served to them. While the same fare, with corn dodgers, was being prepared for us, we made individual acquaintance with our manly guards.

Off again, over ground every inch of which knew the ring of troopers' steel and the clash of sudden conflict. Two scouts preceding, the rest formed into a double line, I riding midway with the major, the ambulance following. Snow began to fall and the deep woods were transformed into a fairyland of beauty, powdered branches meeting overhead, a white mantle resting lightly underfoot upon the carpet of last year's leaves and moss. If there were a fallen branch ahead of me, a dozen hands were stretched out to remove it. A big rough trooper rode up and begged me to put over my wet gloves the woollen mittens his wife had knit for him at home. There was no wind and I did not mind the snow. Never would I have exchanged this royal progress for the tame comfort of the inside of the ambulance.

"One more ribber for to cross!" sang out somebody ahead, and this time I begged to keep on my saddle, effecting successfully the passage of a chafing stream. Nearing Warrenton, we left the warm shelter of the woods for a turnpike road, where every movement must be one of caution. Our men, alert, speechless, eager, did not relax their vigilance, till one of the scouts, riding back at a gallop, announced the way free into the village.

Clattering up to the door of the chief hotel, we found rooms and supper. To my sorrow, our escort was dispersed into the countryside to seek quarters less exposed. And now, a long farewell to all our greatness! Into thin air, melted the pageant of the days before, vanished were our plumèd cavaliers, our bounding steeds, our mules and equipage! Henceforward we must encounter for ourselves the perils of the road, stealing like marauders into our own county, where our people had always been rooted like the oaks around their homes.

We hired a country cart of the old-time hooded variety, wherein, drawn by mules and enthroned on straw, we made creeping progress toward Centerville. On the road we passed a tired woman carrying her baby, a crying child tugging at her skirts, driven by starvation, she said, to go inside the Union lines. We naturally picked them up, and the hours that followed were hardly cheerful. Sleeping at a poor farm-house that night, we awoke to find a party of Federal soldiers ringed around it, who proceeded to search the premises. When we got downstairs the officer in charge was waiting at the breakfast table. Although they were in pursuit of some one more important, it was necessary for him to know who we were, and what our business there. "Property-owners in Fairfax County, going to their home on matters of private business," did not seem to suffice him as an explanation. We must come with him to report at United States head-quarters in Centerville.

Lacking other means of advance, we then hired the only vehicle of the establishment, a pole on four wheels, drawn by two oxen; and balanced upon this, our trunks bound on somehow by the depressed Confederate sympathizer who drove us, a bayonetted guard walking on either side, we superbly entered the village of Centerville. At head-quarters, the officials in charge made a thoroughly conscientious effort to penetrate our disguise of innocence, and stamp us guilty, but the case baffled them. A full examination of our luggage failed to develop anything but the fact that Confederate principles were antagonistic in a marked degree to the theory of personal adornment. In the perplexity of the situation, they decided to send us on as prisoners of war, to Brigadier-General Hayes, stationed at Union Mills on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, whence, they said, parties of "refugees from the rebel lines" were daily expedited to Alexandria.

The bitter cold drive of six miles to Union Mills in a little open trap, plunging up and down in deep ruts of frozen clay cut by army wagons in a heavy soil, or going at a snail's pace between six stolid Germans, holding their bayonets as they marched on either side of us, was actually the most painful experience of our adventure. My aunt, with her stately figure and beautiful clear profile, in her mourning garb, sitting so calm and self-controlled amid her strange

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surroundings, reminded me of some *grande dame* of the French Revolution going in a tumbril to execution. For nothing in the world would she have condescended to make a complaint; we had deliberately placed ourselves in this situation, and must make the best of it.

Ahead of us were several wagons loaded with up-country refugees, Germans and Irish, going to Washington to take oath of allegiance and seek for better fortunes. One of these vehicles, piled high with household goods, upset, and there were wails from the women and children belonging to it, though nobody was badly hurt. While waiting for them to clear the road, we suffered intensely with the cold, arriving finally at Union Mills so thoroughly congealed, it was hard to set our feet upon terra firma.

Stumbling to the ground, we paid our driver and were shown into a room heated to suffocation by a red-hot stove, and crowded with the unhappy "refugees," men, women, and children, who had arrived ahead of us, all nearly perishing of cold and fatigue. We gave but one glance into the interior and turned away sickened by the noxious atmosphere, to meet a smart young staff officer, who, with the most astonished face I ever saw, could not for the life of him understand what we two were doing there.

Ten minutes later, seated before a bright fire in the officers' quarters above, we were kindly and courteously urged to partake of hot coffee, which we accepted, and champagne, which we refused. How long it had been since we had seen champagne!

A room, hastily made ready, contained two army cots, gayly striped blankets, tin basins set upon a bench, delicious toilet soap and towels, a mirror, and two tall tin cans of boiling water. A tray of supper sent in "with the general's compliments" filled our hearts with overflowing gratitude to our noble foes.

"I am glad I've scripture warrant for it, for I simply *love* my enemies," one of us exclaimed, in heartfelt tones.

A cattle-train, the box-cars crowded with the poor emigrants on benches, afforded the sole means for our getting on next day. Our kind host, the general, relieved his mind of us by letting us go to Alexandria on parole, under supervision of the provost-marshal there. By orders from his headquarters, we were allowed to travel in the cab of the engine, and thus whizzing past many a well-known landmark in our county, we regained the old town left two years before, under such different circumstances.

We went at once to my uncle's house in Cameron Street, where my great-aunts were installed, and spent a day or two with them, going about in the interval among old friends. Things looked very sad, the secession spirit in the town kept under by a rod of iron, giving people a wistful cowed expression, and the streets crowded with alien soldiers. Wherever we went in shop or dwellings, our hands were grasped with speechless sympathy, tears impeding the utterance of greetings, then we were hurried into corners to ask about "our boys." When I compared our shabby clothes with their apparently smart ones, they would exclaim: "But what are clothes to standing side by side with those one loves in a life-or-death struggle like ours?"

Finally, leave was accorded us by authority to visit Washington and remain there until some decision could be arrived at in our case. We accordingly resorted to the house of a relative at the Federal capital, and with brief delay visited Riggs Bank, where my aunt had the infinite relief of depositing her valuable papers, and realizing upon them funds much needed by our refugee family in the Confederacy.

For a few days we indulged in the pleasure of daily seeing my aunt, Mrs. Irwin, and her children, and other dear friends, as well as the unwonted practice of shopping in establishments that, after the barren wilderness of haberdashers' shelves in Richmond, seemed resplendent. Then fell a thunderbolt! Certain Union sympathizers among our whilom friends having taken pains to communicate to the secretary of war that he was harboring dangerous characters from the seat of rebellion, nearly allied with the leaders of the Confederate government, and full of menace to the Union cause, an order was sent to us, which I transcribe:

"Headquarters, Military Div. of Wash.
"Washington, D. C., *March* 19, 1863.

"Capt. H. B. Todd, *Provost Marshal.*

"Captain: By direction of the Secretary of War Mrs. E. C. Hyde and Miss Constance Cary, refugees from Richmond,

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will be sent South over the lines, with orders not to return inside the lines of the U. S. forces.

"By command of
"BRIGADIER-GEN. MARTINDALE.
(Signed) "JOHN P. SHERBURNE,
"*Ass. Adjt. General.*

"*Official:*
"A. W. BAKER, *Lt. and Adjutant, Washington, D. C.*"

A trim young lieutenant with good manners and, as was developed, a feeling heart —Lieut. Clark Smith of the 169th New York Regiment—stood in the hall below as the instrument of Fate. There was a wild rush of packing, surrounded by zealous friends. Whatever it was possible to squeeze into the Dixie trunks, with little presents for all our circle, went into them; much was worn, a good deal condensed into hand luggage. A smart braided riding habit, a gown or two, and other coveted fripperies, had to be left with their makers, ultimately reaching us by flag of truce. But one thing I could not entirely forsake—a new hat, an unimagined luxury since many months, that had been tried on and was waiting orders at the milliner's! We had no sooner seated ourselves in the carriage opposite the polite lieutenant, than a siege of the enemy ensued, shorter but no less successful than that of Richmond. In the end, our carriage, on its way to the boat-wharf, drew up before the door of Miss Wilson's fashionable millinery in Pennsylvania Avenue, and our lieutenant, issuing from it, returned carrying a bandbox. I hope this transgression has long ago been forgiven him. The new hat, so thought the Richmond girls, was well worth a dash upon the enemy.

I should perhaps have mentioned that before the adventure of the hat, we had been driven to the office of Provost-Marshal Todd, where the oath of allegiance to the United States government was offered, and declined with thanks. Mr. Montgomery Blair had sent me a note, addressed to those in high authority, stating that as I was the child of an early friend of his, he would be glad if circumstances would allow them to grant my requests (I suppose they were that we should not be molested, but allowed to stay and shop, since that was really all I wanted), but this did not avail. We were told that we must positively return to Virginia "as we had come," and that without delay.

In Alexandria once more, we spent the night as prisoners of war, in an upper room of my uncle's house, the lieutenant occupying the little study to the left of the front door, a guard upon the pavement. From the town we were the recipients of universal sympathy, but in our hearts felt that since our work in Washington was done, and well done, our chief desire was now to get back to our friends. Friends flocked to the house, asking for us, and sending messages. One of them, Miss Mary Daingerfield, afterward Mrs. Philip Hooe, eluding the guard at the front, went in the rear way where she had played as a child with my Fairfax cousins, climbed through a window and arrived in our room, cobwebby and joyous, bearing a parcel of delightful little gifts.

Back at Union Mills again, and surrendered into the hands of our former host, we were greeted by jovial General Hayes with pleasant tidings. "I'm not going to let Fitz Lee boast he treated you better than we shall," he exclaimed, when the question arose as to how he should dispose of the bad pennies returned upon his hands. So behold us seated in a smart ambulance, under escort of a dashing guard of forty men in blue, the general himself, with two of his staff, accompanying us to the limit of the Union lines. In parting I asked if he had any message to send to his old West Point comrade, General Ewell, who had lately lost a leg in Confederate service. (We had liked and admired General Ewell since the beginning of the war. After his wound, we went sometimes to call at his lodgings, where we generally found installed as guardian of his hearth and spirits, his widowed cousin, Mrs. Brown, and her pretty, bright-eyed daughter, Harriot, now the widow of Maj. Thomas Turner, of Kentucky, once of General Ewell's staff. General Ewell's marriage to Mrs. Brown was the outcome of his convalescence from this wound.) "Give my best love to good old Dick, and tell him I wish it had been his head," was the laughing answer, transmitted in due time.

We made our way by divers methods and in slow stages across the debatable ground, always received for the night by sympathizers eager to greet and hear from us.

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After giving us of their best, they managed to hitch up some sort of a horse and vehicle to carry us on the next stage. A memorable stop was at the interesting old house of the Marstellars, whose master, even at that date, wore the queue and smallclothes of his ancestors. They sent us on in an antique coach of Colonial pattern, yellow-bodied, blue-wheeled, high swung, with a flight of carpeted steps letting down to admit the occupant, and a hoary old negro perched on the high box, to preside over the meanderings of "Blackberry and the colt," the only steeds left in the Marstellar stable by raiders.

In bleak March weather, we crept wearily over deep-rutted clay roads, or "black-jack" sloughs of Virginia mire, through melancholy wastes of landscape strewn with felled trees and burned houses. We recognized Camp Pickens, the seat of former gay visits to the troops, only by the junction of the Manassas and Orange Railroads. At another old camping-ground, the earth was inlaid with hundreds of shoes cast away by Union troopers, newly shod. Handsome homesteads crowning the hills looked at us through empty eye-sockets, showing no sign of life; burnt barns and mills, trampled fields, were everywhere—it was depressing in the extreme.

But we forged ahead, and for the final stage of our journey (to reach Rappahannock Station, where we expected to find an ambulance from Gen. Fitz Lee's headquarters, in answer to a note despatched by a wandering Black Horse man encountered on the road) hired a timorous countryman in whose veins ran skim-milk, to drive us in a little covered cart. We started betimes in the morning, and as the day declined, our protector's fears waxed voluble.

"There ain't hardly a day somebody don't git held up hereabouts," he would say, gloomily. "One side or t'other, 'tis 'bout the same with these scouts when there's hosses or mules to loot. Co'se I aint afeared for myself, but when there's ladies—thet toy pistol o' yours ain't but a mite, and anyways I'm no gret hand to shoot. A fellow don't like to lose his critturs; does he, now? Last week they took a man's mules and left him stropped up in the bottom of his wagon. This ain't no place for female wimmen, nohow. Reckon the money I get from you won't pay me for the worry. It's a bad place we're comin' to, ahead. If ever I git home safe——"

He was interrupted by the apparition, on the summit of the hill up which his tired beasts were slowly creeping, of a horseman, looming to the height of a Doone warrior against the evening sky. Was he friend or foe?

My brave aunt, who made moan over nothing, sat up, breathing a little quicker. My heart gave a wild bound as I grasped my pistol. All I could think of was what a perfectly horrible thing it would be to have to fire it against live flesh and blood! I, who had seen and dressed so many wounds! What a relief to us and our chicken-hearted driver, when the stranger announced himself a Confederate scout, who hadn't had a mouthful of food that day. How joyfully we watched him clutch at the remainder of our luncheon and eat it like a hungry wolf! How good to hear that the big railway bridge over the Rappahannock was but a mile beyond, and that the way was clear, with General Lee's outpost pickets on the farther side! "But I misdoubt your cross-in' that there ford to-night, ladies," were his last disheartening words as we parted company.

Alas! it was too true. The Rappahannock, swelled to fury by spring rains, was now a tearing, resistless, yellow flood, the banks of the ford invisible. And now our driver rose and asserted his manhood. Go back he must and would. If we liked, he'd take us "to the nighest house," some five miles in our rear.

Upon the far side of the maddened stream we could plainly see the camp-fires of our pickets. How to reach them we knew not; but turn back—no!

Our driver paid, and in the act of swift retreat, our trunks and bags piled under the stone buttress of the bridge, we climbed the steep bank, and stood upon the track above, straining our eyes in the direction where we fain would be. In vain did I throw all the vigor of young lungs into a halloo for notice. The rush of the river drowned my attempts, and it was growing dark. The Rappahannock bridge, subsequently burnt by military order, was then the highest and longest on the lines of the Orange and Alexandria Road. There was no way of crossing it save by stepping from tie to tie of the railway. When I proposed essaying this, for

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the first time Mrs. Hyde's courage failed her. Over that raging river she could not walk without vertigo, and how could she let a young girl go alone?

The irreverent answer was that there were times when a girl with a steady brain and a light foot was worth any chaperon. And before the dear alarmed lady could cry out, I was off, skipping across the ties, till about the middle of the bridge the pickets espied me, and sent forth a mighty shout.

Three or four of them came running to meet me and hear my tale. They said they never were more astonished than to look up and see a young girl coming at that hour, apparently alone, out of the forsaken waste of country beyond the bridge. They had had no order from the general, but there was a house near their picket-post, where we could put up for the night. After that, all became easy work in our eyes. Two of the troopers brought my aunt over between them, others followed with our belongings. At their little camp by the track over the water's edge, we were mounted on peaked saddles, upon rawboned horses, and led across an unspeakably muddy road, a big cavalryman, loaded down with our rugs, bags, and bandboxes, bringing up the rear. At the farm-house where they asked shelter for us, the good woman fairly embraced us in her hospitality. Cut off in that lonely world where battles, raids, and skirmishes were her only excitement, we were a god-send. So eager was she to ask questions we could hardly eat the bacon and corn-bread she offered, for answering them. Warmed by a fire of pine knots, washed and comforted, we sank at last into a feather-bed in the loft, with heartfelt gratitude to God that we were safe at last, in dear, war-worn old Dixie!

Toward morning, our sleep was broken by a noise as of thunder beneath our windows—wheels, shouts, the tramp of horses' feet, the ring of soldiers' steel—what was it? Broad awake and up in the moment, we believed a skirmish to be in progress. But leaning from the window we espied in the gray dawn our host in colloquy with a Confederate uniform, and the little house-yard completely filled with gray troopers, dismounting around an empty ambulance. The happy truth flashed upon us! This was *our* ambulance, *our* guard, sent by our loyal friend, the general, to convoy us to our original starting-point! Hurrah for General Fitz!

(To be continued.)

THE WOMAN WATCHES

By George Harris, Jr.

I WONDER do you realize how deep
  My thought runs onward into all your thought,
  Sensing the calm fatigue that slowly brought
Your lips to silence and your eyes to sleep.
I wonder do you dream how my eyes heap
  Upon your face their longing, subtly wrought
  Into a restless hope, that, knowing naught,
Whispers my soul to pause and softly weep.
As I am by the pathos of the play
  Moved to a grief more furtive than my own,
    So do I think I dream your dreams, that must
In some mute fashion wilfully repay
  My soul that lies beside me, numb and prone,
    Fearing to fear, and hoping I may trust.

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Northern Sky, by Paul Dougherty.
By the kind permission of the artist.

RECENT TENDENCIES IN MARINE PAINTING

By Birge Harrison

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS

IT is curious, when you come to think of it, that no Latin race has ever produced a great painter of the sea. A minute inspection of the current art exhibitions of France, of Italy, and of Spain brings to light not a single master in this special domain of art. If this statement is held to be extreme, if it is objected that Sorolla-Y-Bastida is certainly a master, the obvious reply would be that the interest of this painter centres always upon the figures in his pictures. He delights in the hardy fishermen, in their picturesque Andalusian costumes, in the naked babies, in the joyous children romping about under the brilliant Mediterranean sunlight; and his only use for the ocean is as a background for his happy human groups. Remove the figures and his marines become empty and inadequate. They could not in themselves take rank as masterpieces.

If we now turn to Italy we find a few men who use the sea as material for their pictures, but in every instance these Italian painters have failed to grasp the true significance of their motive. All of the mysterious grandeur and dignity and power which is the ocean's most compelling charm, slips by them unperceived, and they give us instead mosaic-like bits of color, wherein the blue, the green, and the violet tones of the sea are exaggerated out of all semblance to reality. No mood is expressed, no message is delivered, no symbolism is attempted, nothing is *said*. They leave upon the mind much the same painful impression as might

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a brainless child who was decked out in some flamboyant costume.

In France, it is true, there are a few painters who have made a serious study of the ocean. But not one of the French marine painters can fairly be called a master. Moreover they are all of Norman or Breton parentage—coming of a stock which can lay no claim to Latin lineage. Their forefathers for countless generations had been sailors and fishermen—born sea-rovers. The tang of the brine was in their blood, and they turned naturally to the sea for their artistic inspiration. Herein, then, evidently lies the explanation of this apparently unaccountable hiatus in the art development of the Latin races. They are not, and they never have been, true lovers of the sea.

All great art, of course, is the unconscious expression not only of the ideals of a people, but of the traits and loves and tendencies which it has inherited from a thousand generations of ancestors, so that you may gain a more intimate knowledge of the character of any given race by the study of its art than by reading all the histories ever written about it; and the best history will give you little real acquaintance with a past epoch, unless it is supplemented by some knowledge of the art of the times. The marine painters are therefore found precisely where we might expect to find them—among the sea-rovers of the north—the Germanic and Scandinavian peoples who inhabited the shores of the North Sea and the North Atlantic Ocean. This also demonstrates clearly the source of that irresistible impulse which has impelled so many of our eminent American painters to devote themselves to a lifelong study of the sea—they come of the same northern stock, their far-distant ancestors were Norman, Dutch and Scandinavian pirates and freebooters of the sea, and the inherited love of it all is still strong in them.

The effect of this inheritance has colored our whole history as a people, showing itself very markedly during the first two centuries of our national life. The small American colony at one time led the world in the chase of the whale, and in the fishing industry generally; while by the end of the eighteenth century our merchant marine had increased so tremendously as to excite the jealousy of the mother nation, and as a result we had the war of 1812.

If our fleets have now disappeared from the seas, it is due to the pressure of certain inexorable economical laws, and to no lack of the true sea-roving spirit in our race.

What is somewhat more difficult to explain, however, is the fact that all of the truly great master painters of the sea have been Americans of our own generation. This somewhat sweeping assumption will doubtless be challenged by certain of my readers, but I can only say that it expresses a conservative conviction reached after a careful survey of the whole history of the art, and a thorough review of all the painters, ancient and modern, who have devoted their lives to a study of the sea. It simply happens to be a fact that the greatest marines have been produced by painters of our own day and race, and in making the statement I do no more than report, quite without prejudice, what I have found to be the truth. Had it chanced otherwise—had Cuyp, for instance, and others of the sixteenth-century Dutchmen shown the same knowledge and control of their material, the same power and insight as Rembrandt, Frans Hals or Ver Meer, I should have been equally ready to acknowledge it and give them precedence. Indeed, one might almost have expected to find great sea painters among the sixteenth-century Dutchmen, for the nation at that time was essentially maritime and militant. But this development was impossible at the period under discussion, because art, in its evolution, had not yet reached the stage where painters were able to see clearly out of doors. They were still bound hand and foot by conventions and traditions of the studio; and their pictures of out-door scenes were a curious hybrid production, wherein certain conventionalized forms of out-door nature were depicted with the lighting and the color scheme of the indoor painter. In spite of an admirable grasp of technique these paintings, viewed as landscapes, were about as bad as could be; and it certainly would not be possible for the worst of our modern landscapists to produce anything so hopelessly at variance with nature. For now, thanks to Constable, the curtains have been drawn aside, and we have learned at last to *see* in the open air.

I am aware that I have as yet brought no proofs in support of my chauvinistic statement. In order to accomplish this,

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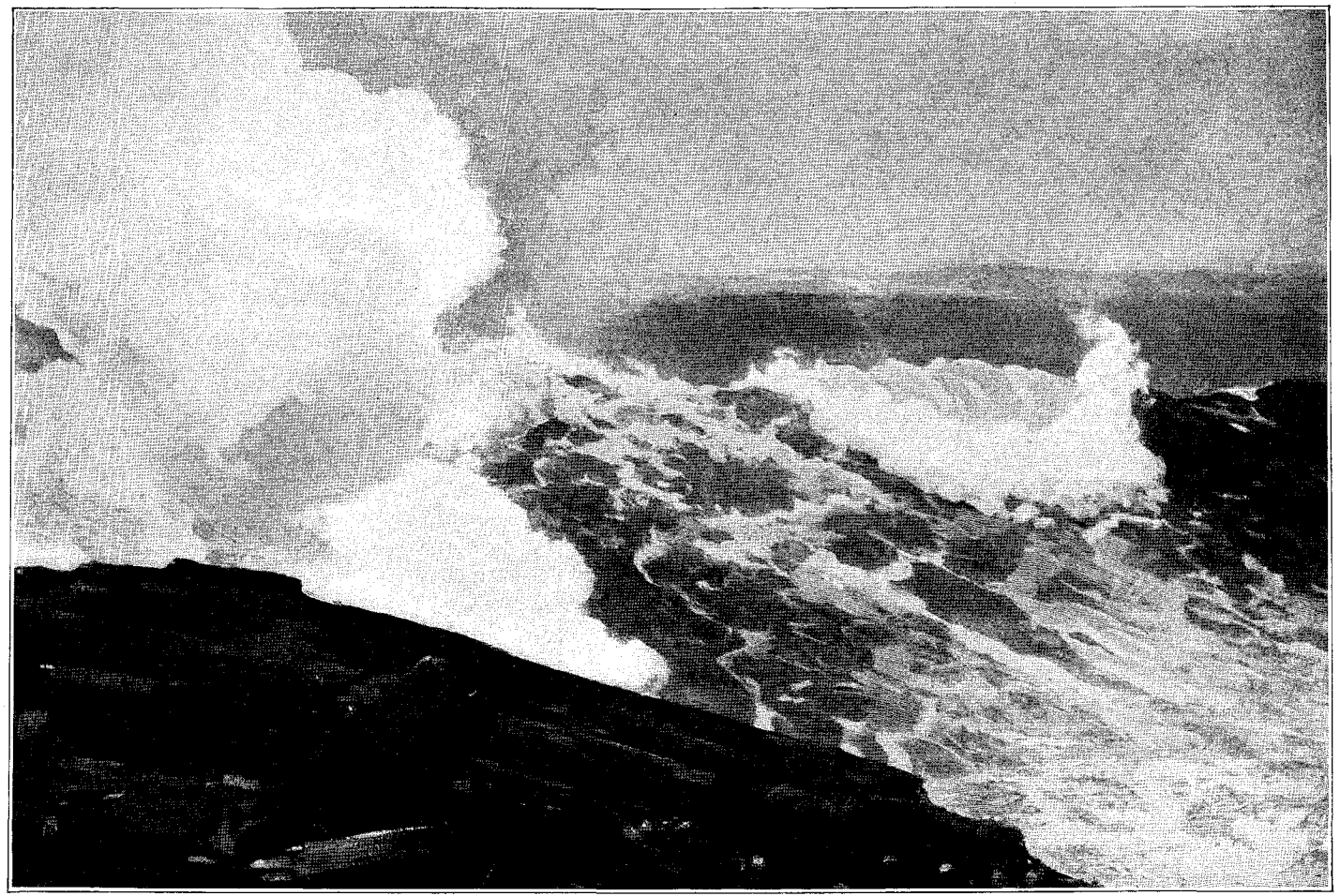

A Northeaster, by Winslow Homer.

By the kind permission of the owner, Mr. George A. Hearn.

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I must ask the reader to follow me in a rapid survey of the ground which I covered so carefully myself before reaching the conclusion which I have announced. To begin with, American painters have always had a leaning toward the sea. As far back as 1840, when our professional artists were very few in number, a Philadelphia Quaker was painting the ocean with authority and an admirably direct personal vision. Even to-day William T. Richards must be ranked among the master draughtsmen of the sea. He was not a colorist. He adhered to a limited range of quiet effects, never depicting the ocean in boisterous mood; but what he did he did better than any one who had preceded him. He was followed by De Haas, Edward Moran, Arthur Quartley, Harry Chase, Rehn and other equally good painters, all of them putting into their pictures a certain briny quality, and a keen love and appreciation of the ocean. But it was not until our own immediate times that the master painters of the sea arrived upon the scene. First of all came Winslow Homer, who gave to his deep-sea rollers and his stormy breakers such dynamic power as had never before been expressed upon canvas. Then in chronological succession came Alexander Harrison, the lyric poet of marine painters, loving most the ocean's gentler moods, and the tender and opalescent color-schemes of twilight, moonrise and dawn; Frederick Waugh, a really great draughtsman of the sea in its grander movements; C. H. Woodbury, who has even outdone Homer in the sense of resistless power, of relentless and crushing force which he gives to his waves; Emil Carlsen, who better than any other has shown the decorative beauty of wave forms; and last, but not least, the young master Paul Dougherty, whose "Land and Sea" is certainly one of the greatest marines ever painted.

To offset this roll of honor whom have we among the painters of Europe? Well, in Holland we have Mesdag, a charming and delicate colorist, but one who was more distinctly a painter of skies than of seas; Clays, a painter of ships in quiet harbors; Maris, another painter of ships, and Willy Sluyter, a painter of figures who uses the sea as a background. In France we have Masure, Haquette, Courtat, and Renouf, all distinctly painters of the second rank; and in England we have the great Turner, whose impressive and beautiful interpretations of the ocean must always retain their place among the world's masterpieces of art. At their best, however, they lack in the sense of reality. Standing before a Turner the imagination is stirred as by some bewilderingly lovely dream. Standing before a Dougherty or a Woodbury, one feels the sting of the briny spray upon the face, one hears the cry of the gale. There is, indeed, a singular psychological quality in the work of some of these American marine painters, in that it creates in the spectator the mood or state of mind that would be evoked by the actual scene in nature. It makes us momentarily forget our surroundings, deaf to the hum of the gallery and oblivious of the shifting throng about us, and transports us spiritually out over the stormy ocean or up to the turbulent coves of Maine or Monhegan. I will confess that personally I have occasionally experienced a curious throb of primeval fear before one of these canvases, a feeling that I was in personal danger and must stand back lest I be engulfed in the savage onrush of a towering wave, or crushed by its fall.

When I was a student in Paris one of my French comrades once said to me, "You American painters have a tremendous advantage over us Frenchmen. You have no traditions. You can go direct to nature and report exactly what she tells you, while our vision is befogged by the inherited rules and traditions of a thousand artist ancestors." I have often thought that this observation—so luminous and so true—applied with particular point to our American marine painters. It would explain much of the virility and originality of their work. At any rate it is quite certain that they brought to their task unusual clarity of vision; to which was added unusual draughtsmanship and general technical equipment. Their pictures *exist*. They are quite evidently founded upon a knowledge of the fundamental law that the ocean is, first of all, a great mirror—that even in its most turbulent moods it is subject to the laws of reflection. In an absolute calm it makes an inverted picture of every ship and cloud and rock that comes within the range of our vision. When rippled by a slight breeze the surface is broken into millions of small facets, which, being slightly inclined from the horizontal, reflect

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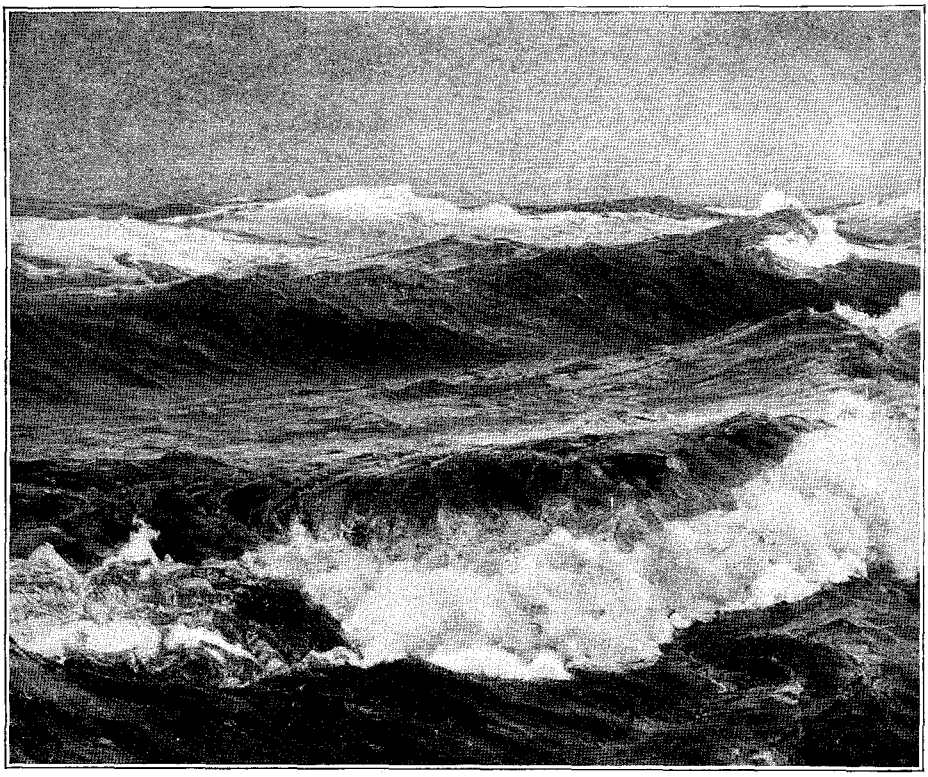

The Roaring Forties, by Frederick J. Waugh.
Property of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

the deeper blue of the sky at some distance above the horizon—hence the blue color of a wind-riff in still water. When the wind is still stronger the inclination of the mirror may even reach an angle of forty-five degrees, thus reflecting the sky at the very zenith. But at this acute angle the transparent quality of the water is also felt, and we see through it, the surface reflection serving only to modify the local color of the water, which depends upon the character of the bottom. If we are in shoal water with a sandy bottom, the combination of yellow and blue thus effected will often produce a most vivid green. If there is a rock bottom with much seaweed, the result will sometimes be a rich and velvety violet. When we are in deep water, however, "off soundings," the local color of the water itself being a splendid, deep sapphire, we get what sailor men call "blue water"—water of the superb peacock blue which is characteristic of the deep seas the world over.

But while the results of this scientific knowledge are plainly apparent in the work of all of our masters of marine painting, I am confident that this knowledge is only used subconsciously, in much the same way as my hand automatically forms the letters as I write these words. Were the artist's mind occupied with these mechanical and semi-mathematical details, there would be no room for other considerations of infinitely greater importance. How can he convey to his audience the "mood" of his effect, a mood perhaps of subtle and infinite tenderness, or perhaps one of tragic force and fury, unless he has held his own mind open and receptive. Then there is the important question of the color-scheme, which has such a mysteriously controlling influence on what might be called the psychology of a picture; and, above all, there is the vital question of the great lines which are to convey the sense of motion, to impress the spectator with a vivid feeling of the essential instability of the scene, making him feel that

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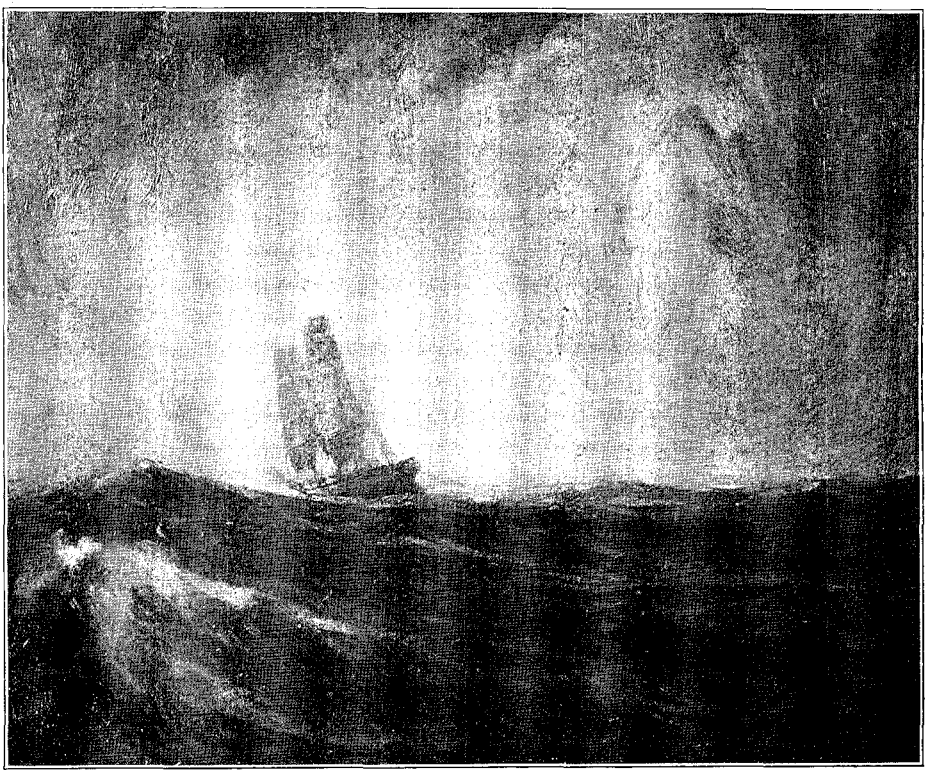
the motion which has been for an instant arrested is immediately to be resumed, or even that it is in actual process of motion.

Any intelligent observer of current art can hardly fail to have been impressed by the large number of American marines which convey this sense of motion. The achievement is due, in my opinion, to the fact that our marine painters have so often selected the instant of temporary arrest of wave motion, that fraction of a second when the great wave, having mounted to its highest point, hangs poised before the fall. This is the fragmentary moment during which the human mind is most vividly conscious of the character of the wave. It knows what has just happened, and instinctively it knows also what is about to happen. In these periods of arrest of motion we are able to see with our own eyes what is transpiring, and the forms thus revealed have come to symbolize for us the whole character of wave motion.

But the "great problem" is still unsolved, the problem of how to render the impression of actual motion on the rigid surface of a canvas, so that clouds will *seem* to float, boats to drift, and ripples to move up on a shelving beach. Whistler once announced that he had found the key to the riddle—had discovered the secret of the unstable equation. One day while staring idly at a Japanese matting on the floor, he observed that the intricate pattern of rectangles refused to remain quiescent. The pattern insisted upon moving slowly but steadily in a given direction, enslaving the eye and forcing it to follow. This motion of course was only apparent. But then *appearance* is the *only* essential in a picture, and had it been possible to apply his rectangle pattern to all pictures, Whistler's claim might perhaps have been justified.



The Bark, by Charles H. Woodbury.
By the kind permission of the artist.

Finally, let us not forget that marines are subject to the fundamental æsthetic law which governs all art—they must first of all be beautiful. And let us, at the same time, remember that in the fulfilment of this condition greater demands are made upon the

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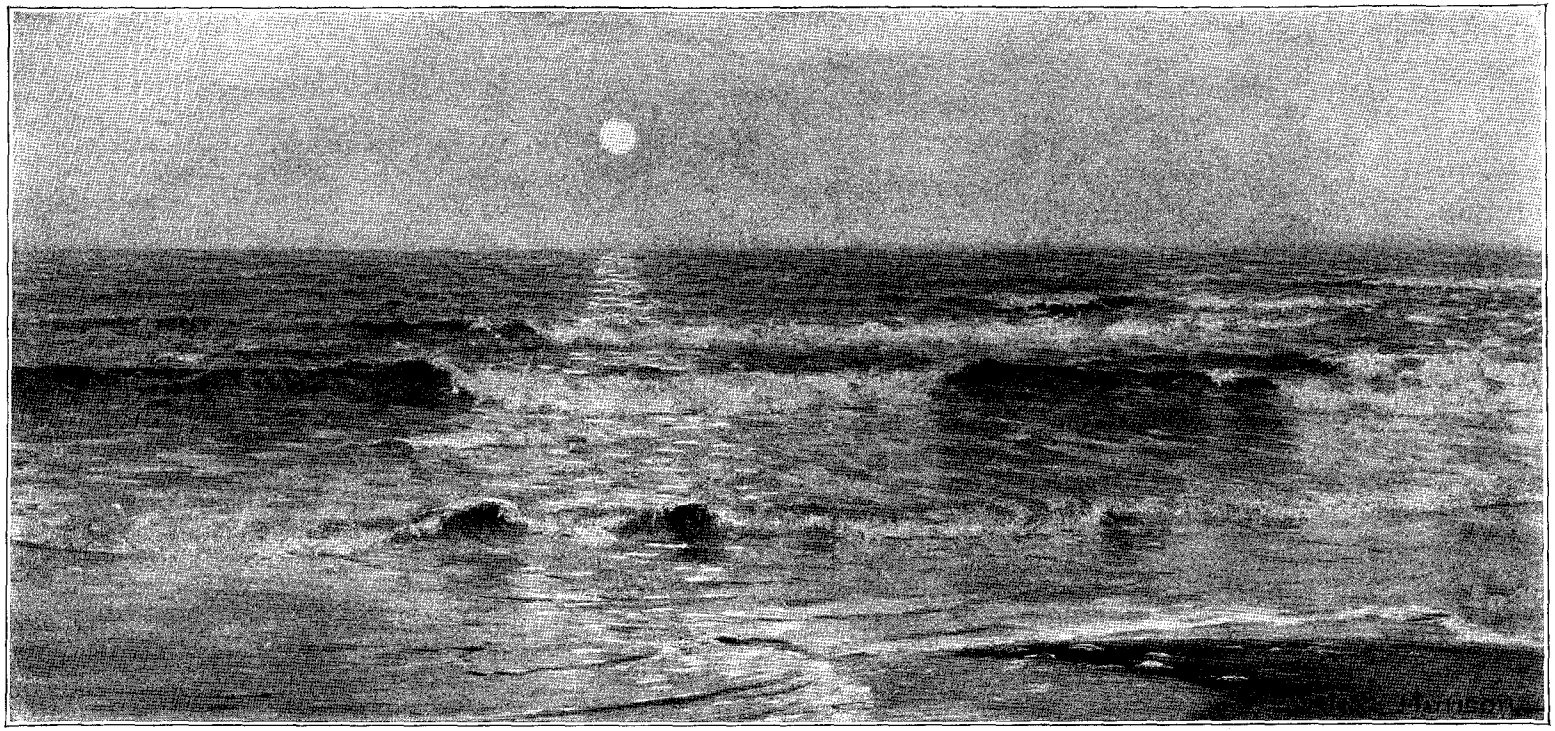

La Crépuscule, by Alexander Harrison.

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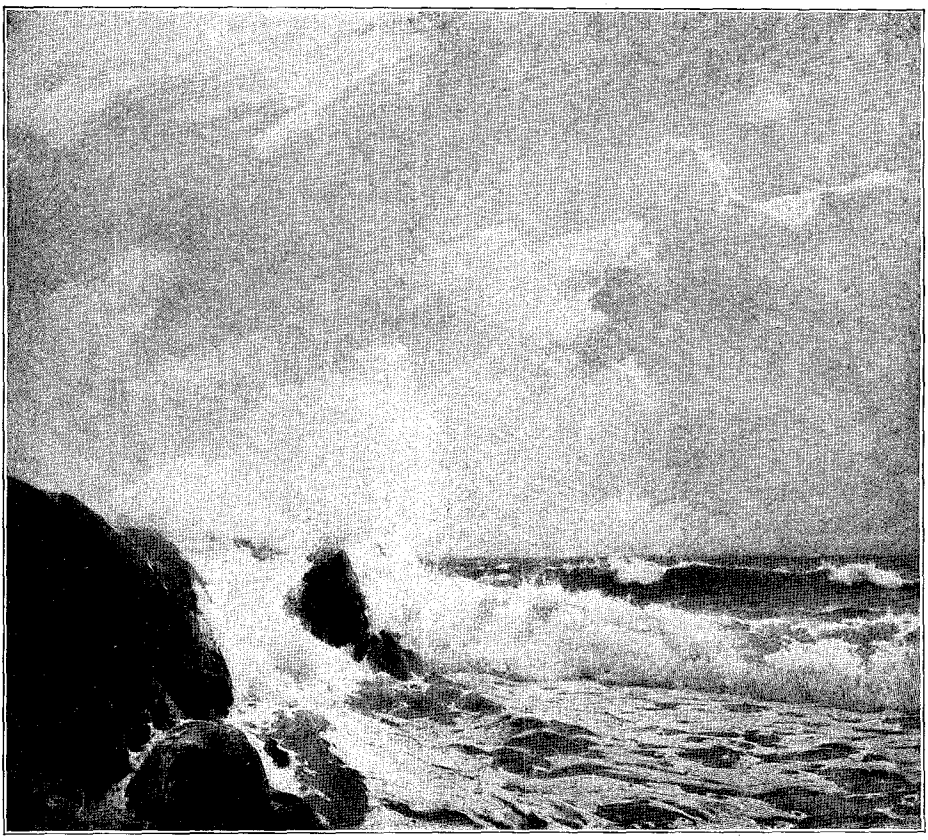

Surf, by Emil Carlsen.

By the kind permission of the owner, Mr. George A. Hearn.

marine painter than upon almost any other class of artists; for, in addition to all of the problems which confront the landscape painter, the marine painter has several most exacting ones of his own—the questions of fluidity, for instance, of reflection; and the tremendously important question of motion, which has just been touched upon. The painter who is to dominate all of these technical problems and at the same time keep unobscured his vision of the "mood," the essential beauty which was the cause of his first desire to paint the picture, must indeed be what the French call *bien trempé*—a trained technician who is gifted with an artistic temperament of the first order. Without temperament, of course, the most brilliant technical equipment would be useless; for the simple technician would be under the constant temptation to paint a meaningless effect on account of some interesting or graceful problem of line which the subject held. It is one of the peculiarities of the ocean that, while its mood may be insipid, or its color flat and worthless, its form is *always* interesting. But this temptation must be resisted with grim determination while the painter awaits the dramatic or poetic mood which is sure, sooner or later, to reward the vigilant and constant observer—for it is only the rare and happy combination of beautiful and harmonious line with beautiful and harmonious color which makes a subject that is fit to become the motive of a masterpiece. Fortunately, it happens to be one of the true master's distinguishing traits that he is instantly arrested by a subject of this description—it never goes by him unperceived. Out of thousands of possible picture motives he selects, with the infallibility of genius, the one which will make the great picture. These subjects lie about us everywhere, but they are very generally unrecognized.

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Millet found them on the monotonous plain of Barbizon, Corot found them around the quiet little pond of Ville d'Avray, and Homer and Dougherty and Woodbury have found them on the bleak Maine coast. The pot of gold at the end of the rainbow's arch is not always hidden away beyond the distant mountains. It lies everywhere on this earth, in every field and common pasture, in everybody's back yard; but he who would find it must have the eyes to see it.

And while on this subject I would call attention to the fact that beauty is not confined to the narrow range of effects which are generally classed as the poetic moods of nature. There is a stormy beauty in the music of Wagner which is quite as fine as the gentle and poetic grace of Schumann's songs, and a Winslow Homer may be quite as beautiful as an Alexander Harrison. Beauty in the abstract is as yet not subject to exact definition. We are only beginning vaguely to guess at the fundamental laws which underlie it. In regard to this matter we are at present in a position somewhat similar to that of the blind girl whose outstretched fingers are swept by the wings of a butterfly—which passes, and is gone. We have an occasional glimpse, an intuition—but the knowledge is not yet.

And yet this can only truly be said of the conscious, reasoning part of our minds. The subconscious part of us is fully cognizant of the laws relating to beauty. It knows all of their intricacies and all of their interrelations, only it has not as yet handed the formula up to *us*. However, thanks to the marvellous correlations which are so easily made by the little subconscious servant living at the very source of things, we really do *know* what is beautiful, if it is only by what is called intuition. The process and manner of our knowing, therefore, matters not so much. The astounding part of it all is that we should agree to find so many different kinds of things beautiful—a range extending from the most diaphanous tone in a morning sky to the most portentous and terrific outburst of nature's wrath when she is in one of her devilish moods.

It is in this latter aspect or its approaches that so many of our American sea painters have found their inspiration. They have loved the wild beauty of the storm, the titanic power of the mid-ocean surge, or the savage onslaught of a tidal wave upon some towering cliff; and these things they have rendered with admirable force and mastery. Nowhere else in the world, and by no other school of painters, have the dramatic moods of the ocean been so well understood, or so sympathetically and so brilliantly expressed.

But the works of Emil Carlsen and of Alexander Harrison show points of view, which are wholly at variance with the one mentioned above. As time goes on still other outlooks will be discovered, as still other sincere and original painters devote themselves to the study of the sea; for the ocean's moods are infinite and inexhaustible, and she has a new face of beauty for every devoted lover who approaches her with reverence and affection.

If I have allowed the marines here reproduced to speak mainly for themselves it is because of a strong conviction that nothing is so inept as literary comment on a picture.

If the picture is bad, no amount of didactic discourse will save it. If it is good, the discourse is superfluous.

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Drawn by William Van Dresser.

She pinned the flower in the folds of her cool white dress.—Page 479.

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THE TWENTY-FIRST REASON

By Charles Belmont Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER

AS if to delay the pleasure of his home-coming Tolliver hesitated at the gate and glanced back down the broad street with its rows of leafy elms and grass-lined walks. He was smiling as he came up the pathway, and when he had reached the bend and saw that his wife was waiting for him on the porch, he stopped before a rose-bush and having cut a full-blown rose carried it to her. She pinned the flower in the folds of her cool white dress and putting her hands on his shoulders kissed him on his damp forehead.

"Oh, Bruce, dear," she laughed, "you're so hot, and you're very late, too. I wish you wouldn't walk so fast from town."

"I know I'm late, dear, very late, but we've been having a long, serious, happy business talk at the office and I wanted to tell you all about it at once."

In his boyish excitement he clasped his fingers tightly about his wife's wrist and led her toward the front door.

"We can't go into the library," she said, "the children are there."

"The children?" he repeated.

"Yes, Alice and Tommy Leonard."

"Of course," he said, "I didn't understand. We'll go up to your room. Oh, Helen, it's such wonderful news."

He sank into a low chair filled with chintz-covered cushions, and Mrs. Tolliver dropped down before him, and, leaning her elbows on his knees, rested her chin between her palms. They had been married now almost twenty years and her figure was just as lithe, her face as fair, and her smile just as winsome and joyous as on the day of their wedding. For twenty years they had been sweethearts.

"Now, Bruce," she said, "I'm quite ready. Tell me the wonderful news."

Tolliver drew a long breath and began: "The boys,"—Tolliver always referred to the members of the firm that employed him as "the boys"—"it seems, got together and decided to give us a present to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day I first went with them—a present that would really be a present. Guess!"

"Bruce," Mrs. Tolliver exclaimed, "tell me at once. I can't wait to guess. What is it?"

"A year in Europe."

Mrs. Tolliver drew back and gazed at her husband with wide-open eyes. "A year in Europe," she gasped.

"Exactly—that's it. One year in Europe with full pay." And then the tension broke and Helen Tolliver buried her head in the folds of Bruce's coat. It was some minutes later when she looked up and smiled through dimmed eyes into those of her husband.

"Don't think I'm crying," she stammered, "just because we are to have a year abroad. It's because they understand and appreciate all that you have done for them."

Tolliver nodded. "I know, Helen, dear. For twenty-five long years we've worked pretty hard—you and I."

"I!" Helen protested.

"Yes, you. Many's the time I think I would have quit the grind if you hadn't kept me going. And I tell you, I'm pretty tired—pretty nearly all in. But now in a few months we'll be free—free for a whole year. Think of it, Helen! Italy and the French cathedrals and Paris—think of it—Paris, *Paris!* How Alice will love it! I wish that boy downstairs would go home and we could tell her now."

"Alice," Mrs. Tolliver repeated—"Alice."

"Of course, Alice. We couldn't go without Alice, could we? She's going to be more than half the fun."

With a quick movement Helen pulled herself to her feet and stood before her husband, nervously drawing her handkerchief with one hand through the fingers of the other.

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"You see, Bruce," she whispered, "you see Alice can't go. Alice—I wanted to tell you on the porch, but you were so

"In the first place," Tolliver began, "on what do you two expect to live?"—Page 482.

full of this trip abroad—you see, Alice is engaged."

Tolliver stared at his wife with wide-eyed surprise. "Engaged," he repeated.

"Yes—to Tommy Leonard. It's all arranged, and I promised them that I would break the news to you. You're not angry, are you, Bruce? They're so happy and Tommy is such a nice boy."

Tolliver pulled himself out of the chair and walked over to the bay-window. For some moments he stood looking out on the close-cropped lawn, the neatly trimmed hedge, and the flowering rose-bushes. Then he turned to his wife and smiled at her, but she saw that in those few moments his face had suddenly become drawn and that there was no smile in his eyes.

"Why, that's all right, I suppose," he said. "It's just a little sudden, and—and unexpected. Alice always seems such a child to me, but I imagine that's the way with all fathers."

"And all mothers, too," Mrs. Tolliver added. "But you must remember Alice is almost nineteen now."

Tolliver nodded, and after a moment's

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silence went on speaking again. "There was another proposition the firm made me. They said in case I didn't care to go abroad that I could keep right on and that they would give me five thousand dollars in place of the trip. They didn't care, you understand, what I did, so long as they rewarded me for the twenty-five years of work."

"But, Bruce, dear," Helen protested eagerly, "you don't mean that you are thinking of giving up the trip abroad because Alice is going to be married. Just as soon as the wedding is over you and I will start out on our second honeymoon and this one will last a whole long year."

Tolliver moved away from the window and sat down again in the deep cushioned chair. "Come over here, Helen," he said, "and let's talk it over."

She sat at his feet and, with her elbow resting on his knee, nestled the mass of soft blond curls in the bend of her arm. "Now, Bruce," she said, "please go on."

"Well," Tolliver began, "I confess it's a bit of a shock to me. If it had been Peter Wood or Harry Howland I wouldn't have been surprised."

"Harry Howland!" Mrs. Tolliver protested. "Harry Howland wouldn't propose to the loveliest girl that ever breathed. He's too selfish."

"I wonder. It was just the other afternoon out on the golf club porch that he was talking to a lot of us old fellows on this very subject of the high cost of marriage, and it seemed to me that there was a good deal of common-sense in what he said. He claimed that the bachelor of moderate means was not selfish, because, in not marrying, he deliberately gave up the chance of the only perfectly happy, well-rounded life a man could enjoy in this world."

"Then why does he choose to remain a bachelor?" Helen snapped. "There's plenty of girls would marry Harry if he'd only ask them."

"Because he claimed that it was not fair to the parents—he allowed that just at the time when the fathers and mothers had reached the age when the steam begins to give out and had saved enough to make the future a little easier, their children, who were wholly ignorant of the cost of living, started in to raise another set of mouths and stomachs for the old folks to feed. Harry claimed that the Country Club was entirely composed of old men who could only afford to play with old chipped and cracked golf balls because they needed the money for sterilized milk and trained nurses for their grandchildren."

Mrs. Tolliver turned and looked her husband evenly in the eyes. "I have my opinion of any woman who really loved a man and wouldn't marry him if he couldn't guarantee her anything but bread and cheese and kisses."

"That's the way it used to be," Tolliver laughed, "but now they've reversed that old saying; it's kisses and bread and cheese. They get married and make sure that the Church and the State legalize the kisses and then take a chance on the bread and cheese."

"And if they do," demanded Helen, "and are satisfied with the kisses and bread and cheese, as you put it . . . ?"

"But that's just the trouble—they're not satisfied, because Jones, who knew them before the marriage and who is rich, asks them out to dinner once so often and gives them caviare and vintage wines. And even if Jones doesn't ask them out and make them miserable, how about the new babies? The huskiest baby in the world can't digest bread and cheese, and it's a well-known fact that all babies hate to be kissed."

Mrs. Tolliver pulled herself to her feet and, with her pink-and-white face greatly flushed, faced her husband.

"Then," she demanded, "you refuse your consent to Alice's marriage to Tommy?"

"Not at all," Tolliver said. "Ask them to come up. Let's talk it over."

Tommy Leonard, an ex-college athlete of the Greek-god type, six feet and no waist line, and Alice Tolliver, a pale exquisitely frail replica of her blond pretty mother, stood hand in hand in the doorway.

"Come in," called Tolliver cheerily.

Greatly relieved at this unexpected and wholly genial greeting, the two young people fairly flew across the room to receive the parental blessing.

"Not yet, not quite yet," Tolliver laughed and waved them back. "You two sit down on that lounge and we'll all thresh this thing out together."

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The happy smiles suddenly faded from the faces of Tommy and Alice, and they reluctantly took their places, side by side, on the sofa and cast gloomy glances in the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Tolliver.

"In the first place," Tolliver began, "on what do you two expect to live?"

Once more the faces of the young people broke into the most cheerful smiles, and Alice fairly laughed aloud. "Is that all?" she gurgled. "Oh, daddy, I was afraid it was something really serious and unpleasant."

Tolliver drew his lips into a straight line and glanced in the direction of the prospective bridegroom.

"We've gone over the matter pretty carefully, sir," Leonard began, "and we believe that we can live, and live pretty well, on my present income; and, of course, my salary will be increased from time to time."

"I'm glad that you are not counting too strongly," Tolliver said, "on these occasional increases in your wages. The directors of banks in small towns are not usually given to raising the salary of their paying tellers with any great frequency, and believe me, Tommy, there is a limit and the limit is not a very high one. Without capital I fear you will find it difficult to make money on the side, and to be quite frank I don't know where the capital is coming from. If I were a millionaire I'd willingly hand over half of it to Alice tomorrow—that is, if I thought it would make her happy, but I'm not a millionaire. I could do very little to help you."

With her blue eyes ablaze, Alice sat forward on the sofa and looked her father fairly in his now serious face.

"There is one thing, father," she began most impressively, "that I want you to understand at the start. Tommy and I do not expect or want any kind of help from you. We have already agreed that rather than go to you, Tommy would be a policeman and I would scrub floors. Not that I don't appreciate how kind and good you are, but we, both of us, understand your circumstances, just as we understand our own. We have gone into every detail and have thought of every expense."

A blush of motherly pride spread over the delicate features of Mrs. Tolliver, and she glanced admiringly at her daughter.

"You must remember, Bruce," she said, "that Alice is not without practical experience. You know how well she kept house for us when I was ill last winter."

"Really, Mr. Tolliver," Leonard insisted, "I'm sure we could do it. We wouldn't think of marriage unless we had considered every contingency."

Tolliver stuck his hands deep into his trouser pockets, pursed his lips, and glanced in turn at his wife and daughter and then at Leonard. "I'll tell you three a story," he said. "It's a story of the race-track, but I think it rather applies to this case. One day a race was just about to start and the owner of the favorite was standing on the lawn watching the horses which were already at the post. A very excited young man who had bet on the favorite ran up to the owner and said: 'I've bet on your horse. He's bound to win, don't you think so?' The owner kept his field glasses on the horses and replied to the young man, 'No, I shouldn't think so.' 'Why not?' gasped the young man, who was very much surprised. 'There are just twenty reasons,' the owner said, 'why my horse should not win. He may be left at the post, or he may stumble, or he may put his foot in hole and break his leg, or the jockey ma break his stirrup, or his weights may fall out, or—' Just then the horses started, and the favorite, who was on the outside, cut across the track, got jammed against the rail by the other horses, and the jockey was thrown over the fence and ignominiously landed in the infield. The owner put away his glasses and turning to the young man said: 'I never saw that happen before. It seems that there are twenty-one reasons.'" For some moments there was silence and then Tolliver continued: "From my experience I have found that it is the twenty-first reason that makes the best-laid schemes gang aft a-gley, and causes most of the trouble in this world. The jockeys who ride our favorite hobbies are always being thrown over the fence or doing some foolish thing that we hadn't expected and prepared for."

Whereat Alice Tolliver suddenly broke into peals of laughter and clapped her hands from sheer youthful pleasure. "But, daddy, we have prepared for the twenty-first reason. We thought of it after we had everything arranged for, and we call it the

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contingency fund. We took it from our Christmas and anniversary gift expenses and Tommy will not take out as much life-insurance as he had intended. So you see we *have* prepared for the unexpected, don't you, daddy?"

Tolliver smiled wearily and slowly nodded his assent. "Yes, I see," he said, "and I only hope that your matrimonial books will balance at the end of the first year. If your mother says 'yes' you have my permission. I have never denied her anything yet, have I, my dear?"

Helen Tolliver, whose emotions had been considerably stirred, came to her husband's side and, burying her head on his shoulder, tearfully admitted that he never had. Thus it was that Alice Tolliver and Tommy Leonard were officially betrothed.

It was agreed that the wedding should take place on the first day of October, and that just one week later Mr. and Mrs. Tolliver should start forth on their second honeymoon and for their first sight of the purple skies and the gray-green hills of Italy and the Riviera. Those were busy days for the Tolliver family—the combination of the marriage of an only child and the first trip abroad was indeed a serious one, especially as the trip was for a whole year and the marriage, if one could judge by the devotion of the young couple to each other, at least a journey for life. The little suburban town was fairly agog with excitement, for marriages among its prominent citizens were none too frequent and few were better known or better liked than the Tollivers. The great day dawned at last, and the air was filled with the orange sunlight and the cool, crisp breezes of the early Autumn. It was in all ways a day long to be remembered and talked over for years to come by the gossips of the town. From the early gathering of the guests at the pretty little ivy-covered church until their departure down the rice-covered steps of the bride's home, late the same afternoon, surely nature and the Tollivers had done their best and their best had proved most bountiful indeed.

"And now," said Tolliver to Mrs. Tolliver, as the last frock-coated guest waved his silk hat from the gate in hilarious farewell, "*now*, my dear, we have only ourselves to think of. I will get Bridget to go up to the garret and help me down with the trunks."

"Fine," said Mrs. Tolliver, "we're off."

"Nearly," said Mr. Tolliver, and went to look for Bridget.

To their friends, of course, the itinerary of the young married couple remained a profound secret, but the Tollivers knew that the honeymooners were by easy stages wending their happy way to the big brick hotel down at the Hot Springs in the Virginia hills where so many young people have begun their lives together. Helen Tolliver was frequently interrupted in her packing by the arrival of telegrams and letters filled with expressions of her daughter's complete happiness and contented conclusions as to married life in general, as well as the frequent reiteration of the news that Tommy was the truest and most devoted husband, and had proved his sterling worth in a thousand different ways. "The hotel bills may be a little high," Alice wrote in one of her letters, "but the contingent fund is yet intact. Tell father that the 'twenty-first reason' is a bugaboo to frighten timid children."

And then for two days there were neither telegrams nor letters. The missive so anxiously waited for arrived when the Tollivers were at dinner the night before the great day on which they were to start on their second honeymoon. Tolliver sat back in his chair while Helen read the letter carefully through with a face that seemed to grow not only more sombre but even tragic with each line.

"Is it as bad as that?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "it is as bad as that." Then she dismissed the maid and in an even, expressionless voice read the letter aloud from its tender opening to its last unhappy line.

"My Dear, Always Loving Mother:

"I have not written you for two days because I could not say that all had been going well with us and I wanted to tell you positively when I did write whether your Alice was a wife or a widow. On Wednesday afternoon a rich young friend of Tommy's, a New York man named Wallace Jones, loaned us his car for the afternoon and we decided to go to Flag Rock, which is about six or seven miles from our hotel. It was a beautiful limousine car and the road was fine, but on our way home I sup-

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pose we were going a little too fast down hill and we struck a ridge across the road which down here they call a 'thank-you-ma'am.' Tommy had his arm about me at the time and we both were bumped up so that our heads struck the top of the limousine. I had on my yellow straw hat with the blue flowers which Tommy says looks like an inverted peach basket. Anyhow, it saved me, but Tommy was bare-headed as usual, and his head struck a rib of the limousine and he got what the doctors call a depressed fracture. There are very good doctors here who know just what waters you ought to take for rheumatism, but they said this required one of the most delicate operations in surgery, and we telephoned to Richmond for a surgeon. As soon as he arrived he did what they call trephining and now they say Tommy is all right. Unfortunately, I'm afraid we will have to stay here for some time, as the doctors say this is fine air for his recovery, and that will be a question of several months. It was most unfortunate that he hit his head on the left side, for that paralysed his right hand and it seems that Tommy counts out the money at the bank with his right hand. It is all terrible and I don't know what we are to do about the expense. The Richmond surgeon said it wouldn't be fair to his profession to charge less than a thousand dollars for the operation, and then there are the other doctors and the nurses and the hotel rooms are very dear for anything except a honeymoon and the colored bell-boys make faces at you every time you don't give them a quarter for bringing you a lump of ice or a fresh towel, and Tommy needs so many towels for his poor head. Do tell us, mama, please, what am I to do. We were so very happy before that Mr. Jones loaned us his car, which would have been all right if it had been an open car, but he couldn't be held responsible because it was really not the fault of the car, but that awful 'thank-you-ma'am.' Write me, please, soon, mama, what am I going to do about it all.

"Your loving but miserable daughter,

"ALICE."

"Well, what are we to do?" said Mrs. Tolliver, and now that the strain of reading the letter was over her voice broke perceptibly and tears came into her pretty blue eyes.

"Well," said Tolliver, smiling across the table. "The main thing is that Tommy is all right and now it is up to us to come to their assistance. Alice evidently is not scrubbing floors as she says nothing about it and in Tommy's present condition I doubt if he could get a job as a policeman even if he wanted it. I will see 'the boys' to-morrow morning and ask them if that offer of theirs of the check for five thousand is open, and I've no doubt that it is."

"And our trip abroad," sobbed Mrs. Tolliver.

Bruce walked around the table and put his hands gently on his wife's trembling shoulders. "That's off, I'm afraid, my dear," he said, "all off for the present. Perhaps twenty-five years from now we may have another chance. But just now I'll go telegraph Alice not to worry and that you will be coming down there to see her by the first train you can catch to-morrow."

"You're so good, Bruce," Mrs. Tolliver said very tearfully. "Of course we couldn't go now. It's just as you said, it's the twenty-first reason that makes all of the trouble, but how could any one foresee such a thing as this? Who could expect a thousand dollar operation and all of those other fearful expenses the very first week of their honeymoon!"

"Trephining, I believe, is uncommon," said Tolliver, "but if most of the mothers and fathers all over the world aren't giving up trips abroad to pay for trephining, most of them are giving up something to pay their daughters' butcher bills or house-rent or for something equally necessary, and at least to the daughters and sons-in-law quite as unexpected."

"I suppose they are," sobbed Mrs. Tolliver, "but really, Bruce, they've been doing if for so long that they seem to like it."

"That's true, too," said Tolliver, "but again they might like the trip abroad if they were ever let get farther out to sea than the docks at Hoboken."

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THE GERMAN AND THE AMERICAN CITY

By Frederic C. Howe

THE German city is a cross-section of Germany just as the American city is a cross-section of America. The city cannot be divorced from its setting or studied apart from its historical environment. The German city is a part of the traditions, the sense of the Fatherland, the universal efficiency, the far-sighted outlook, the paternalism vitalized by patriotism of the German people. The American city, on the other hand, has no traditions. There is no sense of responsibility. It is efficient only in spots. It has no vision beyond the present. It reflects the extreme individualism and license which characterizes the nation. It is democratic in form, but hardly in reality. And measured by the services rendered, or the sense of the paramountcy of the State, it is far less democratic than the German.

The most obvious thing about the German city is its orderliness. The most obvious thing about the American city is its disorderliness. The American city is an accident, a railway, water, or industrial accident. It had its birth in the chance location of a body of settlers. It became a city because it could not help it. The German city, on the other hand, was either a fortress, a Hauptstadt, or an industrial community, like the cities of the lower Rhine in the neighborhood of Essen, Elberfeld, or Barmen. Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Cologne, Mannheim, Düsseldorf, Hanover, and Strassburg were the seats of kingdoms, principalities, or bishoprics. Frankfort, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck were free Hanseatic towns, owing allegiance to no one—proud of their mediæval traditions and jealous of their freedom.

Much of that which we admire in the German city is traceable to age.

All of these cities were enriched with valuable heritages from the past. Rulers embellished their capitals in imitation of Paris. Some, like the kings of Bavaria, were themselves artistic and in love with things Hellenic. They erected palaces, art galleries, and museums. They laid out parks and palace gardens. They surrounded their cities with walls, which have been converted into park-like Ring Strassen in Vienna, Frankfort, Cologne, Bremen, Düsseldorf, and elsewhere. The German city was rich in art when the industrial revolution made its appearance. When the factory came there was only the outskirts for workshops. The heart of the city remained as it was when the city was a market-place, a fortified town, or the residence of a prince. And the old has continued to control the new.

In America we have no such traditions or monuments. Our only memories are those of shops, mills, and factories ever repeating themselves like the concentric rings of a growing tree. Few men have any other idea of the city than this. In addition, all of the work of the American city had to be done at once. Streets and sewers had to be built. Gas, water, electric light, telegraph, and telephone wires, mains and conduits had to be laid, while schools, station-houses, and public structures had to be erected merely to keep pace with the inrush of people. Our officials were swamped with elemental needs. They had no traditions, no experience, to guide them. They had no time to dream dreams. They were driven, like the pioneer, by the fear of the coming winter. These things must be borne in mind in any criticism of the disorderliness of the American city or in any comparison with the cities of other lands. Our cities were born but yesterday, and they have the rough-hewn finish of their age.

But the foundations are now in. We are in a position to look about us. And everywhere there are signs that democracy is dissatisfied with its cyclone-proof cellar. Washington, New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, San Francisco, Baltimore, St. Louis, and Pittsburg are planning to rebuild their cities and to relieve its disorderliness with parks, public structures, and open spaces, while democ-

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racy is seeking to find more efficient tools for the doing of its work. The next generation is bound to see tremendous advance in things municipal. And it is to Germany rather than to England or France that we must go for our models.

I have said that the city was but a cross-section of the country in which it is found. It reflects the political, social, educational, and moral life of the people. Yet the German city, in spite of the autocratic personal government of the Kaiser, is free, almost as free in its local affairs as were the Free Cities of the Middle Ages, which became the centres of liberty and of culture during the centuries when civilization had almost vanished from the earth. The German city, it is true, is subject to visitation by the State. There are some limitations on its indebtedness, the method of raising revenues, and the choice of mayors. But in the main it is free—free to dream big dreams, and when they are ready for realization, to achieve them and enjoy the fruits thereof.

The American city, on the other hand, is in chains. It has great power for evil and but limited power for good. Our cities are not permitted to become great if they can, from the fear that they may make mistakes in so doing. The German city, on the other hand, has almost complete autonomy. It can own, operate, lease, or regulate the franchise corporations which occupy its streets. And it very generally owns them. It can enter trade and industry. It may even invest public funds in private ventures which lie close to the life of the community. It builds tenements and cottages, and regulates the private owner so that his structures will not be a menace to the city. It owns great blocks of land within its limits as well as magnificent woods and forests in the surrounding country. It almost always has a monopoly of the slaughter-houses; it carries on restaurants and rathskellers; it builds and operates opera-houses, theatres, concert halls, palm gardens, and milk depots. It even speculates on a large scale in real estate in order to keep down the price of land and enjoy a portion of the "unearned increment" which the growth of the city creates. In the field of education it can do practically as it wills, after it has met the minimum standard set up by the State. Among the larger cities there is the keenest rivalry in all these things, especially in the promotion of commercial, technical, and artistic education.

The American city is bound, as was Gulliver by the Liliputians, with a thousand thongs. It has to secure the assent of suspicious farmers and hostile financial interests, before it can change the wages or salaries of its officials or alter the method of police administration. Its control over tenements, slums, and franchise corporations is generally such as the owners of these properties see fit to permit. Usually the power which is granted is just the power which the city cannot use, or it is conceded so late that the evil cannot be corrected at all or at too great expense to be attempted. The city may not lay out playgrounds, it may not erect bath-houses or comfort stations, it may not supply school-books, nor feed hungry school children without the consent of the State, which has no knowledge of its local needs. It must let out its work by contract, and in some instances spend more for the advertising than for the job itself. The tax rate is limited, as is the amount of the bonded indebtedness. The city may be ruined by inadequate terminal facilities, its citizens may be killed by surface crossings, and its trade destroyed by railway discriminations for the advantage of the private speculator. Its water front may be monopolized by hostile interests which refuse to develop it, as is the case with almost all of our lake and river cities. In all these relations the city is helpless. Its unvoiced needs are given less consideration at the State capitol than the demands of any one of a hundred special interests. It is this that strangles the American city; this more than corruption, bad charters or dishonest men. In addition to this, the tools by which the city is governed are often consciously designed to be unworkable by the people themselves.

The great cities of the world have been free cities. They have been free to think as cities, to develop a local pride and consciousness, to call the best talent of the community to themselves. The Greek cities were autonomous. The splendid cities of mediæval Italy were republics. The towns which spread like a network over the face of Europe during the Middle Ages were free cities. And the greatest cities of the

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present century, the cities of Germany, are free in much the same sense. They enjoy the largest amount of home rule. Each of them is an experiment station. And the achievements of one are speedily carried on to the rest.

The German city has no mayor. It has an Oberbürgermeister, who corresponds roughly to our mayor. His legal authority is far less than that enjoyed by the patriarchal executives of New York, Baltimore, or Boston. In desperation over our inability to watch a hundred men we decided to watch but one. In order to escape from a troublesome council we threw ourselves into the hands of an all-powerful executive. But we did not insist that the despot should be an enlightened one or should know anything more about the government of a city than the council which we discarded. He need only be an active politician, an ambitious business man, or an aggressive leader.

The head of the German city is an expert. Both the Oberbürgermeister and the assistant Bürgermeisters make a profession of their callings. Nobody knows to what party they belong. And nobody really cares. They are like the managers of a great business concern and are employed by the city council for that purpose, much as they might be employed to manage a railroad. The present Mayor of Berlin was a lawyer in Breslau. He was elected to the council of the latter city, became interested in city administration, and determined to make city administration a profession. He was chosen for a subordinate post and made such a success that he was called to the mayoralty of Berlin, where he has been for many years. Dr. Adickes, the Oberbürgermeister of Frankfort, has occupied that post for a quarter of a century. Few men in Germany can point to a life of more conspicuous achievement than his. He recently declined a post in the Interior Department of Prussia. Oberbürgermeister Wilhelm Marx, of Düsseldorf, came to that city from a smaller town twenty years ago. He is a man of independent wealth. He rose to his present position and for twelve years has been mayor of the city. During these years he has builded as did Pericles in Athens and the Medici in Florence. And he has made Düsseldorf one of the most finished cities in the world.

Tenure of office is permanent. If a mayor is re-elected, after his first term of twelve years, he holds office for life. When a vacancy occurs, the town council sets about to fill it much as the British city finds a clerk, or the American railroad finds a president. From the candidates who present themselves from all Germany the council makes a choice, to which choice the Kaiser must assent. Approval, however, is rarely withheld. But the right of rejection exists, and did the city make an unwise choice or select some one who was *persona non grata* to the Emperor another person would have to be found. Official salaries are relatively high, about as high as they are in America. They range from $3,500 to $7,000 in the larger cities, while the salaries of the assistant Bürgermeisters are about one-half of the sum paid the mayors.

The assistant Bürgermeisters are chosen by the same method. They are experts in finance, law, engineering, education, architecture, or city building. The number of assistants varies greatly. In Berlin there are seventeen, in Dresden thirteen, in Munich sixteen, in Frankfort nine. These experts devote their entire time to the city. They guide the deliberations of the committees of the council and along with the mayor form a sort of cabinet for the planning of the city's development. They are an upper, expert, permanent legislative and administrative council.

In Great Britain permanence of policy is secured by a staff of paid employees, who along with the clerk are rarely changed. The English clerk is a dignified, expert, and highly paid official. He holds the thread of city administration in his hands, and along with the permanent staff of department heads secures that continuity of policy which has made the British city as efficient as it is. But the British city, with all its honesty and efficiency, does not compare with the German city in far-sighted policy and many-sided development. For the programme of the British city is dependent upon the hazards of elections and the will of very critical and almost penuriously cautious rate payers. In Germany, on the other hand, the permanent official enjoys the real as well as the titular power, and by reason of the assured permanency of the propertied class in the town councils there is no motive on the part of any one for a change.

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Except in the management of schools, libraries, art galleries, museums, and the like, we have made no attempt to introduce this element of permanency into city administration. We select the presidents of our universities and the heads of business houses from a trained class and call them from any section of the country, but a sense of local jealousy has prevented the selection of any but local men for municipal office. And until we do secure this expert element, and with it a continuity of policy, it will be difficult to elevate the city much above the purely political plane which it now occupies. Possibly government by Commissions which is rapidly superceding every other form of city government and the election of local officials on a non-partisan ballot will tend to bring this about.

The town council in Germany is the ultimate repository of power. It is chosen by the electors. It draws to itself a high order of talent. It is rather anomalous to find in Berlin, for instance, that all of the elected members of the Reichstag are Socialists, while the city council contains but a minority of them. The explanation is to be found in the method of election. Members of the Reichstag are chosen by manhood suffrage. Every man is equal at the polls. In the city, however, men vote as tax payers and not as individuals. The voters are divided into three classes. Those who pay one-third of the taxes elect one-third of the council; those who pay another third of the taxes elect another third, while the great mass of the people, who, under the income tax, pay the remaining third of the revenues elect the remaining third of the council. I heard of one city where a single man elected one-third of the council, and of another where one hundred and thirty persons did so. In consequence the German city is far from democratic, possibly less democratic than any of the cities of Europe.

The German city is governed by its big tax payers just as the British city is governed by its rate payers. It is ruled by the capitalist class. But the result of this dominance of property at the polls has been diametrically different in the two countries. The German city is bold, generous, enlightened, and humane. The English city is timid, cheese-paring, and far less thoughtful of the poor than even the American city. The German city seems to negative the class-conscious theory of politics. For the capitalistic class has socialized one industry after another. It has taken over the street railways, the gas, water, and electric-lighting enterprises, and burdened itself with taxes for education, recreation, and the relief of the poor in a way that gives color to the suggestion that Germany is meeting the progress of socialism by a large amount of social reform or "State Socialism."

And the rich tax payers in control of the city pay the city's bills. They pay almost all of the taxes. This is another anomaly which distinguishes the German from the British city. And it is the more anomalous in view of the fact that they could have shifted a great part of the taxes onto the poor. In recent years they have completely revolutionized the taxation of property and still further burdened themselves. From one-half to two-thirds of the taxes are collected from incomes, those below from $105 to $225 being exempt. The city is the fiscal agent of the State. The local income tax is based on the State rate. If the State tax on an individual income amounts to $100 the local taxes range from $100 to $300 more, *i. e.*, the local rate is from 100 per cent to 300 per cent of the State rate. In Wiesbaden the local income tax rate is 100 per cent, in Düsseldorf 140 per cent, in Frankfort 99 per cent, in Barmen 210 per cent, and in Berlin 100 per cent. Taking the thirty-four largest cities the rate averages 154 per cent of the Prussian rate, and including the State rate, amounts to from 8 to 16 per cent of the incomes of the well-to-do class. The total income tax for State and local purposes averages about 10 per cent. Some towns have so very few rich men that the local rate is even higher and reaches as much as 500 per cent of the State rate or possibly 24 per cent of a man's income in all. This, however, is exceptional.

Political experience would lead us to expect privilege to represent privilege and wealth to represent wealth. It does in this country. It does in Great Britain. In both countries it shifts the burdens of taxation onto the backs of the poor. This is not true in Germany, certainly not to the same extent as in other countries. Up to 1899 the Prussian cities collected a house and land tax assessed against the rental value of

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the property, *i. e.*, upon what the owner happened to get out of the land. The property might be used as a cabbage patch. It paid taxes on its rental value as a cabbage patch. This is still the method of local taxation in vogue in Great Britain. It is against this system that the English cities are vainly protesting to Parliament. It encourages high rents and speculation, and is unjust to those who develop their property. In 1893 the Interior Department of Prussia authorized a change to the American method of assessment based on the capital value of the land. Immediately land taxes were greatly increased. In many cases the increase amounted to many hundreds per cent. The land speculator was discouraged. He was compelled to build upon his property or sell it to some one who would. But the reform did not end here. In 1904 the city of Frankfort decided to levy a special tax on the "unearned increment" —to tax the land speculator still further. The city made a beginning of the single tax, and now collects nearly one-fifth of its taxes from the speculative value which the growth of the city creates. In five years the Frankfort experiment has swept over Germany. It has been adopted by many other cities. It has been carried into Switzerland and has cropped out in Belgium. It inspired the Liberal party in England, and promises to create an issue which will tax the political power of the landed classes in every country in Europe. The first skirmishes of the battle are now being fought in England, Germany, Denmark, Switzerland, and Belgium, where the conviction that the speculative value of the land created by the growth of the community belongs in reality to the city rather than to the individual who appropriates it has taken firm hold.

In Germany this new tax bears the ominous name of the "Wertzuwachsteuer." As levied in Frankfort, and since copied in almost all of the larger cities, it provides for an increment tax which ranges from 1 to 33 per cent of the profit realized by the seller. If the property does not change hands within twenty years, the tax upon the increase in the value is levied just the same. The rate varies in different cities. It is rapidly progressive, depending upon the amount of profit realized on the sale.

In addition to the "Wertzuwachsteuer" there is a transfer tax amounting to 2 per cent on the selling value of the land. These taxes upon the unearned increment and the selling value of the land average about 9.5 per cent of the profits in the cities which apply it. Through these means the city of Frankfort collects one-fifth of its revenues and the city of Düsseldorf three-tenths. This indicates the possibilities of this heretofore untapped source of revenue. It demonstrates, moreover, that if the city were to take only the speculative increase in the value of the land, no other taxes would be needed. In other words, the city could appropriate the value of city sites which will come into existence in the future and relieve all other forms of property from taxation.*

The German cities also levy a business tax known as the Gewerbsteuer. It only applies to those businesses where the profits amount to $385 a year and the capital invested to twice that sum.

Strangely enough direct taxation does not lead to niggardliness in expenditure. Quite the reverse. The business men of Germany accept their burdens willingly and take pride in the development of the city. One never hears the everlasting talk about the "rates" so universal in Great Britain, nor do elections turn upon this issue as they do in the latter country, where the most eminent men are frequently defeated for the council for suggesting some needed park, library, housing, or health programme which involves a slight increase in the local rates. There is a penuriousness about city politics in Great Britain that is not found in either Germany or America. It is traceable in the former country to the method of raising local revenues by means of taxes on the tenant.

The German cities are even more generous than our own. There is a big-minded-

* New York could pay dividends to its citizens in addition to freeing itself wholly from local taxes were it in a position to carry the German system to its logical conclusions. For we know to a certainty what the profits of the land speculator in New York City are. The Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments value land in that city at its full value and they revalue it every year. And the increase in the value of the land alone is so colossal that the total expenditures of the city, extravagant as they are, could be met from this source alone. From 1904 to 1908 the assessments of the land increased (exclusive of the buildings) from $3,057,161,290 to $3,843,165,597 or an increase of $786,004,307. This is equivalent to nearly $200,000,000 a year. The total budget of the city did not average over $150,000,000 a year and to-day it is only $180,000,000. So that all of the expenditures of the city could be met by simply taking the profit of the land-owner, which he does not to-day enjoy, for municipal purposes. And this growth is continuous. For the reports of the Commissioners show that for every baby born and for every immigrant who lands in the city the land advances nearly $1,000 in value.

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ness about their outlook that is positively unique. The German protests against the cost of the army and the navy, he grumbles about the taxes on trade and inheritances, but he pays with willingness his taxes to the city. I have talked with men from every class, in a dozen cities, about the burdens of local taxation; I have asked why it was that the city went in for such generous expenditure for schools and parks, for the purchase of land and the erection of school buildings; why it erected splendid public buildings, art galleries, opera-houses, and contributed so generously to a hundred things which in America would be termed socialistic, and never but once have I heard a complaint. The business man and the workman united in saying substantially the same thing: "It brings business and people, it makes the city beautiful and a comfortable place in which to live"; or "we must have strong children if we would have good soldiers, and they must be well educated if they would be efficient." These and similar statements reflect the sentiment of the citizen and his pride in the city. This feeling is well-nigh universal. The German thinks it is good business to do these things, and that even the poorest receives a good return for the taxes which he pays.

Measured by the sacrifice involved, Germany spends more generously than any other nation for municipal purposes. The ordinary revenues of the city of Düsseldorf, a city of 290,000, from taxation alone are $2,677,000. This is $9.25 per head. Its other revenues, aside from loans, are $3,125,000 more. Its current expenses amount to $20 per head, and its total annual budget to $100 per head. Frankfort, a city of 335,000 population, raised the sum of $4,860,000 by taxation in 1906 or $14.50 per head.* Of this sum $2,287,334 was collected through the income tax; $96,383 by a tax upon vacant land; $891,281 by a tax on house and land rent; $465,784 by a tax on business, and $979,999 from the tax on change in ownership and the unearned increment tax. The balance came from miscellaneous fees. No attempt is made to tax personal property in any form. Nor are there any octroi or indirect taxes such as prevail in the Latin countries.

* These figures do not measure expenditure, as the cities receive aids from the State as well as substantial revenues from other sources.

It is quite possible that we should revise our ideas about the extravagance of the American city. Possibly we are niggardly in our expenditures for things municipal. Our failures may be traceable in part to this fact. For when we consider the difference in money values; that salaries, wages, and the cost of all services are higher in this country than in Germany, it may be that we do not spend as much for city purposes as do the cities of that country. According to a recent Bulletin of the United States Census it appears that the average per capita expenditure of the American city is but $15.82. Cities like Cleveland, Baltimore, Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, and Minneapolis are lower still. The general and special service expenditures of New York are $23.84 per capita. I appreciate that comparisons with other countries are difficult and yet it seems very probable that one of the chief reasons for the superiority of the German city is to be found in the unsuspected fact that more money is spent in that country, relatively to money worth, than in this.

The German city is also heavily in debt. The debt of Düsseldorf is $29,000,000, or $100 per head. This is double the per-capita indebtedness of the average American city of its size. Frankfort has recently burdened itself with a loan of $18,000,000 for the development of its river frontage and harbor. Berlin has a total debt of $99,294,500. Despite these heavy debts one hears no suggestion of bankruptcy. There is no legal debt limit, and the city can do about as it pleases in the matter of investments. "It is good business, the German official says, for the city to go into debt. The higher the debt the better, especially if it is incurred for productive undertakings which tend to reduce the tax rate. We would not say a man was bankrupt who had borrowed 60 per cent of his assets. Most real estate is mortgaged up to 50 per cent of its value, and why should not the city borrow on the same principle? We know that street railways, gas, water, electric lighting, and docks are profitable enterprises. They not only pay their way, but yield a profit as well. Why should not the city own these things rather than turn them over to private individuals to exploit?" This is the attitude of the official and the citizen.

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The same is true of parks, schools, theatres, opera-houses, and the like. They pay their way, though not so directly. They bring visitors, they make the city attractive as a place of residence. This increases the value of property and in turn the basis of taxation. It is good business for the city to be as beautiful, as comfortable, and as attractive as possible. And there is tremendous rivalry among the cities of south Germany to attract persons to them for purposes of residence and business. Of eight German cities with a total debt of $172,536,000, all but $62,306,900 is for street railways, gas, water, docks, etc., which yield a profit or will do so in time. In Düsseldorf 87 per cent of the city debt is for productive undertakings which more than pay their way.

The German city is as thrifty as the German trader. It is planning for dividends. It is looking forward to the time when the earnings from its enterprises will reduce the tax rate. It is even entering the real-estate business with the same idea in view. It buys and sells land both in the city and in the suburbs. It anticipates its own development and as population grows it disposes of its land at a handsome profit.

But the motive of city building is not all commercial. The German has a wonderful pride in his city and is willing to make sacrifices in order that it will be beautiful. There is art in everything. And the streets, parks, open spaces, playgrounds, and boulevards are of the most spacious sort.

Within the past decade the Rhine cities have developed a wonderful system of wharves and docks, together with the most scientific cranes, tracks, warehouses, and handling devices for the purpose of promoting trade. Duisburg, Cologne, Düsseldorf, Mannheim, Frankfort, and others have expended tens of millions of dollars on these projects, and by so doing have trebled or quadrupled their business and greatly increased their population. All this pays. It pays handsomely, not only in health, in happiness, and in comfort; it pays in the language that the business man best understands. It pays in dividends. For the cities which do the most things and own the most enterprises have the lowest tax rate. They also have the most contented population. There is something reciprocal about politics. A city that serves its people as do Glasgow, Düsseldorf, Cologne, Frankfort, and Mannheim gets a return in local pride and consciousness that is in marked contrast with the attitude of the people in such towns as Elberfeld, Barmen, and Essen, which have little ambition beyond the conventional preservation of the health, peace, and sanitary surroundings of the town.

But I have not yet touched on the thing that sets the German city apart and distinguishes it from all other cities in the world. The German official thinks in a different *milieu* than does the British or the American official. He starts with the presumption that the city should do anything it sees fit to do provided it will improve the city, reduce the tax rate, or make it a more comfortable, healthful, or better place in which to live. The Anglo-Saxon, on the other hand, starts with an ingrained conviction that the city should do just as little as possible, and that any concession from this principle is fraught with extreme danger. The German has no prejudice against government: he does not look upon it as *per se* evil and inefficient.

The German Bürgermeister looks out from the city hall on his city as a whole as Bismarck looked out over the face of Europe. He builds as an architect builds a house or a railway promoter projects his railway into new territory. The city spends great sums to adorn its public bridges, school-houses, and public structures. It builds its streets so that they will last for a century, and lays its sewers, gas, water, and other conduits either under the sidewalk or so that they will not have to be disturbed. It employs the best sculptors to fill its parks with bits of marble, it tears down old sections of the city to clear away its slums or to secure proper settings or vistas for a public structure or to preserve some mediæval building. It lays out broad boulevards and arranges them so as to secure fine vistas. Here and there a park or open space is located and adorned with a garden or playground, while along the streets clock towers, fountains, or pieces of statuary are placed. The main thoroughfares have parkways in the centre and street railway tracks and bridle paths on either side. About the city are great parks and city woods, while in many cities the ring streets,

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constructed on the sites of the old fortifications, bring the parkage down to the heart of the city. There are few city halls in all America which compare in beauty and splendor with those of Munich, Hamburg, Leipsic, and a half dozen other cities. The cities also own opera-houses, theatres, and town halls where operas and dramatic performances are given, while the best of concerts may be heard by the city orchestra for an insignificant cost several times a week.

The same generosity is shown in education. The school-houses are of the most elaborate sort. Hospitals, convalescent homes, nursing establishments, and tuberculosis sanitariums in the country are the equal if not the superior of any in the world. Everywhere the architect, the landscape gardener, and the artist control the builder. Beauty is not a private esoteric privilege—it is the common possession of all. Every bit of water is jealously preserved and beautified. The banks of the city canals are clean and attractive, while the navigable rivers are not only the centres of recreation, they are the source of the city's commerce and industrial development.

There is nothing that is tawdry, nothing that is cheap, nothing that is cheese-paring in German expenditure, relatively poor as the German people are. Germany almost alone in the world is building her cities with an eye to the future, conscious of the fact that the city is the centre of the civilization of to-morrow.

Government means much more to the people in Germany than it does in America. It means a thousand services which promote the health and the well-being, the rearing of strong children and efficient ones; it means the assurance to the people of the maximum of service at the minimum of cost in those elemental services which are a necessity of life. The German city seeks to make life as full of sweetness, of beauty, of variety as is possible through co-operative effort. Herein is the great difference between the German and the American city. The one remains an industrial accident, with the ideals of the successful business man, able to care for himself and wanting only to be left alone; the other is an organized, living thing with a big and far-seeing programme of the needs of humanity, and bending its intelligence and its powers to their satisfaction.

WHEN THE CROWS COME BACK

By Margaret Vandegrift

I CAN stand it well enough in the dark of the year,
When I know the earth is frost-bound, and the woods are sere;
Though even then I'm thinking of the sledding-track—
But my heart grows sick with longing when the crows come back.

I listen, listen, listen as I walk the street;
Oh, I know the lark's note well enough, it's rare and sweet,
And I love to hear the robins, with their saucy clack—
But something grips my heart-strings when the crows come back.

And twice good luck has found me as I walked the street.
Far overhead their wings went, with their steady beat,
"Unhalting and unresting," like a good ship's tack—
And I heard it like a whisper—"We've come back, come back!"

Oh Mother Earth, dear Mother, with your cool, soft arms,
When the grass waves, and the wind sings, and the sunlight warms,
I am sick for you, I pine for you, and most I lack
All your light and love and comfort, when the crows come back.

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THE PETTINGBIRD INFARE

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

THE one calm exterior in all the village was that of the Rev. Mr. Hike. Were the Pettingbird infare to be an ordinary social event, a mere reception to Parker Pettingbird and his bride on their return from their wedding journey, he could not have seemed less stirred. But it was more than that. It was to be graced by the presence of Fergus Pettingbird. And yet more: his promised home-coming had given rise to great expectations, not the least of which were those of the good minister. The general belief was that Mr. Hike would share heavily in the Pettingbird bounty, but had he such hopes he did not show them. When he spoke of Fergus Pettingbird it was in an unworldly way; his riches were as nothing; his benefactions to the church and the village of themselves meant little, it was his life that counted, in its splendid example of patient industry rewarded, of wealth well gained and well spent for the benefit of mankind, of a ripe old age crowned with the love and gratitude of his fellows. For himself Mr. Hike asked nothing of Fergus Pettingbird, but the privilege of shaking his hand, and even to do this he was in no unseemly hurry. Not once through the long day was he seen at his window joining in the general watch for the great man's coming, and when at last night fell and he left the parsonage with his wife on his arm, it was in time to be properly late. He picked his way with unhurried steps through darkness, for all the lights in the village seemed to have gone before him to the infare; the Pettingbird door flew open as he climbed the steps, but he did not lose his calm. In the hall he deliberately paused to find a safe resting-place for his hat, brushed his pompadour with his hands, adjusted his tie, waited patiently until Mrs. Hike had repaired her broken hair net, and then handed her into the parlor.

"I wish you happiness—happiness," Mr. Hike said, holding the bride's hand affectionately, but as he spoke he was looking over his shoulder, searching the crowded room, with eyes so piercing that they seemed to penetrate the very walls. "Happiness—my dear Parker, happiness," he went on absently, as he took the bridegroom's hand. Yet he showed no interest in him. These guests of honor were nothing to him. He did not ask if they had enjoyed Atlantic City, did they like the board walk, had they seen the tattooed man. He muttered "happiness, happiness" until his search was done. Then, wheeling about, he faced his host, faced Thompson Pettingbird, faced him as though in asking all the village to his house to rejoice with him in the home-coming of his son and his new daughter he had done a great wrong.

"Thompson," demanded Mr. Hike in a loud tone, "where is your distinguished brother? Where is the little boy who left us so many long years ago and is to return to us to-night in the rich fulness of his life? Where is the benefactor of our church and village, the donor of the bell, the giver of our soldiers' monument, the builder of our bridge?" Mr. Hike's voice rose to fierceness. "Where is Fergus Pettingbird?"

Where was Fergus Pettingbird? Everybody was asking that question. At the windows little groups of watchers peered into the darkness as though he might come out of the sky in a chariot of fire. The bride and bridegroom were pressed against the wall and forgotten. If they were addressed at all it was petulantly as though they had dared to usurp the place of honor. In vain did Miss Hannaberry strive to break the tension by organizing a game of animals. No one was in a mood for such riotous amusement. In vain did Miss Mae Crimmel at the organ trill and tra-la through the first bars of "Sweet Violets."

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No one would listen to her. In vain did Mrs. Pettingbird rush from her special province, the dining-room, still mysteriously closed, and beseech her daughter-in-law to do something to dispel the gloom. Let us wait for Mr. Pettingbird, everybody said.

"It is like killing the fatted calf without the prodigal being present," complained Mr. Hike, coming back to the centre of the parlor after a fourth visit to the front door to listen for the sound of wheels.

"We must be patient," said Thompson Pettingbird, fumbling with his watch. "Fergus wrote me that he would be home to-night. He has never been much on writin', Fergus hasn't, but what he says he'll do, he always does. He'll be here—of course he will."

"And where did he write you from?" demanded Mr. Hike, as though he suspected the letter to be a myth and his host to be using his brother's name for his own glorification.

"From a place in Kansas—I think he must have a mine there," Thompson answered, with an easy wave of the hand. "You know Fergus has always moved around a lot, and, judgin' from his letters, it would seem like he had property everywhere. He's a quiet man, Fergus is, and he never writes much. But he'll be here."

Mr. Hike assumed a tone of aggressive argument. "The 5.32 is the only afternoon train stopping at Pleasantville, so he should have arrived long ago."

"Don't you suppose the line would stop the Limited for my brother?" returned Mr. Pettingbird in a dignified voice of protest. "And don't you suppose he would come in his private car? It seems to me that had he been travellin' in the ordinary way, he'd have mentioned it in his letter, though of course Fergus never says much in his letters."

Mr. Hike was overwhelmed. Undoubtedly a man of Mr. Pettingbird's wealth and importance would travel in a private car, attached to the Limited, and undoubtedly the company would stop the train for him; more than ever he regretted that he had not insisted on the carrying through of his plan to have a committee meet the distinguished visitor at the station and bring him home with proper honor.

"It is a shame," he cried, with a stamp of the foot, "that a person of Mr. Pettingbird's character, one who has done what he has for his native town, whose good works greet us on every hand, our ears when the church-bell calls us to our devotions, our eyes when we look upon the lovely monument which adorns our square—that such a man, seeing fit at last to honor us with a visit, coming in a private car, on a limited train, should be allowed to land at Pleasantville without a formal welcome."

The company agreed with Mr. Hike in a voice so loud that Mr. Pettingbird found it hard to make himself heard in his own defence. He was simply carrying out his brother's wishes, for Fergus was a modest man, to whom nothing could be more distasteful than a public demonstration; he was coming home quietly, to see his family, to meet his old friends, and by chance he had timed his return to the very evening when Parker and his bride were being welcomed from their travels; if the infare became an ovation he could not take it amiss. So Mr. Pettingbird counselled patience. As a balm for the irritated feelings of his guests he proposed refreshments. He offered them unctuously, backing toward the dining-room, bowing, and rubbing his hands. But even this artifice failed, for the guests saw that it was artifice and they resented it. Mr. Hike voiced their minds. They had come to wish happiness to the young bride and bridegroom and they did wish them happiness with all their hearts. But their presence had a deeper meaning. They had killed the fatted calf for their beloved prodigal, and they surely could not sit down to the feast until he had been restored to their arms. Where, then, was Fergus Pettingbird?

The watchers at the door answered that they could hear no sounds which seemed to herald his coming. The watchers at the window could see no flash of lights forerunning him. And now, as though in answer, came the notes of the bell. It was the church bell, the gift of Fergus Pettingbird, the bell that so long had been quickening the valley's memory of her absent son. It sounded softly at first, as though it hesitated to break the stillness of the night. Then gathering courage and strength, it swung into a riotous clangor. Joy had loosened the iron tongue and it was proclaiming to all the world that Fergus Pettingbird was home. Those who watched

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did not stop to ask how it came that the bell was ringing. They knew that it must be ringing for him and they ran to meet him. They surged into the narrow hall and faced without thought the cold wind which hurled through the open door.

The moon had risen from the fringe of pines on the ridges, and its gray light swept up the street, uncovering its every corner to searching eyes. And they saw no sign of life there save a dark figure cut like a silhouette against the white monument. They heard no sound but the clamor of the bell. They looked to the bend in the road around which he must come. They quickened their ears to hear the clatter of hoofs on the bridge. The bell stopped. But for the dark figure by the monument the street was as deserted as at midnight. Then the bell struck again—slowly—once—twice—and it was tolling!

The white soldier was on his eternal watch in the village square. In the moonlight his outline was clear-cut against the dark background of houses. This was not dead marble turning to life. It was a soldier, standing his guard, with head up, eyes front and shoulders back, his musket grasped to the letter of the manual—a soldier turned to ice. Beneath him in the road stood a little man, studying his every detail, so wrapt in contemplation that he seemed unconscious of the winter wind which swept the valley or of the dreary solitude. His hands were clasped tightly behind his back, and his face was upturned so that had the white soldier deigned to relax his vigilance one moment and looked down, he would have seen, even through the bushy beard, a smile of satisfaction playing around the shrunken mouth, and in the eyes the light of brotherly affection.

The little man straightened up slowly. It was as though swelling admiration were drawing his body taut, at last to burst its bonds. "It is beautiful," he cried. "My, but it is beautiful! Why even the buttons shows plain!"

"It's natural, eh, friend?" came a voice behind him.

He started, for he had thought himself alone. With a quick motion he drove his hat down over his eyes, so the drooping brim almost met the upturned collar of his coat. Wheeling sharply, he found himself facing a strange figure, a man so bent that his cane shared with his legs the burden of his body, and so twisted that he had to roll his head over on his shoulder to look up, as he was looking up into the other's face with friendly interest.

"It certainly is a lovely piece," the little man said, driving his hat down still farther over his eyes.

"The gift of Fergus Pettingbird to his native town," the crooked man declaimed in a shrill voice. "It's livin' marble; it's breathin' stone, as our preacher says." He hobbled forward a few steps, raised his hand to his mouth, and asked in a lowered tone: "But, stranger, who might you be?"

"Just as you say—a stranger," was the answer, carelessly given. "I'm a-walkin' up the valley, and it's a long way when you're feeble." He turned slowly on his heels, surveying the dark square. "Tell me," he said, laying a hand on the bent back, "why is everything so quiet here to-night?"

The head rolled over on the other shoulder as though seeking a better angle from which to dart a look of wonder at such a question. "Why—haven't you heard? Everybody's up to the Pettingbirds'—everybody 'cepting me—to the Pettingbird infare."

"Oh!" The little man sat down on the iron rail which guarded the monument, and pointed his thumb over his shoulder, up the street. "I see—I see—to the house that's all lighted. But why ain't you there?"

"Me?" The voice was pitched so high that it cracked, and the head and shoulders swung up and down as far as the cane would let them. "Me! Why—haven't you heard of me? I'm the only livin' soul in Harmony as wasn't asked." The crooked man's hand sought his mouth again and he whispered in the stranger's ear, "You see, I am old Plum—old Henery Plum—I'm half-witted." This announcement was given with a ring of pride and, to make his assertion more convincing, he broke into an unrestrained cackle.

"Old Plum—old Henery Plum," the stranger returned, with a meditative wag of the head. "Yes—I've heard of you. Of course you wasn't asked."

Mr. Plum, seizing his throat in his hand, choked down his hilarity. "Of course,"

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he said, now smiling pleasantly. "But just the same I've seen the party." He began to sit down. It was a laborious operation for one so aged, and there was much beating of the air to find the rail, with an accompaniment of sighs and groans, before he was comfortably settled at the stranger's side. Then his hand went to his mouth once more and he took up his whispered confidences. "There's mighty little I don't see, though I am half-witted, and I'll tell you this—" He poked his companion in the ribs with the knob of his cane to emphasize the importance of his communication. "He hasn't come yet."

"He?" questioned the stranger, turning sharply.

"Fergus Pettingbird," cried Mr. Plum. "You've heard of him. Everybody's heard of him. Now, what are you laughin' at?"

"I was thinkin'," was the evasive reply. "So it's all about Fergus Pettingbird, eh? I've heard tell somethin' of him. And is he a great man in these parts?"

"One of the greatest," cried Mr. Plum with fervor. He stretched out a trembling hand. "I've knowed him since he was that high," he said, "and mighty souls! but he was a boy! When he run away from home everybody figgered he'd come to a bad end, which goes to show what these whole-witted folks really know. You otter hear 'em now, since he has growed rich out in the West and has been——"

The little man checked him. "Tell me, Henery, how did Fergus Pettingbird make his money?"

Mr. Plum was silent for a moment. "That's one point where I'm not altogether clear," he answered, speaking very slowly, "but I've allus allowed it was because I'm half-witted. It seems like Fergus was a very modest man, he tells so little in his letters, but the general idee has been that he owns gold mines. Thompson, he figgers on gold mines, for how else could he do all he has done for us." The old man jerked his thumb over his shoulder at the statue. "He gave us that." The stick swept around and pointed down the road to the iron bridge. "And that," he cried exultingly.

"Indeed," the other said, driving his hands deep into his pockets and looking straight in front of him.

"And the bell—you'd otter hear the bell—our church bell." He had cast aside the veil of caution and mystery. His cane quivered as he pointed to the steeple which could lift its spire proudly above the peaked roof of the mill, and no more. His voice was as shrill as the wind in the pines by the creek and his body writhed as he tried to raise himself to the pitch of his pride. "Why, stranger, you can hear her all over the walley—yander on the ridges as sweet and clear as Gabriel's horn—back there on the mountains even distincter, and I've heard tell that when she's tollin' she sounds clean to the big river—that is, when I'm doin' the ringin'." The hand went to the mouth again guarding his secrets. "You see I'm the sexton."

"Tell me, sexton," the little man said, patting the other's knee, "hasn't Fergus Pettingbird done a little good hereabouts?"

"Good?" It was something more than good, something infinitely higher, that Fergus Pettingbird had done, to the light of old Henry Plum. "Good? Think of it—the Sunday-school library, the bridge, the monnyment, and then the bell. Why, stranger, every time I ring that bell it seems like I'm singin' his praises. You see, I've knowed him since he was that high." Again the trembling hand stretched out to measure a boy's stature. "And, of course, I have a special interest in him. It 'ud have been nice had they asked me to the infare, though I'd no right to expect it. They didn't, and so I says to myself I'd just come and set by his monnyment and mebbe I'd see him go by. I'm glad you like the statue."

The little man turned and gazed up at the white figure towering over him. "Yes, sexton," he said, "it's a lovely thing. It's kind of elevatin' like. It kind of lifts you up. It kind of makes you want to do somethin' worth while in this world——"

"Like Mr. Pettingbird," cried the sexton.

The stranger looked thoughtfully at the frozen ground. "Yes," he said, after a moment, "like Fergus Pettingbird. He seems to be quite respected here."

"Re-spected!" exclaimed the sexton. "Do you s'pose that crowd is at the house yander on his brother Thompson's account; do you s'pose they'd have gone there just for an infare? Why, all them Pettingbirds live on Fergus's repytation, and they're figgerin' now on the things he'll give 'em when he gets home." Mr. Plum tapped the little man on the shoulder. "Just you watch till

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The white soldier was on his eternal watch in the village square.—Page 495.

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he is dead—that's all they're waitin' for—till they get his millions, and they'll flit to Philadelphy so quick—so quick. You'll see."

"I see." The stranger drew his coat tighter about him, for he was cold, and he spoke slowly. "It's like this: They're lookin' to gettin' his hard-earned money—his gold mines—and when he's comin' home they think they'll tickle his wanity by givin' him a reception, but he has written them that he wants to slip back quiet-like and just look 'round and see what good he has done, so they call it an infare. They force a card on him—they deal to him off the bottom of the pack." He sprang to his feet with a gesture of impatience and stood gazing in silence up the street to the lights. "Henery," he said after a moment, "figger it this way. Supposin' when a man was a boy he run away from home with his head all full of grand idees and dreams, and as he growed they dwindled away like; and instead of goin' higher and higher he found himself fallin' lower and lower, till he had no standin' nowhere and no friends; so as when he came to a place and made a little money in his pecul'ar way they'd chase him out of it. He's chased from county to county, from east to west, and all the time he's thinkin' of the old town, and he wants to have the old town thinkin' well of him. Every now and then he makes a haul, in his pecul'ar way, and knowin' he won't have it long anyhow, he sends it home to do some good, to kind of keep him a little in mind."

"Like Mr. Pettingbird," said the sexton, nodding his head sagely. The trembling hand stretched out in the moonlight. "Why, stranger, I've knowed him——"

"Yes, like him," the little man went on, speaking rapidly. "He gives bells and monnyments and bridges. He gives everything he has, and when he's old and luck has gone again' him he beats his way toward home, for though he's done a heap of wrong, he's done a little right, and he kind o' wants to look it over quiet-like—to see the monnyment, to hear the bell, to stand on the bridge and listen to the water a-swishin' along below, to watch the mountains when the shadders——"

"What's all this to do with a man such as Mr. Pettingbird?" the sexton interrupted in an angry voice.

"Nothin'. I was just figgerin'," the little man answered with a dry laugh. "I was wonderin' how it would seem to him when he got home—crawled home—and found he was a great man there—found all the folks waitin' to receive him, takin' for an ace him as was poorer than a knave. Don't you think, Henery, it would make him kind of 'shamed, frighten him like? What had he otter do?"

The sexton shook his head. "You're a queer one," he said, smiling pleasantly at the little man. "Why, Fergus Pettingbird's one of the best as ever was."

"How do you know?" demanded the stranger.

"Know!" exclaimed Mr. Plum. "Why, everybody knows that. Haven't I heard Thompson say so himself? Haven't I heard Preacher Hike in his sermons talk about his splendid life and the example of it? Haven't I heard him say that Mr. Pettingbird was a camel who'd get through the needle's eye?" The sexton was climbing to his feet. "But that reminds me—I must go on down to the church to fire the stoves. It's got to be good and warm tomorrow, for *he's* comin'."

"What had he otter do?" cried the little man, looking up at the white soldier as if it could answer him.

"You'd better stay," said the sexton, with a cheerful cackle. "You really mustn't leave without seein' him. You know he's to put up a new school-house for us, to say nothin' of helpin' the church. He's great on church, Mr. Pettingbird is; which reminds me——"

He was hobbling away when the little man's hand detained him.

"I'd like to stay and see him, but I must go on, Henery," the stranger said. "And I'd like specially to hear his bell ring. Couldn't you ring it for me—a little—just a little?"

The sexton's head rolled over on his shoulder and he screwed his bent body around till his eyes met his companion's with a look of wonder. "This time o' night?" he returned, and his twisted frame began to shake with merriment.

"Don't go—don't go, Henery!" cried the little man, seizing his arm and leading him back to the rail. He had a pack of cards in his hands now and was shuffling them before the sexton's eyes with all the

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With that he tossed the pack high in the air and the wind caught the cards and whirled them away like leaves.—Page 500.

art of a conjurer. And caught in the conjurer's spell, the sexton forgot about Fergus Pettingbird and his duty to him. He was following the stranger's every movement. He saw him sit down on the rail again and spread an old newspaper across his knees. He saw him take three cards and hold them up so the moonlight fell upon them and their faces were as clear as in broad day. He bent down till his chin almost rested on the knob of his cane.

"Three cards—two blacks and a red!" cried the little man. "Watch 'em, Henery; watch 'em." The hands flashed and the cards fluttered to the paper. "Name the diamond, Henery; name the diamond!"

"There—there!" The sexton turned the card. He twisted his head back in triumph.

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"You can't fool me, my friend—I've seen that game too often at the fair—you can't ketch me."

"Of course I can't," said the little man, laughing softly. "We'll play for somethin'. We'll make it interestin'. I want to hear you ring the bell. You don't want to ring it. I don't think you know how."

"Me don't know how!" cried Mr. Plum with indignation. "Well, you should just hear me toll."

"Of course you can toll," returned the stranger soothingly, "and I want to hear you. So s'pose we leave it to the cards. You win, you don't toll—you lose, you toll. Now, that's fair?"

The sexton pulled at his ear. "It sounds fair," he returned, "and yet it don't, and I can't exactly see why."

But fair or unfair, the cards had him in their clutch. They fluttered to the paper and he saw the diamond in the centre. He was sure of it—so sure of it that he laughed.

"Bein' as I know which it is, I'll take you up," he said. "You'll see. I'm not so simple as I look."

He stretched out his trembling hand and was lowering it with a deliberation that spoke his perfect confidence, when the little man suddenly hurled the paper away from him and sprang to his feet.

"No—no," he cried. "It isn't fair—it never was fair, and I've done with it. Look, Henery, look!"

With that he tossed the pack high in the air and the wind caught the cards and whirled them away like leaves down the village street. He watched till the last of them was lost in the gray light, and then turned with hands stretched out in pleading.

"Henery," he said in a low voice, "I'm playin' you fair now, and you won't let me leave the valley without hearing the Pettingbird bell, will you? Why, man, I've often heard tell of the way you make that bell talk, and your tollin' is spoke of particular."

The sexton had rolled his head back to cushion itself against the humped shoulders, and his mouth opened wider and wider. "Have you?" he said. "Well, why didn't you say so instead of fussin' with them cards?" He looked at the cloudless sky. He wet his thumb with his lips and held it up to feel the wind. "It's a fine night for tollin'. They'll hear her clean down to the big river, sure, and they'll set up all over the walley in their sleep and say 'There goes Fergus Pettingbird's bell.' It's unregular—highly unregular—but such a man as him otter be kept in their minds. Still, I wouldn't ring her for no one else but you, stranger, and if I wasn't half-witted I wouldn't do it at all." He turned and began to hobble away. After a few steps he stopped and slowly screwed his head around to see the little figure motionless by the monument. "I'll give you something lively and cheerful at first, stranger, and then I'll show you how she tolls. And Mighty! but she can toll!"

How the bell tolled! Every note was a dirge, rising from a tremulous moan to a mighty boom that the wind caught up and swept away to die in faint echoes among the mountains. What must Fergus Pettingbird think, were this brazen croaker first to greet him on his home-coming? Mr. Hike seized his hat and cane and, forgetting his ministerial dignity, cleared the steps in two long strides. The dark figure by the monument rose and stood looking up the street, to see not alone the tall form of the pastor, but a great company bearing down on him, an army formed with the heavy phalanx in the centre and on the wings the lighter-footed cohorts. The bird flushed from its cover does not wait to inquire into the intentions and motives of the hunter, and the little man by the monument had learned through long experience that for him, at least, safety lay in flight rather than in reason. He mistrusted crowds. To run from them had become an instinct with him. And he fled now, as he had often fled before, straight for the open country. If after the first few strides he did begin to reason, it was too late, for by his irrational flight he had brought on a pursuit in earnest. In the man standing by the monument there was nothing unusual; in his turning and fleeing there was something sinister, something that demanded an investigation. The bell was forgotten. It boomed on, but its doleful tones fell dead on ears that were quickened only to the swelling chorus of a chase. Once he looked back, not at the oncoming host, but to the white soldier, standing erect, unmoved, as he will stand forever, a monument to the greatness and goodness

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He staggered on.—Page 503.

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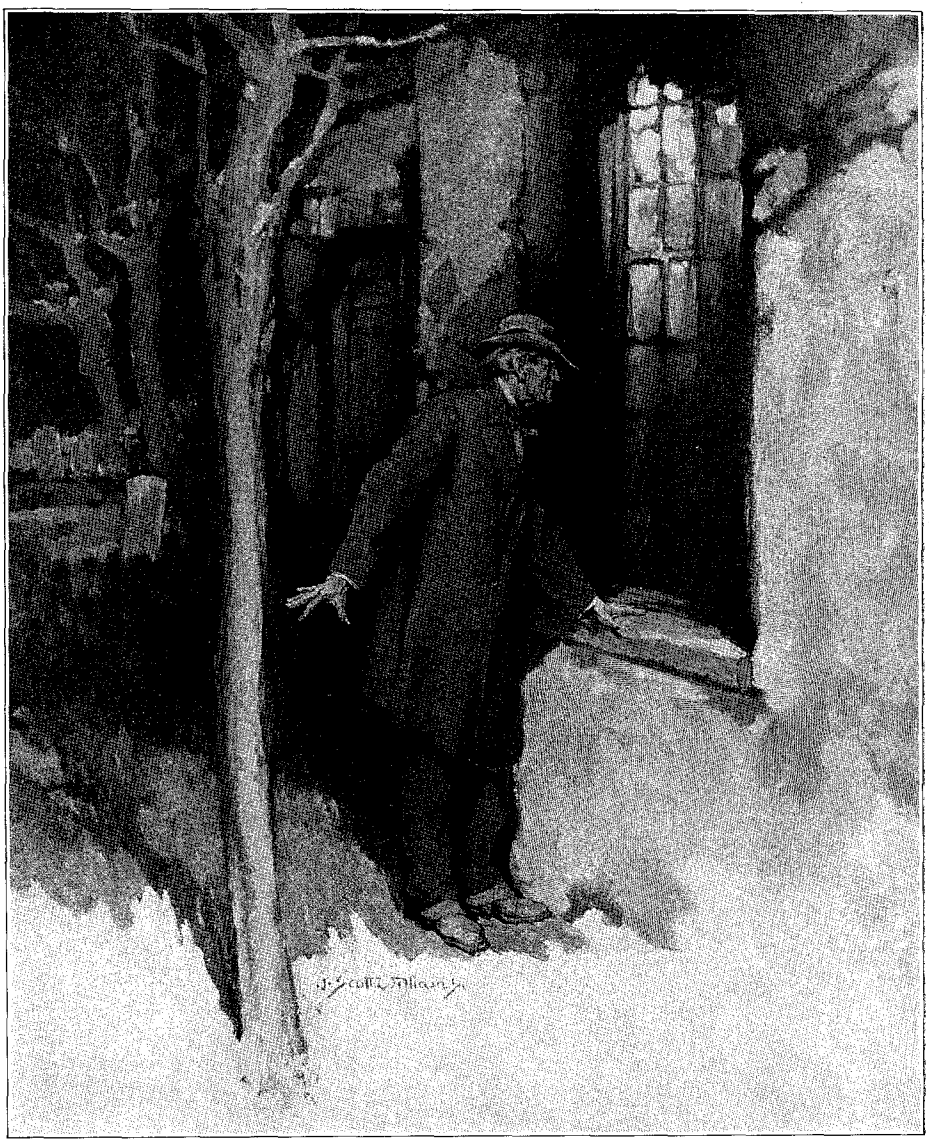

He must first peer through the window to discover what lurked there.—Page 503.

of Fergus Pettingbird; he turned the corner of the mill and the iron bridge rang beneath his flying feet; the bell moaned overhead, and the broad road stretched straight before him, clear and white in the moonlight, until it plunged into the woods beyond the meadows. There was a refuge for him there, could he but reach it. His pursuers were gaining. Keen to solve the riddle of that dark flying figure, the fleet-footed wings had swept to the front, and his strength, sapped by many years, was matched against the endurance of youth. When it seemed that he must fall, fear lifted him up and spurred him to the last plunge and the hiding of the shadows. This stranger was curiously at home here, even in the darkness, for, running on, he found the giant elm where the wood-path turns from the road, and when he was on that narrow way he followed its windings with the sure foot of one who had travelled it often. The voices sounding farther behind him, he dared to pause and listen.

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The pursuit hesitated and he heard the clamor of a dispute. Then the crackle of branches and the rattle of dry leaves told him that they had found his track again. He staggered on. The creek drummed ahead of him, cheerful music to his ears, and now he was on its bank looking over to the dense bush, where massed fir and laurel called him to their warm refuge. Below him in the swirling water he saw the jutting rocks. Old friends they were, unmoved and unchanged in fifty years. How often had he measured his leap by them? It was a hop to the first, the stone with a filmy ripple playing over its flat back; a skip to the second, the big moss-covered boulder; a jump to the shore. He laughed, for he remembered having once made the other bank with his eyes closed. A sharp call sounded behind him. He answered it with a taunt of defiance, so safe he felt now, where every sound was an echo of his boyhood days, and every tree a trusty comrade come back to him from the past. He leaped to the first stone and it was like a steady friend, so solid it held against his weight. It needed all his strength to reach the second. His feet touched it. The old boulder shivered. It rolled and pitched him headlong into the stream.

The sexton hobbled back to the monument to see his strange friend and receive his commendation, so that Mr. Hike and Thompson Pettingbird, stopping on the homeward march, found the church closed. The chase was over; they had run the race, but they had not solved the riddle. Even as they stood by the stream looking in silence at the still black figure that lay among the rocks, the dull boom of the bell came to them. This incident was closed, very lamentably indeed, but they had yet to find the cause of all the ill-timed clamor on the night when Fergus Pettingbird was coming home. So with boldness Mr. Hike laid his hand upon the church door. He drew back. It was curiously still within. He must first peer through the window to discover what lurked there. Ghostly shadows played over the gray walls. He could not forget; the tolling of the bell still echoed in his ears, and he seemed to see a white hand swinging up and down, listlessly, on the turbulent water. The night was strangely cold.

"Come," said his companion, drawing him away, "let us go back to the infare where it is more cheerful; let us find some refreshments."

Mr. Hike looked over his shoulder, down the road, and saw a dark company of men and boys emerging from the woods. What they were carrying he did not see, save through his vivid fancy, and he quickened his pace. At the monument he halted, for it was a habit of his to pause at the feet of the white soldier and utter useful, helpful thoughts as though through him the oracle were speaking. The pity was that at a time like this there was no one to hear him but the man on his arm and the half-witted sexton, crouching in hiding behind the pedestal.

"My friend," he said, pointing his cane at the white soldier, "what a contrast—what a contrast between a life like that, the vagrant's life which finds its end, unregretted, in the rocky torrent, and the splendid, the inspiring career of such a man as Fergus Pettingbird. What a——"

"Come, come," said his companion, tugging at his sleeve; "while we are talking Fergus may be home."

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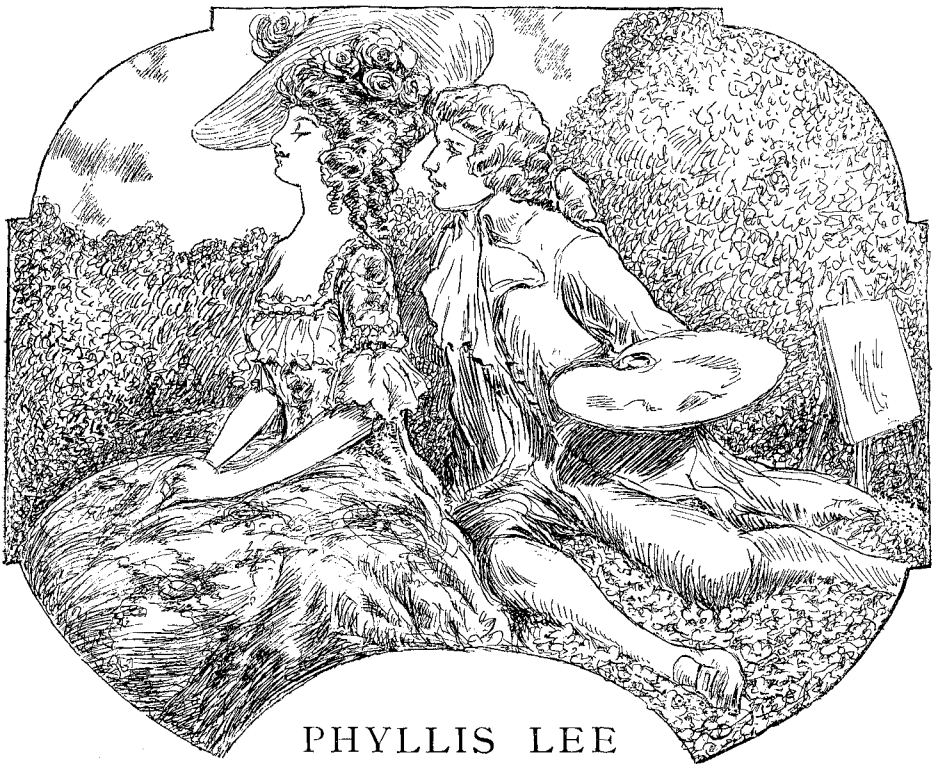

PHYLLIS LEE

By Oliver Herford

ILLUSTRATION BY THE AUTHOR

BESIDE a Primrose 'broider'd Rill
Sat Phyllis Lee in Silken Dress
Whilst Lucius limn'd with loving skill
Her Likeness, as a Shepherdess.
Yet tho' he strove with loving skill
His Brush refused to work his Will.

"Dear Maid, unless you close your Eyes
I can not paint to-day," he said;
"Their Brightness shames the very Skies
And turns their Turquoise into Lead."
Quoth Phyllis, then, "To save the Skies
And speed your Brush, I'll shut my Eyes."

Now when her Eyes were closed, the Dear,
Not dreaming of such Treachery,
Felt a Soft Whisper in her Ear,
"Without the Light, how can one See?"
"If you are *sure* that none can see
I'll keep them shut," said Phyllis Lee.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

I THINK it is Henry James who speaks somewhere of a young lady so plainly dressed that she must either have been a lady's maid or a princess. One is reminded of this in reading what Mr. Guglielmo Ferrero has again had to say about the difference between the luxury of the rich here and the luxury of the rich in the European countries. In drawing further upon his favorite parallel of the austerer days of republican Rome and our present stage of American civilization, he intimates that we exaggerate the pre-eminence of our multi-millionaires as money-spenders, because we are still living in the Puritan traditions of our forefathers, and see with a distorted vision when we contemplate the spectacle of any luxury whatever. It is certain that some false notions prevail, not so much with respect to the amount of money that Americans spend, but as to what they mostly spend it for. Some point has been made, of late, of the frequently unoccupied condition of the American "great houses," the houses of the very rich, it being understood that the protracted keeping up of such establishments, under the standards that obtain in these matters in America, is often beyond comfortable attainment even by the wealthiest. But the greatest houses in America are not palaces, as Signor Ferrero has elsewhere reminded us, in the sense that the great European houses are, and those are supposed to be kept up with some regularity, except in the case of perceptibly impaired fortunes. The doing it is often accomplished, of course, by the practice of certain personal economies, which opinion would never look for in an American millionaire. He himself, to be sure, might not object to—might indeed take very kindly to—the shabby clothes of an occasional English peer. But his daughters would surely not care for the little lady's-maid frock of the daughter of a princess on the Continent. And the thing goes down through the varying social grades. The womankind of an English commoner, going to London for the day, do their shopping with careful reference to their personal yearly budget, and lunch, not at a fashionable restaurant in a smart hotel on the Strand or Piccadilly, but possibly in a small vegetarian place, in a small street, off Trafalgar Square. American ladies so thrifty would not have left a home, in the morning, from whose windows could be seen long stretches of perfect lawn and pond and meadow, all their own. But in England it might be so.

How We Spend Money

Americans have a reputation concerning tips which, likewise, should possibly undergo some revision. Even abroad, where the invasion from the States has been supposed to have altered, and has altered, the scale of prices at so many points, it is probably the size of the average American tip, not the size of the tip of the very rich American, that has effected the change. The mass of Americans may give larger tips than the mass of Europeans, but it is doubtful if the tip of the American millionaire is larger than that of the genuine European *grand seigneur*, or the Eastern potentate, not to speak of the South American traveller. From those who should know, there have, in fact, come intimations that as they have fewer servants, as a rule, and move about with a less court-like retinue, the profits accruing from the visitations of six American millionaires do not equal those of a like number of Eastern potentates, Slavic princes, or Brazilian magnates, as aforesaid.

It is a loose generalization, but a common one, that Americans spend less than Europeans on the artistic satisfactions of life, and more on the material. The sums expended yearly in America for things artistic, from jewels and furniture to "old masters," and for the æsthetic joys of music and of travel, sufficiently disprove the assumption. Nor is it quite, as our Italian commentator would say, that we have still an ascetic fear of great luxury for its own sake. The luxuries on which we spend less than the rich European are those that aim to make the

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individual, the moment that it is possible, invulnerable to the roughnesses—or better, the flatnesses—of the common lot. Persons of consideration who can afford their own carriage, sometimes do without, in America; but in Europe, persons of consideration who cannot always afford it must have their carriage, inevitably. Ladies in France or Italy will endure unrenewed window-curtains, if need be, and meagre fare; but they will not endure the promiscuous clientèle of the tram-car. But it is possible for the opulent American—fastidious enough as to his bodily comfort, too—to find the public transportation afforded by his city rather enlivening and amusing than otherwise.

The attitude in which men and women touch life with the finger-tips—*du bout des doigts*—is not a class feeling; it is a state of mind. In Europe it is still held perfectly admissible. It exists in the French workman, in a way, as much as in his most aristocratic customer. The Parisian workman wishes to make the thing that is *distingué*, the thing apart, the thing for the few, not the many, to wear and to use. In his work, no one could be less democratic. And the French workman is still the best in the world. What we have not, in America, is this finger-tip attitude. The richest are not suffered to have it; have it not naturally, whether they be suffered or not. The raw material of life is still fresh to us, and abundantly stimulating and interesting. Everybody, more or less, is in touch with it; and everybody, more or less, wants to be. Even our multi-millionaires do not dwell in towers of ivory. And it is the super-refinements that go to the adorning of the towers of ivory, and to the æsthetic exaltation of the individuals within, that really, as we know, have at all epochs engendered luxury sybaritic, luxury barbaric.

Rosie, Mary, and Adelaïde

MY friend writes: "The welcome will, in a measure, make up for the badness of the cooking. Rosie and Mary are still with us; ten years it will be next month that we have endured them and they have endured us." Wise friend! for, passing the depreciation of the cooking, hypercriticism of a super-sensitive palate, the virtues of these enduring handmaidens far outweigh their faults. Men, and presumably women, are born free and equal; far be it from me to question the wisdom of the fathers; but in the allotment of the tasks by which the machinery of the world is run, the master mechanician, after years of study to fit him for the direction of the intricate and delicate engine, finds it difficult to procure the efficient but necessarily submissive stoker; and with fire-pot empty and boilers chilled the good ship *Domestic Economy* drifts perilously near the rocks.

It is an old story, the limitation of ambition to the task one can best accomplish, one that the specious argument of universal equality continually tends to divert. The cost of a fallacious independence, that of the subsistence of the claim of being a "lady" to the average shop-girl, other profound statisticians have computed before the present writer; and it is rather the celebration of the virtues of the Rosies and the Marys, from the point of view of the employer, that he would now expound.

For the fragile edifice of domestic happiness they are the firm foundation. As we all serve, so are they bound to servitude, but in the degree to which their service is dutifully rendered the general life of the family, the health of the children, the serenity of the mother, and the efficiency of the father are served, and together they contribute to the success of the republic.

With the decrease of simple living and the passing of the provincial days, when our servants were "help"—the days when they walked on their "limbs"—the native-born have thrown off their previous condition of servitude, and even the native-born of darker hue have outgrown those qualities that endeared them to the families they served. In the great establishments where the mistress of the house delegates a part of her authority and her cares to a housekeeper, some mysterious agency of demand and supply fills the servants' hall with an array of foreign-born and more or less trained servants. But almost in direct ratio to their competency alien and subtle customs of percentages exacted from purveyors of household necessities and perquisites of ramifying extension, all tending to pillage from their employer, prevail. The class of gentlefolk whose claim to the title is not supported by great riches are economically debarred from buying such service; even if their principles would permit them to blink at robbery rather than see their household perish.

Consequently, by virtue of necessity the housewives of America in a large number of cases are obliged to train their own servants. Where the seed has fallen upon good ground, Rosies and Marys result, and such families

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rightly esteem themselves fortunate. I know of one lady who, returning from the country, each autumn resolutely takes into her household a female of some one of the many foreign races that seek our shores with a minimum of acquirement which they desire to barter for the comfortable living that is denied them at home. With such an untutored specimen from Poland, Lithuania, Friesland, or Sicily she proceeds to organize her household for the winter. Ignorant of our language, unaccustomed to other work than that of the fields, unfamiliar with the most ordinary kitchen utensil or any of the duties of a house servant, this uncouth outlander finishes her six months' service possessing a trade which commands good wages, with enough English to make herself intelligible, and with more money in her purse than she has probably ever seen at one time in all her previous existence, having been comfortably housed and fed during all this period of gratuitous apprenticeship. With the coming of spring my friend seeks a summer boarding-place in the country, or goes to Europe to recuperate from the strenuous joys of housekeeping. Nor is this an isolated case, for many of the good women of our land are thus compelled to struggle with such material to keep together the precious elements of the home. Fortunate indeed when they turn out to be Rosies and Marys, for there is as much pathos as humor in the sad householder's direction to the departing maid: "Please keep to the left, incoming cooks keep to the right."

It is pleasanter to consider an exception to this rule, and to recall the advent of Adelaïde. In a stress of circumstance, the outgoing domestic burdening her freight with a choice selection from the linen closet, she came to us. Fresh from the steamer whence she had landed but two days before, brave in a hat, the first she had ever worn, overladen with a botanical growth that defies description—does Ellis Island furnish such accoutrements as first aid to the downtrodden?—she was otherwise dazed by her new surroundings. A kitchen range, hot and cold water on tap, one and all of the furnishings of a modest house were unfamiliar to her. She was "willing to learn," but of kitchen lore she knew not enough to boil a potato.

Three years have passed and to-day, through sickness and health, through joy and sorrow, she is as much a part of the household as any member of it. Her bovine expression of an earlier day has given way to one of placid yet keen intelligence; she has developed a talent for household tasks that makes her work easy, and no intricacy of carefully prepared food is beyond her capacity, while her smile of cheerful service radiates joy throughout the house. Here the writer may be imagined to give way to common superstition and "knock wood" as he pens her praises, for, though her view of the family is simply patriarchal, and no thought of leaving what she considers her home disturbs her loyalty, yet a possible young man—who, thank heaven! has not yet appeared in the offing—might bring about such disaster.

Of well-trained servants Paris sends us the most sophisticated and the most vicious, but here is one of the same race who has brought from her native province all the antique virtues. We do much for our Rosies, Marys, and Adelaïdes, for we endow them with a capacity to earn an honest living in healthful and dignified surroundings, and with the possibility of putting by the greater part of their wage. But they do much for us, and from a peaceful household, grateful for their ministering, it is simple justice that this pæan of praise should go forth.

IF any doubt that the individual withers, let him travel. Especially let him travel off the beaten track, if any track can any longer be said to be unbeaten. As he journeys, let him eat, as indeed he must whether he will or no. And let him note the increasing lack of local flavor in either the substance or the preparation of his meals. Let

> Observation, with extensive view,
> Survey mankind inspecting one menu.

He may have heard, or his fathers may have told him, that the region he traverses produces some comestible in singular perfection. He will fail to verify the tradition either from the bill of fare or from the articles of food set before him. The bill of fare indeed is a cyclopædia of the food-products of the world. It is many a year since an already veteran Bohemian said to an entered apprentice of Bohemianism—it was, in fact, precisely at "Pfaff's": "Pay no attention to that printed matter on the bill of fare. That is purely historical. Look at the writing." Now one finds the same printed bill of fare confronting him at hotels the breadth of the Continent apart, and in all

Standardized Eating

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equally irrelevant to the things actually to eat. It seems to have been compiled from a collection of the bills of fare of all the world by some "laborious collator" in some central city, and thence distributed to subscribers throughout the land, in the manner of the "patent insides" of the old weekly rural press. And it adds insult to injury by entitling itself: "Carte du Jour," when it is, perceptibly to three senses,

> . . . larded with the steam
> Of thirty thousand dinners.

Carte du jour, forsooth! *Carte de l'année!! Carte du siècle!!!*

It is true that there is also a typewritten list of "specials," so-called. But the traveller whose eye is green enough to trust the word of promise is sure to find it broken to the hope. The "specials" of the "jour" and place were the specials of a week ago and a thousand miles away, and will be the specials of a week hence and a thousand miles beyond. As if hungry and variety-seeking man had also, like the rural weekly press, a "patent inside."

Here is the concrete instance: A generation ago there was a hotel in a place not so remote or slow, in New England, which let us call Yarrow. In those days it had a more than local fame for suppers. It is so long ago that only a few oldsters will identify the hostelry from the statement that "broiled chickens and waffles" were its "specials." Gastronomers looked forward to breaking their journeys and their fasts at this hotel. Certain of them have been known gladly to miss their trains for another helping. The present view-pointer cherishing such fond recollections, his stomach was uplifted within him the other day when, after the lapse of nearly a generation, his occasions called upon him to revisit Yarrow. Alas! for his remembered "specials." There was that encyclopædiac catalogue of comestibles. There was that typewritten list of "specials" common to hotels from Bangor to San Diego. At Yarrow also had Procrustes set up his standardizing couch, and insisted upon transforming the withering individual into that average fellow-being which of course no man precisely is, an average fellow-being with a patent inside.

"The constitution of our nature is such that we buy our blessings at a price." Facilities of communication and improvements in "canning" are doubtless great blessings. But between them they have destroyed the distinctiveness of "markets," and gone far to destroy the "seasonableness" of the fruits of the earth. It is noticeable that while the Procrustean publican assumes to standardize the appetites and desires of his customer, he has unstandardized his own prices by abandoning the good old American plan whereby the frugal traveller could tell beforehand what he would have to pay, instead of making every meal a contest of skill between himself and the *carte du jour*. That is an additional aggravation to him. "But that is another story." "Something," as Dizzy said in the House of Commons when he was convicted of having left out the most important item from his speech on the budget—"something must be left for future statements of this nature."

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· THE FIELD OF ART ·

THE ROMAN ART EXPOSITION OF 1911

SINCE 1900 Europe has not seen a national display of American art.

Unofficial efforts have been made to take collections, more or less full, to London, which proved abortive; and to Venice, where the conditions for installing pictures and the ridiculously small sum allowed for the purpose made the group sadly inadequate. To Berlin and Munich, Mr. Hugo Reisinger, with patriotic generosity, carried an excellent group of the old as well as new work, and for his pains and munificence was told that the United States had no art that was not derived.

The Europeans who travel are few, and, when they do travel, those who care for American art, are fewer; and hence there is really little knowledge on the other side concerning our art, or, indeed, any of our ideals. We have been branded with the dollar mark, and we shall have to struggle for a generation or more to cast it off. England once branded us with dishonor when a single State repudiated its debt, and it took an age and a war and many of our growing dollars to wipe out the unjust stain.

The poster for the exhibition, Rome.

Therefore it is wise and even urgent for the United States Government to appropriate funds for an international display of American art whenever the opportunity, on a sufficiently large scale, occurs. And in Rome, from March 27th to November 1st, 1911, there is such an opportunity.

The Italian Government has authorized the celebration of its birth fifty years ago by two expositions: An international display of the contemporary art of the world at Rome; and an industrial display at Turin, thus giving Northern and Southern Italy each a share in celebrating the new monarchy which made a nation half a century ago out of a cluster of separate kingdoms. To Turin rightfully belongs industrial business; to Rome, art; and Rome has put forth all her treasuries of tradition and experience and will lay open all her irresistible allurements to make the world which will flock to her next spring acknowledge her enduring supremacy in art and her age-old fascinations.

Every European nation, with Japan and Egypt, have secured sites on the ground allotted for the exposition at Rome, and the pavilions are rising into architectural beauty around the central Palace of Art erected by Rome for Italian achievement. The ample grounds spread outside the Borghesi Garden-wall where the villa of Pope Giulio lies in its picturesque valley.

The main avenue to the exposition runs from this old villa to the Tiber, which it crosses on a new bridge, dedicated to the anniversary. On the other side there has risen, as if to the touch of a wand, a whole new miniature city

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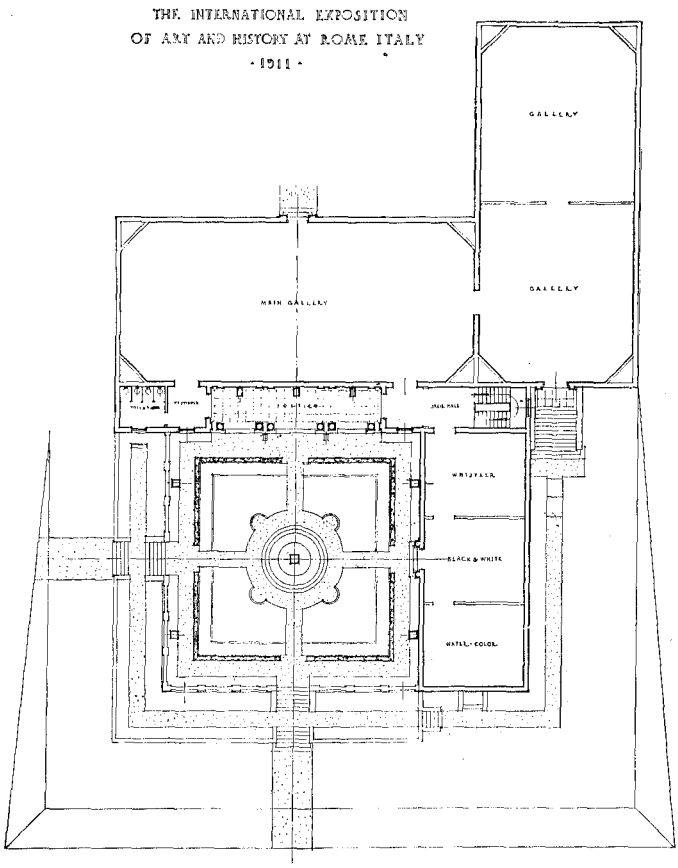

GROUND FLOOR PLAN

By kind permission of Carrère and Hastings, Architects.

consisting of villas, each in the characteristic architecture of an Italian State. To enter here you will pass under a splendid arch, and you will find inside the enticements of the "Midway," so attractive at St. Louis and Chicago.

And what can America do to compete with the old and well-organized forces of art in Europe? Not only is each European country equipped with permanent bureaus of art which can be called out at will to prepare a national exhibit, but there is, in national galleries and under government control, a reserve of works that may be used without resorting to the costly and time-consuming process of individual solicitation. The people through their rulers have authorized the purchase of pictures because they assent to the theory that what uplifts the mind makes safe the State. When we have removed the brand of the dollar, we also shall awaken to the uses of art and find ways to lead a wise government into the patronage of ideals of art and music and poetry and drama.

But we take ourselves as we find ourselves in this year of grace and our government has made one pace toward the better path. Congress granted one hundred and thirty thousand dollars for the expositions in Italy, seventy thousand dollars of which has been assigned to Turin, and sixty thousand dollars to Rome. This is little enough for either, but with economy and the uses of experience an American pavilion is running up at Rome under the guidance of Messrs. Carrère and Hastings, which will be a revelation to many Europeans. If our pictorial and plastic art is unknown to Europe, how much more is our suburban architecture! It has, therefore, been decided to put up a suburban façade, with all its domestic charm and comfort, with tapestry-brick of wide courses, and green shutters and white pillars, such as we all know; and behind it to provide two large galleries to hold about two hundred oils. To form the angle of a garden, another wing juts out with three smaller galleries in which will be installed water-color, black and white, and sculptures.

And this brings me back to the difference between Europe and America—a benign difference in some respects; because here we possess in latent potency all these qualities which are held in the reins of government abroad. Do we want men for a war—they spring up like Cadmean creations; do we want diplomats for a delicate negotiation—they appear and they achieve. Even our want of training is somehow a gain, because native ability gives freshness of motive and action, and with this it is

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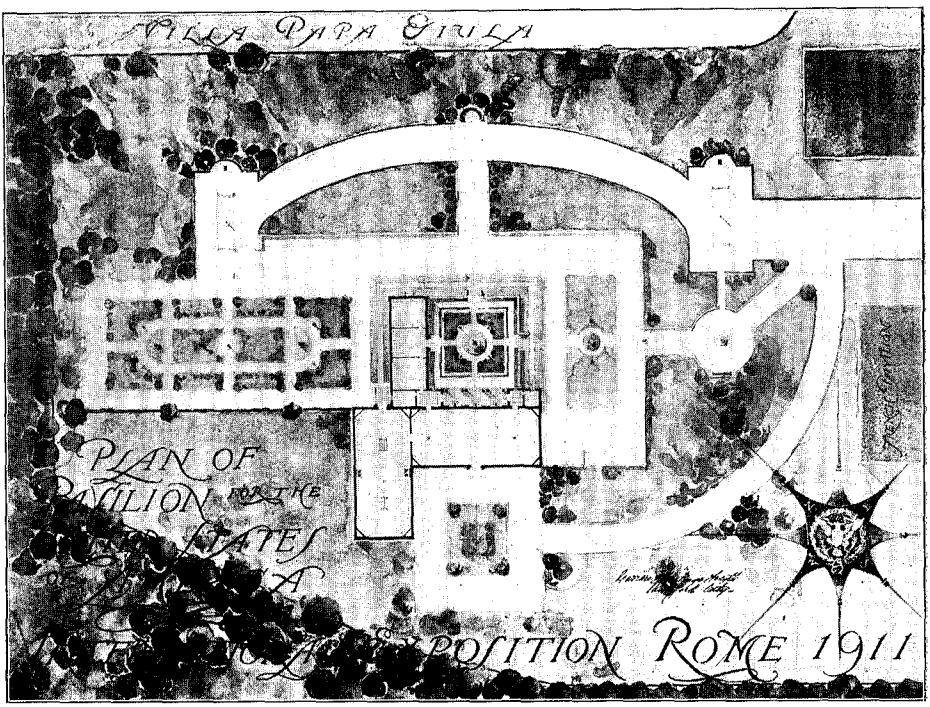
often easier to win. But it is harder, also, to compete, when the means are slender and the contestants strong.

Yet to our fine body of American painters, sculptors, and illustrators nothing is impossible. They take up the gage in joyous disregard of past. The limitation is not that you derive, but that you derive from low ideals instead of high ones. If you are an artist with the love of the everlastingly beautiful Italian figures and their tender humanized landscapes, you cannot be condemned as a follower for leading



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convention and they rise as one man to the opportunity. It is refreshing, invigorating, to feel the pulsation of support which flows from the entire field of our native art when a chance comes to show what is in it. Sacrifices are needful and these are made; antagonisms prevail, and these are sunk. American art is at stake in a foreign land, and they are a unit in its defence.

It is thus that hope is entertained that we shall prevail at Rome; that our art will have recognition for originality, as well as technical skill; that new aims will be seen to run through its fabric; that the expression of national life will be acknowledged to inform it, and that, at least, these United States will be perceived to have a native impulse toward ideals not wholly commercial, even if not yet wholly free from tutelage.

My own conception is that no art can afford to be wholly free from traces of the best in the in the pathways of a glorious impulse of old. That you walk the road from Stratford to Shottery does not imply imitation of Shakespeare. The voice is the voice of the golden age of Italian art, but the hand is the hand of the present. You cannot mistake it.

So it is with our landscape painters. They have their roots back in those times of the early seventies, when all young Americans hurried to France, or Düsseldorf, or Munich; but you may see how far away from that imitative period they have gone by comparing a landscape by Ranger or Tryon of those days with the virile interpretations of the poetry in native out-doors which they put forth to-day. There are traces of the origins, to be sure, but why should there not be? It is false criticism which exacts a new plant without a seed. Keats rejected and failed to finish his noble "Hyperion," because, he said, "it had too many Miltonic inversions." Yet "Hyperion," frag-

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ment as it is, is one of the jewels in the crown of English poetry.

Thus it has appeared wise to gather into the American pavilion at Rome types—the best and latest types—of all movements in American art that are alive to-day. Who knows which will be the determining influence in some future manifestation of native talent. Winslow Homer once wrote me: "Don't hang my picture where people can poke their noses into it. They can't understand it at that distance." Who can see, with noses poked as ours are into the very canvas of contemporary art, what that art actually values. We are too near—the European is too near—who will venture to accuse us of a lack of the flavor of the soil, of authentic expression of what is our own. All we can do is to admire genuinely what appeals to us as strong and beautiful, however made, by whatever recipe; all we can do is to be tolerant and receptive and open-minded and live and let live, and the result—well, the conception is Utopian to hope for; but the result would be so convincing that other peoples would say no more that America has no American art.

One lives in a whispering gallery and overhears many murmurs of disapprobation of this or that. There are intrigue and self-seeking; and misapplied motives and misunderstood aims. And there is criticism which deals out gold to one and base-metal to another without due valuation; or art-news that spends words too big for little art and too little for big art; and not until he is dead does the genuine artist ever get his due.

Therefore, it has seemed that, after all, American art as we know it, or as Europe should know it, is—American art. Not Somebody's personal notion of it; not a biassed, selfish estimate which excludes everybody but me and my friends; not one sort at the expense of all else, but the best in every impulse, and every impulse included.

The display at Rome was ordered by Congress at the people's expense. It is to represent and advance the people. It is the test of the people's cultivation in achievement and in the recognition of ideals to date. It is fitting, it is essential, that every movement in American painting and sculpture shall have fair representation, and so far as it has been possible within physical and economical limits, they have.

But if the artists have flocked to the patriotic standards, there is another side of forming a great American collection which remains to touch upon. As the kindling interest in American art has crackled into a considerable flame there has been much judicious buying by individuals and institutions. Indeed, no home-exhibition nowadays is without eager patrons who quickly carry off the best work in painting and sculpture. This has resulted in competition, and hence in advancing values, and in a greater esteem for many artists whose prices are constantly stiffening. Their works are, therefore, in both senses, held dearer, and owners sometimes hesitate to lend them for the prolonged period of an international show. Institutions have their obligations to audiences who expect to find on the walls the familiar or announced objects.

But in spite of all the motives that may be conjectured for withholding loans of precious works there is little selfishness, little churlishness, and almost always either a frank wish to uphold the art which buying it implies a love for, or support in other ways that denotes belief in our artists and a wish to rally to their support. As Brush once well said: "After all, an owner of a work of art is only a trustee for it. In the last analysis it belongs always to the artist." And though Whistler sometimes interpreted this literally, the owner, whether he be amateur or professional, not seldom takes the same view and he is to be applauded for his great share in forwarding the art he has had the courage and judgment to patronize.

All roads lead to Rome. It was the ambition of the American painter and sculptor of the fifties to dwell there and to imbibe the delights of a cosmopolitan intercourse more memorable than some of the artistic offspring. What was near and native and home-staying was condemned in the house of art.

All roads lead still to Rome; but the artist of to-day will succeed not thither unless his offspring are saturated with the American soil, and stamped with the impress of his nationality. HARRISON S. MORRIS.

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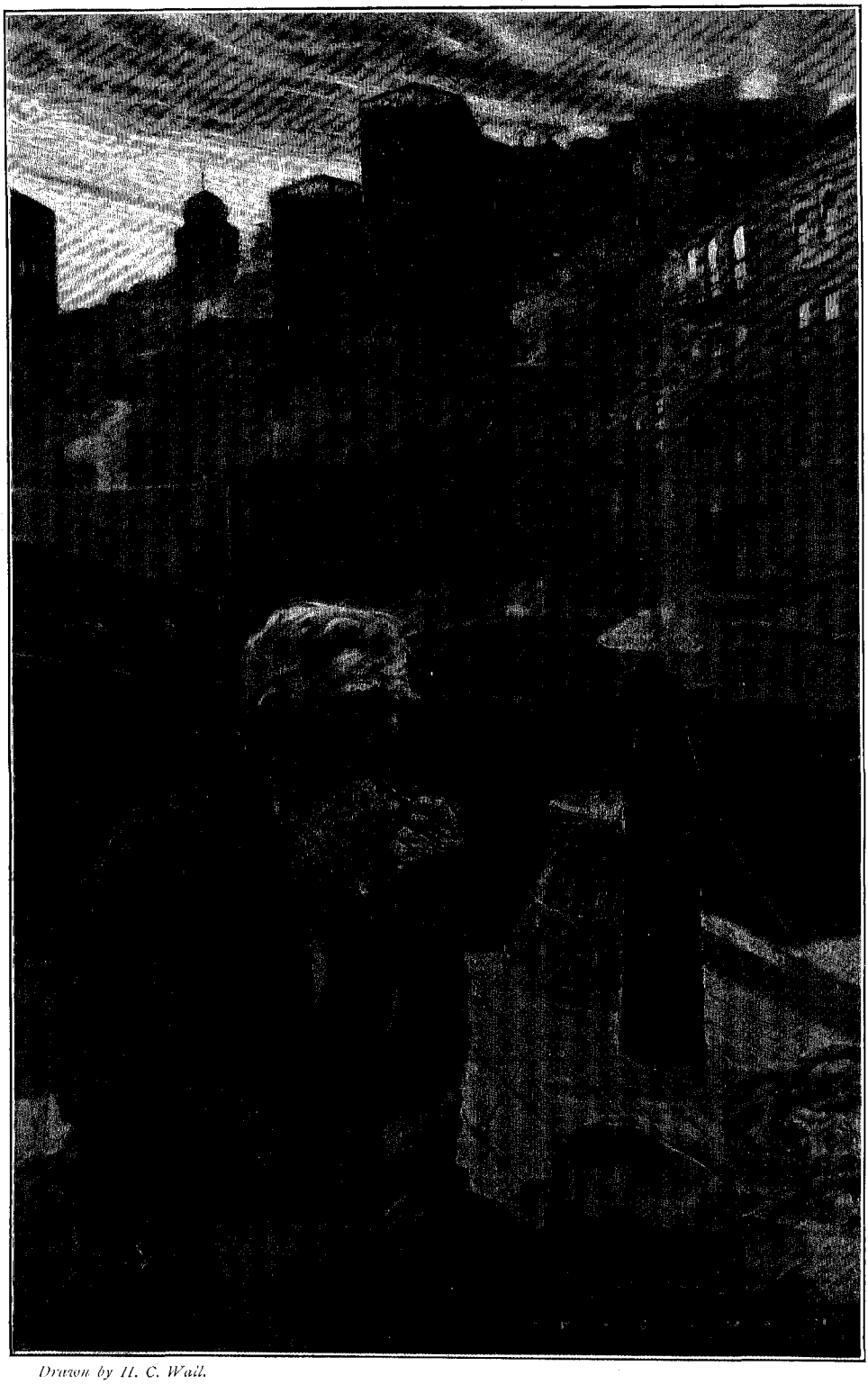

Drawn by H. C. Wall.

EVENING.

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